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THE

WOMEN OF NEW YORK

OR

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE GREAT CITY.

By GEORGE ELLINGTON.

WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

NEW YORK:
THE NEW YORK BOOK COMPANY,
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PREFACE.

During the last few years many books have been written about New York—its secrets, mysteries and miseries—but no work so exhaustive or authentic as this has been offered the public. In it the women of the Metropolis are boldly and truthfully unveiled, and every phase of society is thoroughly ventilated. Where sin and immorality have tainted women in high life, and where fashionable wives and beautiful daughters have yielded to the enticer's arts, it tears the fictitious robes from their forms and reveals their habits of life, their follies and frailties. It may not be generally known that recruits for the army of prostitution are obtained from the higher classes; and not unfrequently the daughters of the wealthy—women who were once belles in society—may be found within the glittering palaces of crime in New York. Sketches of the lives of some of these are given, together with the methods employed to lure virtue into vice. Added to these, the lives of many actresses, women's rights champions, lady physicians and bouquet-girls in the city are fearlessly reviewed.

The author of this work has been thoroughly informed in regard to the subject-matter, and his purpose is to *in*form the public and *re*form society. He trusts that all classes of readers will examine it with unprejudiced and candid minds before deciding upon its merits or its mission. He sincerely desires that

the women of the Metropolis may yet become as celebrated for their virtues as those of the rural districts throughout the land, and that they may not only win our admiration by their attention to the many little pleasing arts peculiar to their sex, and thus conquer like the Parthians, but that they may also win our respect and love by their chastity, morality and good works, and thus retain the fruits of their conquests.

Young men and women who read this work will perceive everywhere in its pages the emptiness and folly of all social crime, and the necessity for increased vigilance lest they are tempted to their ruin. To the young men who are strangers to the city and the machinations of its degraded ones to entrap them, we say, You will herein see the precipice at your feet and more easily escape it. To the young women who come hither in search of employment or friends, though poverty press you down, though obscurity throw its mantle over you and though friends frown at you, you should set your face against the first step toward the deep depths herein depicted.

Middle-aged persons, prominent members of, and leaders in, society, and others, who are the parents of promising sons and daughters, will herein find revelations the knowledge of which may be of inestimable value.

There are doubtless many true and noble women among the fashion and intelligence of the great city, but, we regret to say, the army of the faithless and sinning ones seems to outnumber them in proportions and outrank them in influence.

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WOMEN OF NEW YORK.

WOMEN OF FASHION.

CHAPTER I.

SOCIETY IN NEW YORK; WHAT IT WAS, AND WHAT IT IS.

THE society of New York City of about fifty years ago, as compared with that of the present day, was remarkably pure and simple. Very many elements, which have since been introduced into it, were then entirely unknown upon this side of the water. The reason of this is obvious enough. Individuals were not possessed of the princely wealth which many of them now have; many of the modern luxuries were almost unknown; there were not so many amusements; the people were forced to live slower than they do now; it was far more difficult to travel from place to place in this country, and few visited the Old World who were not obliged to. The voyage across the Atlantic was a long and tedious one, attended with considerable risk, if not actual danger; there was no railroad up the Hudson river, or in fact anywhere else; young

Mr. Vanderbilt was a well-to-do, stout fellow, who paddled folks across the East river to the small and scattered settlement of Brooklyn. The West was a wilderness; Chicago had not been heard of; it took a week to go down to Washington, or longer than it now takes to go to San Francisco.

How can we but wonder that the people of those days were slow and Democratic! Queer society this would seem in our modern eyes. The Battery at the foot of Broadway was then the fashionable resort for foppish young men and tender maidens, who wished for a breath of the sea air and a loving stroll with their hearts' choice. Now the Battery is a never-thought-of spot, given up to gingerbread women, immigrants from the Old World, forlorn people in search of employment, city express wagons, and ragged urchins of both sexes. In that day men and women were busy attending to their business, scraping the gold and silver together, founding families. Then the grandmother of the now wealthy family of the Lorillards was pounding up snuff from tobacco leaves in a mortar, while the old Frenchman, her husband, retailed it at his little dwelling and shop not far from Chatham street. Then Mr. John Jacob Astor was dealing in rat and fox skins; and a little later still Mr. James Gordon Bennett published a paper as large as some of our penny sheets, and wrote his own editorials upon the head of an empty flour barrel. Even Horace Greeley was looking about for a job.

If people had any society in those days, it was that social meeting of friends and neighbors which is always

pleasant, and which indulges in good dinners, long chats, pleasant walks, and rides in lumbering coaches. If a real camel's-hair India shawl came into town, everybody knew it, and if it appeared at the old Dutch Church the next Sunday, it was the envy and admiration of all beholders.

In these good old days, which we love to read about because they contained so much real happiness, most of the women did their own work, or a portion of it, which is more than can be said of the ladies of the present day. They dressed with more regard to health and comfort, they ate simpler food at more seasonable hours, they took more out-of-door exercise, and therefore they possessed better health and more blooming roses in their cheeks. It has been our good fortune to meet some of the few remaining old ladies of the ancient school of society, and one can still trace faded beauty in their cheeks.

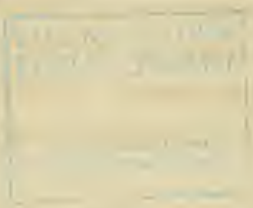
One may fancy what society was by recollecting what it was not, or, in other words, by remembering what it had to do without. In those days there was no Italian opera; no French ballet-dancing; no Academy of Music or of Design; no Fifth avenue or Central Park; but a few private coaches, and those set on leather springs which bowed out behind worse than the fashionable walking-dresses of to-day; there were no fashionable restaurants like Delmonico's; there were no great hotels filled with hundreds of boarders; there were no club-houses, yacht clubs, jockey clubs, sorosis clubs; there were no magnificent churches with or without ritualistic services; no dry goods palaces for shopping excursions; no castle-like

country-seats on the Hudson; no railroads; no steamboats or street cars. What could society be without any of these? Few of the ladies spoke French; fewer still played the piano; many of them danced; and all were expert at needlework. Some of the ladies did not even have a good English education. We have seen a letter from Mrs. General George Washington, in which many common words were misspelt! As for monogram note paper, it couldn't be had—even envelopes had not been invented.

The houses of that day were plain and unpretending compared with those of the present. At first they were built of wood, but as the city grew in size they were universally made of brick, with either sandstone or marble window-caps. A few of these are still left in the lower part of the city, in the vicinity of Bowling Green and the Battery, and there is a cluster of them around what was once St. John's Park. The rest have been shoveled into carts and dumped into the sea, to make room for wholesale dry goods houses. There was a time when Frankfort street was a fashionable thoroughfare, and many a brilliant party has been given there. Now it is a dark, filthy place, full of bird-stuffers, clashing printing-presses, screaming newsboys, dance-houses and old-clothes men, who drag carts about which send forth unearthly sounds from strings of jangling bells.

Twenty-six years ago, when Charles Dickens first visited this country, he was entertained at a dinner on Hudson Square, at the house of one of the fashionables. Now the same house is a second-rate boarding establish-

WOMEN OF NEW YORK IN THE OLDEN TIME.



ment, and on the stone door-post a bit of white paper has been stuck up which reads, "Furnished rooms to let to gentlemen, with or without board." The street is called "Hash Row," and the "gentlemen" who apply are six and eight-hundred-dollar clerks.

It was possible in those early days for a newspaper poet to set the whole town agog with his rhymes. One of these, Mr. Fitz-Greene Halleck, wrote verses for the *Evening Post*, and everybody read them and called the author a genius. Now it is proposed to build a monument to his memory in Central Park. This poet, when a young fellow, was sought out by the editor of the *Post*, complimented and invited to dinner. Fancy such a proceeding taking place among the editorial fraternity in this year of grace! Everybody would say the editor was mad.

We are writing this in the house where the widow of Alexander Hamilton used to live, and the next door is the ancient family mansion of the Livingston family. The rooms are large, but plain. The parlors are on the second floor, and in their general arrangement resemble the parlors of to-day. The mantels are of very fine carved marble, one of which displays the head of a Medusa. The doors are solid mahogany, and the knobs are silver. Both houses contain a large number of rooms, and are good specimens of a fifty-years-ago residence. We seem to see the ladies, in their short-waisted, scanty-skirted dresses, sitting in these rooms, and the men, in their bell-crowned hats, walking on the streets. Negro servants were fashionable then, and a game of whist was

often played in the back parlor, while the clink of the wine-glasses could be heard if one cared to listen.

With the growth of the city, the increase of wealth, the finding out of new inventions and the inflow of people from all parts of the world, a gradual but most transmogrifying change has come over the society of New York. If some Rip Van Winkle could only look in upon it, he would no longer recognize the city, the people or their manners and habits.

Society to-day in New York means everything and anything. The city is so large that people have had to draw the lines somewhere, and the result is a huge conglomerate mass of people, which go to make up what the world calls "society." The members of it are chiefly concerned in the important item of living, although some of them live at a fast, dying rate. The rage of the hour with the masses is display, ostentation, dress and the gratification of all the animal desires. Toes are educated more than hands, and the tongue talks vastly more than the brain thinks. Polish, etiquette and accomplishments are of more value than honesty of purpose and a good common-sense education. There are exceptions to this rule, as there are to all rules, but this is the way we look at the masses. There is literary society and wealthy society in New York; artistic and dramatic; political and fashionable; German, French, Hebrew, English, Italian, Irish and American. There is the old aristocratic Knickerbocker, and the modern flashy tea-merchant and hoop-skirt society. Then there is the religious society of all denominations, and the fast so-

ciety. There is Fifth avenue society, which includes Murray Hill and Madison avenue, and there is hotel and boarding-house society. Then we have the highly-respectable society, and the shoddy and gift-jewelry aristocrats. Anything may be denominated "society" which is above or beyond the common, every-day class of people. Of middle-life society there is a plenty, and, since the majority of people are familiar with it, we do not need to enlarge upon it.

These are the various grades of society as they exist to-day. It is all made up of Mr. and Mrs. Smiths who are somebody, and Mr. and Mrs. Smiths who are nobody. It consists of people who have money in their pockets, or who are supposed to have, which is about the same thing. To prove that all of them do not have it, it is only necessary to state that the average residence of families on Fifth avenue does not exceed five years. So you see the wheel of that fickle goddess, Fortune, is constantly turning, and once in half a decade all the Fifth avenue-noodles are rotated out of their marble and sandstone palaces, while as many more are rotated in.

Society of to-day represents the highest perfection of our Anglo-Saxon civilization as developed under a republican form of government in the New World. While there is much in it which is worthy of all admiration, there is much which is crude, false, foolish, wicked and deserving of our censure. It is now content with nothing short of what money can purchase. Everything which gold will give society has. As the love of money is the root of all evil, so society which is built on money

has much in it which is evil. It is content with nothing less than palaces, picture-galleries, private theatres, vast wardrobes, splendid equipages, retinues of servants and an ever-changing life of amusements.

The qualifications for entering society in New York are as various as the different grades of society itself. Some men have fought their way in, like General Grant and General Sheridan; some preach their way in; some buy its favors; some write their way to fame and fortune. Success in any sphere in life will open many society doors. Mr. Bonner goes in good society through the success of his *Ledger;* Mr. Bennett has *Herald-ed* himself into society; while his son, James Gordon, Jr., has *sailed* in on his yacht! How James Fisk, Jr., got in nobody knows; and it is doubtful if he ever has reached the highest round in the ladder. Mr. G——, the great tea-merchant, may be said to have tea-sed his way up; while B——, the hoop-skirt man, has found himself in good society by simply providing every house with a skeleton.

But, joking aside, money is the *one* thing needful to get into society. If a man or woman only has enough of it, they can be received anywhere. It will open the door to the most exclusive club-house on the Avenue; will take one to the English breakfasts on Staten Island, to the weddings at Trinity Chapel and Grace Church, and to the receptions on Murray Hill. A comparatively poor person can get an introduction into society if he has any capacity whatever, but unless he has a fat purse at his command, he will not be able to remain long. People

of wealth care very little for the company or acquaintance of every-day poor folks, unless they have some special calling or gift which compensates for the want of money. A poet, an artist, a good musician, an author, a brilliant scholar, and sometimes a very handsome person, will be received into society without any particular questions being asked in relation to the pockets. This class of people, however, usually have a contempt for mere wealth without brains, and so they quit fashionable life as such, and associate among themselves.

So, to get into artistic society, one must either be an artist, a gentleman of letters or a patron of art; to get into journalistic society, one must be a journalist; to be a member of fast society, one must be a "hail-fellow-well-met," with anywhere from ten to fifty thousand dollars a year which he is ready to throw away; to get into aquatic society, we should have a yacht or schooner, and take some interest in marine matters; to get into dramatic society, one must be fond of the drama, join a dramatic club and patronize the actors; to get into Presbyterian or Christian-Association society, one had better purchase a pew in Dr. Hall's or Dr. Adams' church and cultivate the acquaintance of the Dodge family: in other words some money, as well as piety, is needed to get into good, first-class religious society in New York. Piety alone will not accomplish this, for the simple reason that so many people belong to the churches.

It is really a difficult matter for the majority of people, men as well as women, to get into society. If everybody

was in it, there would be no society. The person who labors for his daily bread or weekly stipend, as some melancholy individuals put it, must be content with his or her lot. Hands, as such, are not recognized; neither are brains always. It is doubtful if the choice society of New York comprises more than two thousand people out of a population of a million. This leaves nine hundred and ninety-eight thousand people who are not in society.

There is one class of society which should not be forgotten, and that is the shoddy. This is composed of the ignorant, and sometimes vicious, which has become suddenly rich, either through speculation, striking oil or gambling. There is always more or less of this class of people in every large city. They are those who build the largest swell-front houses, and are the soonest obliged to leave them; they are those who insult the waiters at the hotels, and appear on the street in full dress, as if they were at a party or ball; they are those who dash through the Park with horses in gold-trimmed harness and servants in shining new livery; they are those who lack modesty and talk in loud tones in public. In short, it would be almost impossible to note all the points of a shoddy aristocrat.

A story is told of one of them who had a daughter at school. The mother called, and asked the madam how her child was getting on. Said she: "I sent Sally a beautiful pair of opera-glasses the first week she was here, and I have ordered a splendid set of diamonds from Ball & Black's. Madam Diedot is to have charge

of her wardrobe. I want Sally to be a parlor boarder, and learn all the accomplishments. Let her learn to play the piano and harp, cultivate her voice, give her dancing-lessons, and, above all, teach her how to receive company. As soon as Mr. Upstart gets his new house done, we shall have a perfect stream of callers. Is there anything Sally wants, Madam Mears?"

"Oh! she is a good girl," replied the madam, "and has a plenty of everything to wear. She seems inclined to do well, but is sadly in need of capacity."

"A capacity? Is that all? Sally shall have one as soon as I return to town. Mr. Upstart is rich enough to purchase anything."

After all, true society has some other foundation than gold to rest upon; and, whether one is so fortunate, or unfortunate, as to be able to mingle with the wealth and glitter of New York upper-tendom, he may congratulate himself that it has nothing to offer which he cannot find among his poorer friends and neighbors.

CHAPTER II.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS.

DRESS does not make the man, but in this day it makes the woman. Whatever else New York may boast of, it can point with pride to its well-dressed women. If any one wishes to see oceans of handsome silks and satins, clouds of gossamer laces, the richest fabrics which the world produces, from the silks of India and China to the velvets and muslins of France, and the latest styles of Paris and London, let him enter the fashionable society of New York. He will open his eyes with wonder. He steps into a saloon full of women fit for presentation at court—he is smothered in dry goods and lost in a sea of beautiful fabrics. Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed like one of these charming creatures, and the lilies of the field would blush and hang their heads to find themselves in such a brilliant scene.

Like the aforesaid lilies, these ladies neither toil nor spin; they simply dress themselves. They are walking frames for the display of dry-goods. The pity is, that some plan has not been devised whereby they can hang more yards of lace and silk upon their bodies than they are now able to do.

In the matter of female dress New York City is ahead of the world. It is a constant source of astonishment to the Paris shopkeepers what becomes of all the rich goods they send to America. Even with an empress who has the fortunes of a whole people to spend, and with an extravagant, foolish and profligate Court to ape her, the high and mighty women of France do not and cannot dress better than the ladies of the United States. The best of everything in Paris is always kept to be sent to New York. The women of Boston may be well and richly dressed, but the prevailing fashions are always toned down to a more sensible and classical elegance, which is well-befitting the Athens of America. Brains rule at the Hub; gold is the god in Gotham. The quiet dames of Philadelphia are much more plainly clad than their Manhattan sisters; while even the women of Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis do not go to such extreme lengths as those of the metropolis.

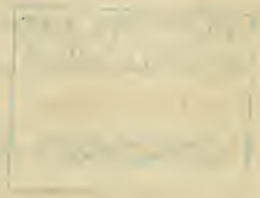
The society of New York is so perfectly immense, is so enormously wealthy and is made up of such heterogeneous elements, that extravagance in dress seems to be demanded, and it is very difficult for a lady who wishes to attract attention and be admired not to get up *toilettes* of the most elaborate kind. They must be distinguished for something; and like the overdressed wife of a negro in Chicago, whom the Rev. Newman Hall met when there, they undertake to distinguish themselves by putting on fine clothes.

There are some people who do not like the opera. Perhaps they have no ear for music, or they have not got educated up to an opera. Some cannot tell a good paint-

ing from a bad one, and *vice versâ*. The fault is not the artist's, but their own. They don't know when they see a good picture, or what constitutes one. It is the same with the subject of dress. Plain, every-day people are used to plain clothes, and might be dreadfully shocked to see a lady in full dress, as it is called in society, but in half undress as it would be denominated in the country. Persons may be educated to admire a fashionably-dressed woman, and think it no harm that her arms are bare to the shoulders, that she displays two-thirds of her bust, and that her dress trails three yards on the carpet. It is all a matter of taste, of education. Those who are used to it don't mind it, and those who do not like it have the privilege of denouncing it. In the days of Madam de Pompadour, who was the mistress of Louis XV., it was an uncommon thing for a woman to show any part of her back, but the dresses were cut very low in front, and hence the term Pompadour applied to that style of waist. But to-day the dresses are often as low behind as before.

In New York City it is the fashion for ladies to dress in the loudest and most extreme style possible. Fashion is what constitutes the test of modesty or immodesty, of decency or indecency, in dress. It is because Mrs. Dr. Mary E. Walker persists in wearing her very short skirts and pantaloons in the drawing-rooms of the White House and in the halls of the Capitol that the newspaper correspondents make so much fun of her. There is a time and place for everything. Her peculiar style of dress was doubtless very good for a nurse in the hospital, for a surgeoness on the battle-field, or for long horseback

THE BELLE OF FIFTH AVENUE.



rides in the country. So if Miss Olive Logan was obliged to dig potatoes for a living or prune crab-apple trees, she would dress accordingly. We have even met the famous Mrs. Amelia Bloomer at a full-dress reception *à la mode* like the rest of the ladies. A very decent dress in the elegant drawing-rooms of the brown-stone palaces on Fifth avenue might be considered quite indecent in the moral shades of New England or the West. A fashionable Broadway walking-dress would excite the laughter and ridicule of a country village, and if it should venture into church on Sunday, the good pastor might lift up his voice and his hands in warning against it. From all this we see that in society it is modest to be in fashion, and very immodest to be out of fashion.

In spite of all the comments indulged in the newspapers, both long and short dresses continue to be worn, and we expect always will be. Dresses with immense trails, sometimes reaching clear out into the other parlor, are worn at weddings, receptions, upon full-dress occasions, such as dinners, balls, parties, etc. Short dresses are worn upon the street, in the Park, for croquet-playing, at English breakfasts and pic-nics, upon the piazzas of watering-place hotels and at church. It would seem a little out of place to have several yards of velvet trailing up the broad aisle of a place designed for worship.

All women are ambitious to look well. This is natural. It is not their fault. It is the way of the world. They dress to win the admiration of the opposite sex as well as their own, and to outshine their neighbors. Here a little pride comes in, and if it is not carried too far it is a very

good thing. We are forced to admit, however, that the chief attraction of some New York ladies consists in the clothes they have on. Having neither beauty, wit nor accomplishments, one is forced to turn to dry goods for consolation. It is decidedly poor comfort. If in this matter of overdressing there is any blame, the men are as guilty as the women. What brother but is proud of his sister's dress, so it wins applause? What husband but insists that his wife shall go looking so that he is not ashamed of her? The first question a young gentleman asks about a young lady whom he proposes to take with him to some public place is, "How does she get herself up?" If the otherwise adorable Arabella dresses in a dowdyish manner, he drops her at once, and disappointment, like the concealed worm in the bud of a rose, gnaws at his heart. Love is a matter of petticoats as well as of the heart, and if the latter are not fashionable, the former becomes platonic at once.

The women understand all this. They know that in an elaborate toilet they can go anywhere, and be accepted by any man. A fashionable dress, like charity, now-a-days covers a multitude of sins. Without a fashionable dress a woman might as well be out of the world; she certainly would very soon get out of society. The poet has expressed the whole thing in six lines:

"And thinking 'This will please him best,'
She takes a riband or a rose,
For he will see them on to-night;
And with the thought her color burns;
And having left the glass, she turns
Once more to set a ringlet right."

It is just as Fanny Fern says. If a woman puts an old shawl over her head and takes a basket on her arm, she may go all over New York after nightfall, and no one will insult her. But if she is dressed in a trailing silk, every human puppy on Broadway will bark at her.

There is nothing so pleasing to a New York lady of fashionable society as to have her dress, train and all, described at full length in the papers. From the *Tribune* and *Sun* down to the *Court Journal*, this is done. There are at least three daily papers and one weekly (not weakly) which devote themselves to describing the dresses of society women. Some women have been known to pay for the privilege of having their dresses described in print. And some men have called the reporters' attention to their wives for the express purpose of having them admired.

Such is the ambition of some ladies to dress who are not of the wealthy class, and whose husbands cannot afford to gratify all their desires, that they will resort to almost any expedient for procuring extra silks, ribbons or a bit of costly lace. One of these desires is that which half-starves the servants with the hope of cutting down the grocery bills, but a more common one is the taking in of work to do, and thus placing themselves in competition with the poor shop and sewing girls who are struggling to keep body and soul together. They even go so far as to underbid these poor girls, and thus wages are kept down to the lowest starvation-prices. In the manufacture of neckties, for example, very many well-to-do married women go to the shops and solicit work. If they

succeed in getting it, it is taken home and done on the sly. For all the world they wouldn't have Mrs. Topknot or Mrs. Du Pyster know that they ever did a stroke of work. All this is so mean that we dismiss it without further comment.

Nowhere else in America are there such fine opportunities for the display of dress as in New York. Where else in the broad world can there be found such a magnificent week-day promenade as Broadway, or such a Sunday morning strolling-place as Fifth avenue? Where else in the United States are there so many elegant opera-houses, academies, theatres and halls as in New York? Where else are there so many vast hotels with their five and twelve hundred guests, their great parlors and long halls for walking? There is no city in the world which has so large retail dry goods palaces, and we may well doubt if there is any which gives more or larger balls and parties. During the whole winter season, night after night, Lent not even interrupting, there is one ceaseless round of fashionable dissipations, public as well as private. All these circumstances have a great influence over the question of dress, and the women are not slow to take advantage of them.

There is the Sunday stroll, with pensive face and prayer-book in hand, on Fifth avenue. It is a street of uninterrupted magnificence—a type of the promiscuous shades of social equality which, in some incongruous manner, have managed to find residences upon it. Going to and coming from church, all the fashionable city passes through this street. The spacious sidewalks, bowered in the most

luxurious of foliage, make it a tempting place to walk in the fashionable season, especially on a bright and sunny Sunday morning. Fifth avenue people ride on week-days. The numerous club-houses, filled with young men engaged in flattening their noses against the French plate-glass windows, add to the attractions of the walk, so far as the display of dress is concerned. The time will be immediately subsequent to morning service. The scene may be scarcely appropriate, following so soon upon the religious exercises that have preceded it, but it is very fascinating in its freaks of worldly frivolity. What of loveliness and brilliancy in female face and form and frippery of dress that passes for two hours in a kaleidoscopic panorama from Central Park to Washington Square, could not help but dazzle the most stoical of spectators. Nothing to compare with it can be seen elsewhere, at any time, in any part of the world. Dresses in blue, and gold, and pink, and white, and violet, and green; dresses of lace, of silk, of muslin, of satin, of velvet, of brocade; dresses flounced, elaborately trimmed, puffed, long, short, scanty and full,—all the extremes of the latest fashions mingle in one vast stream of wealth and luxury.

Dresses for the Park are not so elaborate, being, for the wealthy, mostly carriage-dresses, which are seldom seen by the public. Darker-colored silks and velvets are worn. The display consists in fine carriages, richly caparisoned horses and servants in livery.

The hotel promenade is a fashionable amusement with ladies. Such hotels as the Fifth Avenue and the St. Nicholas have immensely long halls running past the

public drawing-rooms. At certain hours of the day, usually just before and after the six o'clock dinners, these halls are filled with gentlemen and ladies, guests and residents of the house, taking their little constitutional and flirtation exercise. Sometimes the jam is immense. Perhaps a dozen women just from a tour in Europe have arrived. Before leaving they are bound to show all the new dresses brought over from Paris. Now look out for black laces trimmed with gold fringe and golden satin, for white satins edged with blue and swan's down, for cherry-red and rose-colored silks with black and white lace flounces. The trails are fearful to tread upon. The hum is bee-like; the simpering is immense; the Grecian bend reaches perfection, and the Roman wipple is intensified by the length of the boot-heels.

The Broadway promenade is confined to French walking-dresses in black silk, bright plushes, rich furs and dark goods. No fashionable lady is supposed to be on Broadway during the summer. She is either at Long Branch, Saratoga or the White Mountains. A trail would hardly be able to live on Broadway more than the distance of two blocks. We are not sure but the police would curtail a very long one for blocking up the sidewalk.

Opera-dresses are principally elaborate as regards the hat and the cloak. White for cloaks is always the most fashionable color. Many ladies sit without hats at an opera, or come without any, which is all the same thing. Dresses for the church are a little more modest and subdued than for other places, but even here very bright colors and vast amounts of trimmings are worn.

It is almost impossible to estimate the number of dresses a very fashionable woman will have. Most women in society can afford to dress as it pleases them, since they have unlimited amounts of money at their disposal. Among females dress is the principal part of society. What would Madam Mountain be without her laces and diamonds, or Madam Blanche without her silks and satins? Simply commonplace old women, past their prime, destined to be wall-flowers. A fashionable woman has just as many new dresses as the different times she goes into society. The *élite* do not wear the same dresses twice. If you can tell us how many receptions she has in a year, how many weddings she attends, how many balls she participates in, how many dinners she gives, how many parties she goes to, how many operas and theatres she patronizes, we can approximate somewhat to the size and cost of her wardrobe. It is not unreasonable to suppose that she has two new dresses of some sort for every day in the year, or seven hundred and twenty. Now to purchase all these, to order them made and to put them on afterward consumes a vast amount of time. Indeed, the woman of society does little but don and doff dry goods. For a few brief hours she flutters the latest tint and *mode* in the glare of the gas-light, and then repeats the same operation the next night. She must have one or two velvet dresses which cannot cost less than five hundred dollars each; she must possess thousands of dollars' worth of laces, in the shape of flounces, to loop up over the skirts of dresses as occasion shall require. Walking-dresses cost from fifty to

three hundred dollars; ball-dresses are frequently imported from Paris at a cost of from five hundred to a thousand dollars; while wedding-dresses may cost from one to five thousnd dollars. Nice white llama jackets can be had for sixty dollars; *robes princesse*, or overskirts of lace, are worth from sixty to two hundred dollars. Then there are traveling-dresses in black silk, in pongee, velour, in pique, which range in price from seventy-five to one hundred and seventy-five dollars. Then there are evening robes in Swiss muslin, robes in linen for the garden and croquet-playing, dresses for horse-races and for yacht-races, *robes de nuit* and *robes de chambre*, dresses for breakfast and for dinner, dresses for receptions and for parties, dresses for watering-places and dresses for all possible occasions. A lady going to the Springs takes from twenty to sixty dresses, and fills an enormous number of Saratoga trunks. They are of every possible fabric—from Hindoo muslin, "gaze de soie," crape maretz, to the heavy silks of Lyons.

We know the wife of the editor of one of the great morning newspapers of New York, now traveling in Europe, whose dress-making bill in one year was ten thousand dollars! What her dry goods bill amounted to Heaven and her husband only knows. She was once stopping at a summer hotel, and such was her anxiety to always appear in a new dress that she would frequently come down to dinner with a dress basted together just strong enough to last while she disposed of a little turtle-soup, a little Charlotte de Russe and a little ice cream.

Mrs. Judge R——, of New York, is considered one of

the "queens of fashion." She is a goodly-sized lady—not quite so tall as Miss Anna Swan of Nova Scotia—and she has the happy faculty of piling more dry goods upon her person than any other lady in the city; and what is more, she keeps on doing it. To give the reader a taste of her quality, it is only necessary to describe a dress she wore at the Dramatic Fund Ball, not many years ago. There was a rich blue satin skirt, *en train*. Over this there was looped up a magnificent brocade silk, white, with bouquets of flowers woven in all the natural colors. This overskirt was deeply flounced with costly white lace, caught up with bunches of feathers of bright colors. About her shoulders was thrown a fifteen-hundred-dollar shawl. She had a head-dress of white ostrich feathers, white lace, gold pendants and purple velvet. Add to all this a fan, a bouquet of rare flowers, a lace handkerchief and jewelry almost beyond estimate, and you see Mrs. Judge R—— as she appears when full blown.

Mrs. General V—— is a lady who goes in society a great deal. She has a new dress for every occasion. The following costume appeared at the Charity Ball, which is *the* great ball of the year in New York. It was imported from Paris for the occasion, and was made of white satin, point lace and a profusion of flowers. The skirt had heavy flutings of satin around the bottom, and the lace flounces were looped up at the sides with bands of the most beautiful pinks, roses, lilies, forget-me-nots and other flowers.

It is nothing uncommon to meet in New York society

ladies who have on dry goods and jewelry to the value of from thirty to fifty thousand dollars. Dress patterns of twilled satin, the ground pale green, pearl, melon-color or white, scattered with sprays of flowers in raised velvet, sell for three hundred dollars each. Violet poult de soie will sell for twelve dollars a yard; a figured moire will sell for two hundred dollars the pattern; a pearl-colored silk trimmed with point applique lace sells for one thousand dollars; and so we might go on to an almost indefinite length.

But we have said enough about the female extravagance in dress which prevails in New York. Let us look into one of the monster dry goods palaces of that city where the fashionable world does its shopping, and close. The house cost over a million of dollars; it covers two acres of ground and has sixteen acres of dry goods on sale. The commerce of the world is here embodied in its most delicate and costly forms. Here is a room where two acres of ladies are shopping; it is a vast wilderness of elaborate pillars and counters for the display of goods. At night the electricity lights up five hundred chandeliers, and the great palace is illuminated. In this building there are employed nearly a thousand clerks, who do nothing but deal out dry goods to the women. A thousand pairs of gloves will be sold in one day; over a million dollars' worth of goods is disposed of in a week! Besides the clerks, there are frequently, in busy times, as many as fifteen hundred women employed, engaged in making walking-dresses, robes of silk and satin and velvet, etc. From fifteen to twenty horses

A STYLISH MAMMA.

and wagons are kept constantly running over the city to deliver the dry goods at the houses of the purchasers.

Once we saw Ristori leaning her magnificent body across the counter in this palace. She was buying a robe that would cost her over two thousand dollars. Her dense luminous eye gleamed as she handled the gauze-like texture of lace. Beside her sat her fair-haired and finely-skinned daughter, Bianca, just budding into womanhood. At the other side of the great classical tragedienne sat a poor German woman, who was purchasing articles of small value. These poor we have with us always, and many of them are content with the crumbs which fall from the tables of the rich. As we brought nothing into the world, so it is sure we can take nothing out of it. Let those living outside of Greenwood and Cypress Hill dress while they may, for in Paradise no such elaborate costumes are worn.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW YORK LADY'S TOILETTE.

IT was a saying of old Dean Swift, after witnessing the great improvements which man was everywhere making on the face of the earth, that "Nature must give way to art." We have always supposed, until we came to reside in the city of New York, that woman, the next after man, was the most perfect being created "in the beginning." Even at this day we give her the praise of being the better half of mankind, the fairest portion, the most graceful and the "altogether lovely." But it seems there is something more. Women are not satisfied with themselves, and so they have invented an elaborate process for improving their own appearance. This is called making one's toilette. In other words, it is an attempt to improve upon Nature, to employ various arts for the purpose of touching up a shabby face, or rounding out a lank form, that the eye of the beholder may not be offended, at least, if it is not charmed.

Well, who blames a woman for wishing to be considered beautiful? We do not. It is a natural instinct implanted within the breast of all womankind, from the Indian maidens of our own Western forests, to the housemaids

of Yorkshire, England. Not long since a duchess in Yorkshire gave a lecture to a lot of country girls who were destined to do housework—as we call it in this country—and among other things she scolded them for their love of flowers and bright ribbons. Imagine an American mistress talking to a Yankee girl in that way! We came near weeping for the Yorkshire lasses when we read this duchess' speech, and we shall never forgive her for it.

It is a woman's privilege to be as handsome as she can be. If fashion tells her to put her head into a barrel of flour, and thus powder it, who shall object? If some Madam Rachel proposes to enamel her face and make her "beautiful for ever," is it the part of an admiring man to complain? If she loses one eye, by all means let her get a glass one; it will be a thousand times better looking than a pair of goggles or a green blind. If her teeth were used up in her boarding-school days by eating pickles and slate-pencils, it is the dentist's business to supply a new set. Wax noses, take them as they run, we object to, never yet having seen a well-made one. As to false hair, we think it is a decided convenience. It saves a vast amount of doing up, and when one retires for the night it can be carefully put away in a drawer. It should be secured from rats, however, as they are apt to get into it.

The reader will please come with us into the *boudoir* of a Fifth avenue belle. We will suppose, for the sake of illustrating our subject to the fullest extent, that she is counted a belle in society, where the world only sees her

after she is "made up," but that in reality she is not the piece of human perfection, physically speaking, which a healthy man, with an eye to the artistic, would choose for a wife. She is decidedly dilapidated; that is, well on in years, poor in flesh and a little the worse for wear. For it is impossible for any lady to maintain her health and a fresh rosy countenance who indulges in late hours, late suppers, frequent balls, operas, dinner-parties, and the wearying excitement of society generally. Nothing so taxes the constitution of a person as a never-ending round of fashionable dissipations. So our Arabella of the Avenue is a lady of wealth, of society and fashion; but she is faded, thin and of an uncertain age—perhaps twenty-nine. She intends to spend the evening out, and commences an elaborate toilette. Owing to an accident when a girl she lost one eye. As she grew older she lost her teeth. She never did have much hair. The color faded from her cheeks long ago. The forehead, when permitted to do so, shows a number of wrinkles. Her eyebrows are not so heavy as they should be. Her chest has fallen in. When she comes out of her *boudoir* she will be transformed into a drawing-room angel.

The room which she is in is richly carpeted, and ornamented with statuary. On the mantel there are vases of delicious flowers. In the centre of the room, on a marble-topped table, stands a large silver-plated, ornamental cooler, filled with ice to keep the room cool, for it is a hot day in the summer. Long mirrors line the room, and just now, as it is the fashion, all the furniture, walls, picture-frames, etc., are covered with chintz in large and

gaudy patterns. It is of a light pea-green color for the ground, filled with palm patterns, flowers, gayly-dressed mandarins, scrolls, etc. Feeling languid and spiritless, our lady takes a glass or two of Medoc wine, puts on a cashmere wrapper, orders her carriage, jumps in, draws the curtains and drives to the Turkish bath. Nothing better for beauty, says Bayard Taylor, and the Turkish women are proverbially handsome. Besides, it sets the blood flying to the surface, and imparts a healthy glow to the skin. She enters the marble room of the bath attired in the primitive simplicity of Paradise, and, reclining in a Turkish chair, enjoys the delicious sensation of perspiring from every pore for fifteen or twenty minutes. Then a soft bed is made up on a marble bench, and two stout female attendants commence the ecstatic process of shampooing, going thoroughly over the body with the hands, picking out all the muscles, and treating the limbs to a series of healthy gymnastics. Then comes the application of perfumed soaps and the Mexican grass, and then the warm spray and cooling shower, and then the gentle lavement in *eau de rose* or some other perfume, followed by a short, sweet sleep. The bath is the foundation for all true toilettes.

Mr. E. Hepple Hall, who has traveled in Abyssinia, tells us that the ladies of that country are proud of a well-developed breast, or "bust," to speak in an artistic sense. In this our olive-colored sisters are not behind the rosy Saxon daughters of the civilized world. All women like to be considered as having a well-rounded form, and if they are not Greek Slaves in outline, they

will put forth all their powers to become so. Since it is publicly advertised all over New York, and since every gentleman may read the sign who chooses to do so in a fashionable quarter of the city, there can be no harm or impropriety in speaking of the "Mammarial Balm," as it is called, and the establishment where it is kept. The object of the institution is to do away with the necessity of compelling ladies to go to the stay or corset makers. It intends, upon purely scientific or physiological principles, to develop that which Nature has left undeveloped. Medical gentlemen advise the same course of treatment in their books, as any versed in the science will testify. The "Mammarial Balm," which is extensively used by the ladies of New York, is nothing more nor less than a stimulating lotion applied to the breasts with brushes, and aided in its work by cupping-glasses and air-pumps. A lady makes the application two or three times a week, and in the course of time a breast is developed which suits the taste of the most exacting. To the same end dumb-bells and Indian clubs are indulged in. Thus, after leaving the Turkish bath, our belle may drive to the "balm-for-every-wounded-breast" establishment, and then home to her *boudoir*.

The false hair now comes in order. Vast quantities of this are used in the shape of puffs, frizzes, chignons, braids, curls and wigs. Most of it comes from France, where it is cut for a price from the heads of peasants. Dead hair, as it is called, having been cut from corpses, is never used by respectable American dealers. As the hair is brought to this country, it comes tied in a loose

knot. It costs from ten to one hundred dollars a pound, depending upon its length and color. Golden and blonde hair is more costly than shades of black, brown, chestnut and red. Most of the blonde hair worn by the English girls in our theatres is made so by a chemical preparation put upon it. Hair is bought and sold by weight, and the amount ladies put upon their heads usually varies from two to eight ounces. We knew one very fashionable lady, however, who wore some sixteen ounces on her head, which cost nearly one hundred dollars. It costs a good deal to work the hair up into the prevailing fashions, some of them requiring elaborate patterns. Chignons are usually built over frames, and worked into the butterfly, basket, puffed, curled, braided, knotted and twisted patterns. Curls vary in price from one to ten dollars.

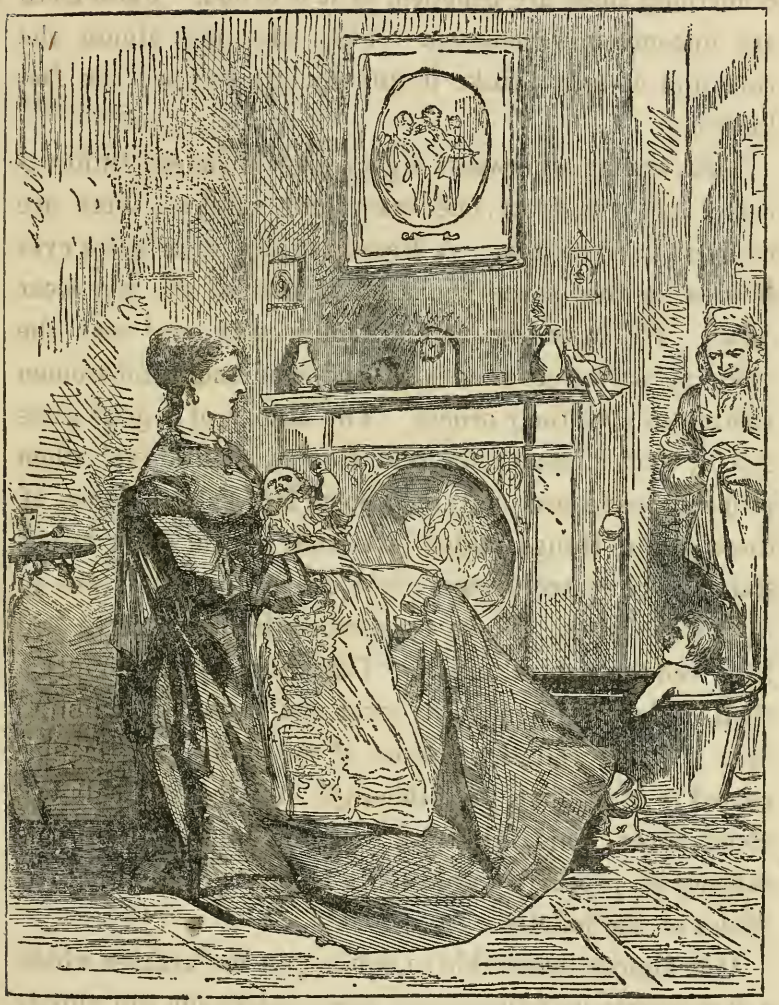
The false hair having been put in place, it may be powdered with flour until it is as white as the inside of a meal-bag, or it may be powdered in gold, or in what is called diamond dust. If the powder covers the face and shoulders, it does not seem to matter much, and ladies appear with it in society all the same. Where the hair is natural, it is a long and difficult job to clean it of the flour, etc., put on for the sake of fashion.

Painting the face, shoulders, neck and arms is indulged in to a considerable extent by New York ladies. Indeed, there are regular enameling establishments in the city, one of which advertises to put it on so that it will stay for a *year*. We fancy this is stretching the matter a little. but the very idea is horrible. Imagine a lady

going a whole year without washing her face! The eyelashes are frequently colored, and the eyebrows likewise. Sometimes these are penciled, as it is called. False teeth are uncommonly common. They are now almost the rule, and no lady thinks it unbecoming to have the fact known.

That woman who wears a glass eye is indeed unfortunate; and yet, from one cause and another, there are many such in society. A Broadway dealer in glass eyes assures us that seven thousand people in the city wear them. We have been to his manufactury, and seen the lobby or parlor crowded with one-eyed men and women waiting to give their orders. The beauty of a good glass eye is, that it cannot be told from a natural one, when properly made and put in. Some ladies keep boxes of these useful things under lock and key in their toilet-stands. They are always taken out at night and put in in the morning. These eyes, when inserted, move and look like the natural organ. This glass eye is simply a shell, which is intended to cover the stump of the blind eye; if it fits well, the motions of the natural eye are imparted to it without any difficulty. A glass eye will last about three years. But we will not enlarge upon this subject, as, properly speaking, it is but one of the curiosities of the toilette.

It is almost impossible to enumerate the articles which a fashionable lady thinks she needs before she can appear well in society. She must have at least a dozen different fans, of various tints and colors to match her dresses. A Russian leather fan, which looks like a horse's foot when



AN EXEMPLARY MAMMA.

closed, is one of the latest novelties; a mother-of-pearl fan is pretty, but rather dangerous to handle; Chinese and Japanese fans have their day every little while; satin fans, usually having family portraits on them, are very choice; feather fans of bright colors are delicate and pretty. All of these find their way to the toilet-stand. Then there are opera-glasses, some of which are gotten up regardless of cost. The finest we ever heard of is owned by Victoria, Queen of England. The finest in America is said to be in the possession of the Hon. Mrs. John Morrissey, whose husband represents the Sixth ward in Congress. That is quite a step from Victoria to Mrs. John Morrissey, isn't it? Those ladies may stand next to each other in opera-glasses, however. Mrs. M.'s opera-glass is made of gold, set with diamonds, and has her monogram wrought upon it in pearls. It is valued at several thousand dollars.

Every lady is supposed to have a casket of jewels, and she does not belong to the cream of society if she cannot show as many diamonds as her neighbors. It is curious that those ladies in New York who display the most costly sets of diamonds are either the wives of whisky-merchants or actors. We have seen the wife of the treasurer of one of the theatres of New York with thirty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on her neck. And yet one would not think it was such a very fine thing to be the treasurer of a theatre. The wife of another man, who commenced life a poor boy, and finally took a commanding position in an express office, marrying an actress, always displays from ten to forty thousand

dollars' worth of diamonds. They have been mentioned in the presses of the city so frequently that they are always spoken of as "those diamonds." Everybody knows at once what they are and how much they cost. A lady's casket should contain a set of diamonds, a set of pearls, a set of corals, a medallion set, and as many more as she can afford to purchase. There is no limit to the amount. Fifteen or twenty finger-rings is a moderate allowance. We have seen a lady, the wife of a wealthy Senator, at a party with her arms bare up to the shoulders, while most of the forearm, from the wrist to the elbow, was covered with costly bracelets. It seemed as if she commenced to put them on and forgot what she was doing until the supply ran out. But this is not in good taste, even if some wealthy women do indulge in such an Indian-like propensity.

Of laces a fashionable woman can hardly have too many. They are useful and pretty upon all occasions. And vast sums of money are spent for them. Lace flounces for dresses are bought which cost from one to five hundred dollars a yard; while two and three thousand dollars will be spent for a set or "rip." Lace pocket-handkerchiefs sometimes cost five and six hundred dollars. Black laces are in greater demand than white, because they wash better. Old white lace, which has become yellow from time, is thought to be very valuable.

It may not be known to our readers that the finest shoes in the world are made in New York, some of them taking the first prize at the great Paris Exposition, where

they won the admiration of the French ladies. They are such loves of boots that we half fell in love with them ourselves. A hundred dollars will purchase four pairs, and that ought to keep a lady shod for a month! They are made of all colors, to suit the dress, and are most wonderfully ornamented with patterns in leather-work elaborately stitched. White satin slippers, delicately quilted and trimmed with swan's down are beautiful things for the house. In the matter of gloves, ladies wear almost as many different pairs as they go out different times. The most delicate tints are purchased, often by the box. A woman may easily spend two or three hundred dollars a year for this item alone.

From all of the foregoing, it will be seen that a fashionable lady is a very expensive piece of furniture to have in the house, and only men with ample incomes can afford to keep them. All wealthy ladies are not necessarily fashionable. Some of them set a very good example. We never hear of Mrs. Peter Cooper, Mrs. Astor or Mrs. A. T. Stewart indulging in foolish luxuries, although their husbands are the wealthiest men in the city. But gentlemen have their foolish weaknesses, and if they do not spend as much as their wives in dress and jewels, they indulge in wines, cigars, fast horses, club-houses, yachts and the like, until in the end a great deal of money is thrown away.

CHAPTER IV.

FASHIONABLE PARTIES.

HUMAN beings were made to be sociable, to enjoy each other's society. A proper amount of this is conducive to happiness, education and refinement, but when indulged in to excess it spoils both men and women. A constant whirlpool of excitement is sure to swallow up much of that which is good in both intellect and morals. Solitude has its beauties and its uses, as old Zimmerman told us long ago. The springs of pleasure soon dry up in the heat of the metropolis, and one must fly to the country for relief, seeking for health and meditation in rural shades, or he shortly becomes unfit for the enjoyments of fashionable life.

People of wealth must be amused, since few of them ever do any work. The major portion of their time is spent in devising methods for the killing of time; and it has been discovered that the best way to do this is to get up balls, dinner-parties, receptions, private theatricals, club-dinners, pic-nics, croquet-parties and the like. If one's circle of acquaintance is large, so many of these are given that during the season every evening will be engaged. In the end, this produces about the stupidest set of young men and women the world contains. And what

is more to be deplored, it hurries many of them out of the world, and into the imposing marble tombs at Greenwood, as speedily as if they had taken through tickets on the Erie or Long Island Railroad. If tombstones only told the truth, we should read on half of them, "Died from dissipation."

Every possible occasion is seized upon by the fashionable people of New York to give a party. If a celebrated actress, or author, or general, or politician comes to the city, somebody gets up a reception for him, and invites all of his set. If a son arrives at the age of twenty-one, he has a party; when the daughter "comes out" into society, or has "finished" her education and is thrown into the market for the purpose of catching a husband, she has a party given in her honor; when she is about to be married, another "blow-out" takes place; then there is still another at the wedding, and a series of receptions afterward. If a statue is to be unveiled, a party is given; if a family moves into a new house, then comes a house-warming party; if somebody has been married ten, fifteen, twenty-five or fifty years, parties celebrate the event; if an appeal is made to charity, a private concert is given or a calico ball is projected. Then there are wine suppers, and honey suppers, and strawberry suppers, and English breakfasts, and forty other social entertainments, all of which cost a vast deal of time and money.

So far as we have been able to discover, parties are all alike. Thousands of cards are issued; there is a crush of carriages, a blaze of gas-light, some most extravagant

dressing, thronged parlors, perfume of flowers, delicious music, exciting dancing, midnight hours, a late supper, eating and drinking, and a drive home. This is the short of it.

The long of it is quite a different tale. While very many parties are given in private houses, it is now becoming more and more the custom in New York to give them at a house set apart for the purpose. This saves mussing up one's residence, and avoids the possibility of losing anything or, in other words, lessens the chances of having valuable plate and jewelry stolen from the house. When a party is given outside, all one has to do is to issue the cards, engage the music, pay for the supper and the use of the house, order the flowers, and, when the hour arrives, appear in the reception-room ready to receive the guests. This is a very easy way to give an entertainment, and answers every purpose. It avoids exposing one's private residence, saves carpets and furniture, and keeps a gang of strange servants out of the kitchen. But it costs fearfully. Five, ten and even fifteen thousand dollars have been spent in this way. The head of the house simply has to give his check on some bank, and the thing is done. Perhaps twice that sum was made before leaving Wall street that afternoon, on the rise in stocks or gold. What matter if it does have to come out of the poor working-people at last? Style must be kept up on Fifth avenue, and the squandering of ten thousand dollars a night causes no qualms of conscience.

Arabella Anderson is to be brought out. For two or

IN THE RECEPTION ROOM.

three years she has been undergoing the process of education at Madam Puff Ball's school on Murray Hill. She has been taught how to receive company on Wednesdays, with the Grecian bend thrown in, and French has been the daily conversation of the family, except at dessert, when a little English is spoken. Of late Arabella has grown handsome, her form has developed, and she begins to have a decided longing for beaux and the opera, but most decidedly for the former. The only way to let the young men know that she is in the market is to put her on exhibition, and invite all the circle of acquaintances to be introduced to her.

The evening arrives, and at about nine o'clock carriages, with drivers and footmen in livery, commence to rattle up and down the Avenue. A carpet has been spread from the door of the mansion to the curbstone. Each carriage contains one or two ladies in full dress, and a servant, and possibly a man. Some ladies wear such very full dresses that the waiting-maids and men come in the next carriage. We will suppose that Arabella rides in her carriage standing up in the middle of it, holding on to the straps, so as not to crumple her dress. Possibly she has a brother who has been able to draw his legs up on to the back seat. She alights from the carriage, passing up to the door between a file of policemen and citizens, who crowd up to see the sights. It is a curious fact that neither weddings, funerals nor private parties can take place in New York without calling in the aid of the police. This is to protect the maids as well as the pockets of the guests. Arabella has two dressing-maids,

both of which are engaged in holding up her train as she sweeps into the house and up the grand staircase. They also have shawls and wrappers to throw over her when she returns home in the morning.

In the course of an hour the Avenue and cross streets for several blocks are choked up with carriages, which come pouring in from all directions. The policemen shout for the drivers to form in line; the drivers get vexed and swear and scold at each other; the horses rear and plunge; the occupants of coaches get impatient, and some of them alight several blocks away from the house. The scene is an exciting one, and grows more and more so until the affair is over.

There is a crush inside of the house. Crowds of young men linger in the halls and on the stairs, waiting for their ladies to appear from the dressing-rooms. The squeeze is really quite charming, and would be perfectly delightful, as the French women say, if there was only a little sin in it. The halls and stairways are lined with flowers, and all the parlors show a profusion of them. As gentlemen come in they deliver up their cards of invitation usually to Sexton Brown, of Grace Church, who stands at the door to receive them. A toilette room is in readiness where boots can be polished, coats brushed and the hair barbered. All being ready, the gentlemen and ladies move, arm in arm, into the grand parlor, where the hosts of the evening are saluted and complimented. Miss Arabella, who is being brought out, is frequently presented with a bouquet of rare flowers, and before the evening is half over she has all she can string on to her

arms or hold in her hands. The gentlemen bow, slightly squeeze her fingers, and pass on. The ladies remark, "How elegant she looks this evening!" Then comes a promenade through the rooms, or collecting into little knots and chatting, or finding out who is present, and perhaps making new acquaintances. Where fifteen nundred or two thousand people are present, two or three hours can be easily consumed in this way.

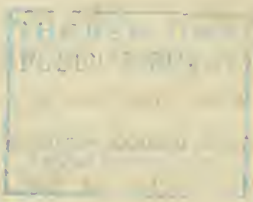
All this while the dancing-hall is open; and, from behind a screen or hedge made of rare hot-house plants in pots, delicious strains of music proceed. Across the opposite end of the room there is a raised platform, provided with sofas and divans for such ladies as do not wish to dance. A row of chairs around the room, tied together in couples with pocket-handkerchiefs, denotes that the German is to be danced in the course of the night. A few couples indulge in a polka or a waltz, and possibly a cotillon, before midnight, at which time the supper-room is thrown open.

Then the grand rush takes place. Human beings cannot be perfectly jolly until they have full stomachs, and a few glasses of wine will untie their tongues very effectually. A long table extends down the middle of the room, loaded with everything which money can buy. It is actually heaped with delicacies. French servants, in claw-hammer coats and white gloves and ties, are ready to wait upon the guests. Sideboards display a lot of silver, and run freely with choice brands of wine. Five hundred bottles of wine, costing five dollars each, have been disposed of in one evening at a fashionable New

York party. The ladies drink as generally as the men, but let us hope not quite so frequently. They dispose of their wine openly and without any apology. We have never attended a party in New York yet, among wealthy, fashionable people, where liquors of all kinds were not served, and we never expect to.

It would be quite impossible to describe in detail the bounties of the table, and, indeed, it is needless. After the supper, the dancing commences in earnest. Everybody pitches in, especially the young ladies and the gentlemen, and in dancing the German some of them remain upon the floor for hours. It is no accident that the dance is what it is. It mingles the sexes in such closeness of personal approach and contact as, outside of the dance, is nowhere else tolerated. It does this under a perplexity of circumstances that conspire to heighten the impropriety of it. It is in the blaze of gas-light, and the hour is dark; it is after a hearty supper, when one is half intoxicated with wine, or at least excited and stimulated; there is the delicious and unconscious intoxication of music and motion in the blood; there is the strange confusing sense of being individually unobserved among so many—such is the occasion; and still, hour after hour, the dance whirls its giddy kaleidoscope around, bringing hearts so near that they almost beat against each other, mixing the warm, mutual breaths, darting the fine personal electricity across between the meeting fingers, flushing the face and lighting the eyes with a quick language, subject often to gross interpretation on the part of the vile-hearted. It might almost seem as if this species of

MADAME A——, PROMINENT IN FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.



amusement, kept up under such circumstances, had been invented on purpose to rob women of their modesty and to demoralize men—to give our human passions leave to disport themselves, unreproved by conscience, by reason or by shame, almost at their will.

Not the least of the evils of these great parties are the late hours to which they are kept up, and the frightfully extravagant undress in which some of the women indulge. What is wanting in dress about the waist or chest, seems to have been added to the length of the skirt. Mr. Lincoln once said to his wife, who was dressing for a reception at the executive mansion, "Our pussy has a remarkably long tail to-night." We never see a fashionably-dressed lady of the present day without thinking of the pussy-tail. But what shall we say of that young lady who exposes her chest almost to the floating ribs? And yet we have seen such sights at fashionable parties in New York. To say nothing of the effects upon one's morals, the physiological risks incurred are great, and many a young girl has gone from the ball-room to the sick chamber, never to leave it alive.

Somewhere toward morning the "rout" breaks up, and the exhausted men and women are driven home to pass a restless night and a languid day, preparatory to going through with the same performance the next night. So a whole season is spent, hundreds of thousands of dollars are squandered, and health and character are ruined. At last it comes to such a pass that men only eat, drink, dance and simper, while the women dress, gossip, dance and giggle. Even during the summer, at

the watering-places, the same excitements are kept up. Can we wonder, in this state of things, that immorality, selfishness, infidelity, matrimonial infelicities, extravagance and intemperance are constantly on the increase? Let us return to simple and pure ways of living.

CHAPTER V.

WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS IN HIGH L FE.

EVERYBODY is asking everybody else in New York, why so many young men of the present day, residing in that city, decline to get married. The reason is, they cannot afford it—their incomes are not large enough to enable them to incur the expenses of a wedding and set themselves up in housekeeping. When a lady's lace pocket-handkerchief costs a thousand dollars, how can a young man whose income is anywhere from six to twelve hundred dollars take unto himself a wife? It cannot be done, unless he is in a situation where he can get hold of other people's money, or unless he is a successful speculator in Wall street. If he is a bank president or a cashier, you may be sure he will find some way to keep up an establishment.

The only class of people in New York who marry are the very poor—who dip into everything which offers, regardless of consequences—and the very rich, who live in palaces and throw away money. As for clerks, bookkeepers and sub-editors, they might as well cut their throats as commit matrimony. Bolingbroke says marriage was instituted because it was necessary that parents should know certainly their own respective offspring.

Such a necessity does not exist at the present day; certainly not in New York, where infants may be left on the sidewalk to be picked up by the police and sent to the "Island," to be taken care of at the expense of the public. A certain class of people, however, do have some regard for their offspring, and could hardly be induced to send them to the Commissioner of Charities.

That young man and young woman who can unite their hands and hearts in this day of fashion and extravagance are indeed fortunate. But when both of them have ample fortunes at their command, it seems to the crowd as if they should be excessively happy. They have nothing to do but to enjoy life—no care for the morrow; no worry about home or the means of getting a living; able to come and go at pleasure; to take wedding-trips in Europe, and entertain their friends in a princely manner upon their return. This seems to be almost the height of human happiness, but we know that contentment and peace of mind cannot be bought with gold. So, on the other hand, very poor, honest people might marry if they were willing to come down to that condition in life which their means indicated. Kalm tells us, in his "Travels in North America," about 1747, that when a poor widow, whose late husband had died in debt, married again, she went to the church wearing only her chemise. This was a practice which also prevailed in England even as late as 1838, but we think it too severely simple, and, if need be, would recommend a young man to marry a wife in a ninepenny calico.

Marriage has always, among all nations, been made the occasion for much rejoicing, and oftentimes for the spending of vast sums of money. Even among the Jews, in Bible times, the festivities were sometimes kept up for two weeks, and when the bridegroom set forth from his house he was preceded by a band of musicians. Even to this day the noise in the streets attendant upon an Oriental wedding is remarkable. There are Jews in plenty in New York, and hosts of Yankees as rich as Jews, but they confine their music to the organ in the church. We think it was Isaac who set the foolish fashion of making wedding-presents; for, if we mistake not, he instructed his servant to present Rebecca with a massive earring and two bracelets. This was done to propitiate her favor. After she had consented to the match, he gave her jewels of gold and jewels of silver, and raiment. The same practice is kept up in New York to-day among all classes of people, whether they are Jews or Gentiles.

After the consent of all parties has been obtained, and sometimes whether it has or not, the bride's *trousseau* is ordered from Paris. This may cost five or ten thousand dollars. One of the most expensive articles connected with this outfit is the veil, which is oftentimes of exquisite lace. This, with the lace for the bridal dress, may cost twenty-five hundred dollars. Originally, the veil was intended to be a symbol of the submission of the wife to her husband, but in these days of women's rights it is nothing more than an expensive and pretty fashion. The story is told of one sensible New York belle who

refused to wear any lace upon her marriage, but ordered it to be sold and the proceeds given to the poor. This was done, and we venture to say there was never a happier bride or better wife in New York.

It is usual for the parties marrying to furnish the bridesmaids with their dresses for the occasion. There are any number, according to the taste of the bride. Sometimes they wear veils, and sometimes not. It is the fashion to have each bridesmaid wear a different dress. Perhaps one is pink and white, one gold and white, one red and white and one blue and white. If the trimmings are pink, then the sash is pink, the flowers are pink, the bouquet is pink, the gloves are pink, etc. Some brides wear their husband's bridal present at the wedding—some their father's, or uncle's, or mother's. This depends upon what it is, whether a necklace of diamonds, pearls or gold. Some wear a golden chain and locket, and some prefer to have no jewelry about them. It is all a matter of fancy.

The bride's dress is always white—either satin or muslin. Many of these are made with immense trains and *décolletée* waists. We have seen bride's dresses several yards long behind, which looked like a puff of sea-foam as they swept up the broad aisle of the church. Orange-flowers seem to be essential to all fashionable weddings. The real flowers are used. Sometimes as many as three hundred dollars' worth of orange-flowers is used by one bride. This custom is one of comparatively modern date, and was derived from the East, where these flowers are the emblems of a prosperous and fruitful marriage.

The bridesmaids wear half-open rosebuds, and hold bouquets of the same.

The gentleman who is about to become a happy man, and who moves in the first circles, gives his bachelor friends a parting supper just before his marriage. The supposition is, that as he quits a bachelor's life he leaves his bachelor friends behind. This supper is a very elegant affair, and may take place at his hotel, at his father's or at some great restaurant. At each place there is a card of invitation to the wedding. Sometimes one's lady friends are present at these feasts, but usually the young gentlemen prefer to be by themselves. If the supper takes place two or three weeks before the wedding, then the gentlemen present have an opportunity to make an all-night affair of it, and may get into their cups as deeply as they please. Sometimes the repast is spread only an hour or two before the wedding ceremony, and the gentlemen drive from the hotel to the church. These bachelor suppers may cost five hundred or more dollars.

The bridal outfit of a man is sometimes almost as costly as that of a woman. Everything must be new, and in the latest style. The usual dress is black, with white satin tie. The English style of blue frock coats, colored ties and light breeches does not find much favor in America.

The tying of the knot usually takes place at the church. A great many fashionable weddings occur at Grace Church, Trinity Chapel, Christ Church or Adams' in Madison Square, St. Mark's and many more which might be named. Sometimes fifteen hundred or two thousand

invitations are issued, and then only those are admitted to the church who hold cards of invitation, while police are stationed at the doors to keep back the crowd. Frequently, however, the public can gain admission to the galleries, and to that part of the house not reserved, which is indicated by stretching a white silk cord or ribbon across the aisles. The church is always darkened and the gas lit if the ceremony takes place in the day-time. Dresses show to better advantage in the gas-light. Sometimes the church is elaborately trimmed with flowers about the altar, the chancel and the organ loft. Immense pyramids of flowers are placed near the bridal party, and we have seen large beds of flowers suspended over the bridal pair.

A fashionable organist is engaged to attend to the music. He plays while the people are assembling, and during the ceremony, for which he asks the modest fee of one hundred dollars. He gives choice selections from the operas, a wedding march and other appropriate music. The latest dodge is to have music during the whole ceremony. Well, we are inside the great and massive church, watching the people pour in. The street outside thunders with the roll of carriages, and the organ inside thunders with music. Down the aisle sweep scores of magnificently-dressed ladies, displaying sparkling jewels and splendid laces. Silks rustle, hearts throb, cheeks blush, eyes sparkle and all faces turn to see the bridal party enter. The supreme moment arrives, and everybody stands up to catch a glimpse of the beautiful creature who is about to be sacrificed, and the lucky fellow who can

call her his own. They are the last to come in. They take their place before the clergyman, and in ten minutes the whole thing is over with. Then comes a rush for the carriages, a perfect crush, a drowning in laces, puffed hair and flowers, and as fast as a carriage fills, off it drives to the paternal mansion, where the reception is to be held.

The house is filled with flowers from top to bottom—in the hall, on the mantels, the piano covered with them, the harp twined with them, the pictures wreathed with them, the statues crowned with them. The windows are full, they arch-over the doorways and are festooned about the ceiling. Thousands of dollars are sometimes spent to decorate a house with flowers. Forty men have been known to work all night to put them up. They are of the most costly kinds—white japonicas, rosebuds, sweet violets, azalias, lilies and many others.

"Enter a maid strewing flowers, and a serving-man perfuming the door," we read in an old play:

> "All hail to Hymen and his marriage day!
> Strew rushes, and quickly come away;
> Strew rushes, maidens, and ever as you strew,
> Think one day, maidens, like will be done for you."

Shakspeare has said:

> "Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corpse."

When so many flowers are used at a wedding at such an enormous expense, we may well ask who will cast flowers upon the grave when old Death claims the bride of to-day? Many a fast rich woman, who was wedded amid all these scenes of luxury and extravagance, has been driven off to Greenwood or Cypress Hill at a brisk trot, and no-

body dropped even a sprig of cypress into her grave. A good beginning may make a sad ending. Tears are not always out of place at weddings.

The newly-married couple stand in the great drawing-room, under a canopy or bell of flowers, surrounded by the groomsmen and bridesmaids, and for several hours a constant stream of wealth and fashion surges through the rooms congratulating and kissing the bride and groom. The usual amount of hand-shaking is done, and a thousand little nothings are said. After this comes the supper. The great dining-room is thrown open, and servants in livery stand ready to do the honors of the table. Everything which the stomach of mortal man can desire is there, from a baked salmon to a castle of ice-cream, and a wedding cake so large that it takes four men to lift it. We saw just such a cake once at a big wedding at the St. Nicholas Hotel. There are large punch-bowls, and wine and champagne of all brands flow as freely as water. At a wedding on Fifth avenue, not long ago, five hundred dollars' worth of champagne was swallowed—enough to drown the tears of several widows and orphans. How many heads of young men it turned and muddled, we have not learned.

Before and after supper people continually visit the room set apart for the display of the presents. Sometimes a large room will be filled with them. As much as half a million of dollars have been given to a bride upon her marriage. These presents come from all the relatives and acquaintances. They consist of jewels of the most costly character, silverware, laces, paintings, statuary, fine

porcelain, etc. We have seen large tables covered with them, every article of which was for show and fashion—nothing for use. Such is the tendency of the day. But what should a modern wife want with any useful thing? She does not know its value; she would go a long time hungry if obliged to cook her own food. Indeed, we fear some of them would starve while learning to make a loaf of bread. The modern fashionable wife is simply good as a figure-piece for the house; to do shopping; afford some comfort and joy to her husband, perhaps; and to ride out in a carriage with one driver, one footman and two outriders.

After dinner comes dancing, music from a band having filled the house ever since the ceremony at church. Frequently, in the midst of these festivities, the bride and groom don their traveling suits, jump into a carriage, and, kissing everybody who offers, drive down to one of the piers, cross the ferry and take a train of cars which is waiting for them, to whirl them off to Washington, Boston, Albany or some other place. If the bridal pair intend going to Europe, then the wedding takes place in the morning, and by noon they are on board the ocean steamer, their state-room filled with beautiful flowers. Thus ends a fashionable wedding in New York. After the couple return from their wedding-tour, they receive their guests at their new residence, which may have been presented to them by a doting father, furnished throughout at a total cost of two hundred thousand dollars.

Do you wonder why the poor young men of New York do not marry? Can you guess why there are tens

of thousands of girls in that city who will never have husbands? It is because a few lucky people have got all the money, and the rest of the crowd must suffer for the want of it. But it will not always be thus. The poor are not always going to consent to see the rich getting richer, while they sink deeper and deeper into the jaws of poverty.

It costs almost as much to die in New York as it does to live or get married. It is a fact that no respectable poor man in the city can afford to die. A lot in Greenwood, wherein to lay one's bones, costs more than a house-lot in Brooklyn. Some people do die, though, who are rich enough to afford it. A fashionable funeral costs anywhere from one to two thousand dollars. Great quantities of money are spent for white flowers; the coffin must be of rosewood or some other costly material, mounted with silver and lined with satin. The corpse is either dressed in white satin or a full suit of black broadcloth, if it is a man. Large sums of money are spent for mourning materials, and the carriage-hire for the funeral is very expensive. Some of the white marble fashionable tombs at Greenwood are very costly, fitted up inside with statuary, rare vases and sofas and seats. The doors are often gilt to resemble gold, and other extravagances are indulged in.

Sometimes the services take place at the house, and sometimes at the church. In crossing the ferry it often happens that the procession has to wait for a boat. Under these circumstances, the young men acting as pall-bearers have been known to leave their carriages for the purpose

of getting something to drink. And it is no uncommon thing to see them smoking as the procession slowly winds down Broadway. This is not always, however, one of the essentials of a fashionable funeral. But it sometimes takes place. From a wedding to a funeral may be but a day, so we have united them in this chapter, for it is always well for an individual to consider his latter end.

CHAPTER VI.

FASHIONABLE PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENTS.

IT was a favorite amusement of Louis XV. of France to stand at the window of his palace at Versailles, surrounded by his court, to witness a play which was called "hunting the stag." A man very richly dressed, with a large pair of branching antlers fastened on his head, was called the stag, while about a dozen other men who pursued him were denominated the pack. The pursued and the pursuers jumped into the great canal, scrambled out again and ran about to all parts, while the air resounded with acclamations and clapping of hands to encourage the continuance of the sport. If one of the pack lost his clothing during the hunt, so much the better.

The times have changed a little—for the better, let us hope—since the days of Louis XV.; but wealthy, fashionable people, with nothing to do, have to be amused now as well as then. We do not hunt the stag in our parks, but we go hunting the goddess of Pleasure, chasing her up and down through all the walks of fashionable life. What is true of "society" in New York is also true of "society" in Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, only in a less degree, because there is not so much of it in those

cities, and there is not such an aggregation of immensely wealthy families.

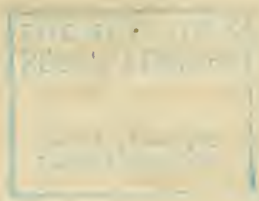
The fashionable private entertainments of New York consist of eating, drinking, dancing, singing, playing at games, etc. In fact, it includes all the list of animal gratifications, such as pampering the appetite or heating the imagination. Very wealthy people are not, as a usual thing, very intellectual, for the simple reason that they have never been called upon to use their brains, as all their wants are supplied without any trouble or thought on their part. On the contrary, it is very often the case that men, and especially women, of wealth are decidedly stupid and silly. They are interested in nothing higher than dress, fine houses, horses and carriages, servants in livery, delicacies for the palate and amusements for the eyes and ears. In some circles, balls, parties and dress are the staple items of conversation. The men, perhaps, are interested in the rise and fall of gold, the best brand of cigars, the latest importations of wine, the fastest horses, and, it might be added, the fastest women; for wine and women invariably go together.

Stag-hunting has in part given place to lion-hunting in our day. Mrs. Leo Hunter of romance is no fiction, but actually resides in New York, when not rambling over Europe or absent at the Springs. Nothing pleases her better than to have a crowd of celebrated people about her or receiving hospitality at her hand. Her husband is a collector of the internal revenue, and of course he has plenty of money to keep up the show, even if it is at the expense of Uncle Sam. Every Wednesday

evening during the season she is "at home," and if you are an author, a poet, an artist, a musician or an actor, you are welcome at her house. Having received her card, you alight at the street door in full dress and pull the bell. A servant in livery admits you, and another one stands ready to take hat and cane, bonnet and wrapper, as the case may be. The parlor doors are wide open; there is a blaze of gas-light and all the rooms seem to be thronged. Such a perfect babel of voices! Everybody seems talking at the same time, and some of them have anything but musical voices. The walls of the room are crowded with pictures; the mantels and brackets have statuary upon them; the library displays a profusion of books, as if they were recently taken from the shelves in the bookstore; the piano is open, and at least one woman and one man are playing upon it, while two or three others are singing at the top of their voices.

Madam Leo Hunter is a little faded, and decidedly feeble. She sits in a large Turkish chair near the folding-doors, between the two rooms, her delicate feet resting upon a huge satin cushion. She has a diamond necklace on; her fingers are covered with diamond rings; she wears a melon-colored satin dress, and over her shoulders there is a costly white lace shawl, to keep off any stray breeze, you know. As you pay her your respects, she does not rise from the chair, but simply extends her lily-white hand, which you clasp for a moment with your lilac-gloved fingers. She hopes you are well, bids you welcome, asks you if you have any new book in press, or if you have composed a new song

MADAM HUNTER, EN TOILETTE.



recently, and gently waves her hand to have you pass on, making room for some other notable person.

At such gatherings as these one meets Germans, Englishmen, Italians, Frenchmen and Americans. Signor Bucili has a languishing air and huge black moustache. He talks broken English, is frightfully dissipated, but plays the piano superbly. It is all he can do. Miss Pauline Poutlips draws beautifully in water colors. She is discussing a picture with Archibald Blaldstone, a member of the Academy. The subject is the Mohawk Witch Riding on a Broomstick. Mr. Puddingbag is a stuffy Englishman, who guzzles vast quantities of wine and edits a review—musical, artistic or otherwise. He is a loud talker, and once wrote a poem, about the authorship of which there has been considerable dispute. So we might name all the people present. It is a wonderful mixture of queer people, all of whom feel at home and are having a good time generally. In the course of the evening, Herr Bandman is asked to recite a selection from Byron's "Manfred," and immediately after servants bring in cake, wine, ices and creams, followed by coffee on servers. After this has been disposed of, there is another season of singing, talking and flirting, and then the reception breaks up. Before it ends, however, some of the women get very red in the face, and some of the gentlemen talk shockingly loud and have to be assisted into their carriages.

Suppers or dinners are very fashionable entertainments, and they are often got up at an immense expense. Perhaps all the viands are imported from Europe; sets

of china which cost two and three thousand dollars are displayed, or costly silver services are brought out, and now and then a gold service appears upon the table. Mrs. Astor has a gold service, made in Paris, and there are several others in New York. It is fearful to think that while some people are eating out of gold dishes, paid for in rent-money collected from the hard-laboring and poverty-stricken, other human beings are walking the streets in distress, the wolf of hunger gnawing within them. If this state of things is wrong in the Old World, where the few roll in luxury while the many starve, how much more fearful is it in the New World, where all men are supposed to be free and equal, and where democratic institutions prevail!

Sometimes the lady who gives the supper is seized with the fancy of having it known as the red, blue or golden entertainment. Perhaps the room will be lined with red hangings; the furniture covered with red plush; there will be red table-linen, red dishes, red glasses, and all the food will be served up red, while red candles light up the table and red bouquets shed their perfume. The bill of fare is often gotten up in a dainty and costly manner, ornamented with bits of landscape or fruits and flowers, painted by hand. Bouquets are often placed by the side of each plate, inside of which is some valuable present, such as a diamond ring, a pearl necklace or some other article. At one supper, given not long since, there was a large golden walnut by the side of each cover, inside of which there was a valuable jewel.

Private theatricals are very common, and some wealthy

New Yorkers go so far as to have private theatres attached to their houses. Such was the case with Dr. Ward and Mr. Leonard Jerome, and others who might be named. The establishment of these is very expensive, for it involves great outlays of money for scenery, property, etc.; and then the actors engaged have to be paid good sums. Oftentimes, however, the performers are amateurs. This is refining and cultivating in its influence when the plays are high-toned and those engaged in them moral people. Private theatricals are very common and fashionable in England, from the palace of the Queen to the country farm-house. They tend to educate and refine the people, and might be much more extensively introduced into this country than they are.

The private theatres of New York are elegant rooms, splendidly fitted up. (That of Mr. Leonard Jerome, on Twenty-fifth street, was very fine. It had seats for some six hundred people, had a beautiful stage, with all the appointments, and was most elaborately frescoed.) The friends of the gentleman owning the theatre are invited to attend the performances, and it frequently happens that some star actor is engaged to appear, supported, perhaps, by some of the young men and women of society. Sometimes these gentlemen give performances for the benefit of charitable objects, or for literary and artistic purposes. The ladies who attend these places of amusement dress in the most magnificent and costly style, displaying a profusion of diamonds, satins and laces. The company is select, all of their own set, and there is no possibility of coming in contact with the crowd of com-

mon people. One of these performances was recently given in Dr. Ward's theatre, at which the public was admitted by paying a good price for the tickets. The object was the raising of funds for the purpose of building a monument to a dead poet. One of the Harper boys, of the great book-publishing house, not long ago gave an Italian musician a benefit at the theatre of the Union League Club-House. After the concert he treated the artists and a select company to a supper. All this costs fearfully, and money has to flow as freely as water to accomplish it.

Charity concerts, private concerts and calico balls are favorite species of amusement. It is needless to describe any of these. A supper to a select few usually winds up the evening's entertainment, which closes some time before morning. Formal receptions, to which people are invited by card, are very fashionable and quite common. They are nothing more than grand dress affairs, where there is a crush of people, and where people go to see and to be seen. Several of these may take place on one afternoon, when the ladies drive from one house to another in quick succession. Quadrille and cotillon parties have now given place to the German, as it is called. This is nothing more nor less than an elaborate fancy dance, in which as many couples can engage as choose, the size of the room being the only limit. To dance it well one must know how to waltz, polka, and, in fact, dance all the fancy dances. The figures are very elaborate and very numerous. There is a book published in New York which describes them all. Usually some

young gentleman, who has more brains in his heels than in his head, is selected to lead the German. He has devoted his particular attention to it, and goes in society all the time. He has soft hands, is sweet on the ladies, is a beau of the first water, twists his moustache, wears diamonds, and is altogether a "love of a man"—just the fellow to lead the German. The gentlemen and ladies are seated about the room in couples, on sofas, divans and in chairs. The leader takes a partner, and either alone or with one, two or three couples, as the case may be, goes through with the first figure. Then all the rest do the same, and by and by new figures are introduced, and so the dance goes on, all night if need be. Sometimes a lady will be on the floor two or three hours. The basis of the popularity of the German is the fact that it is an elaborate square and round dance mixed, which allows every man to dance with whom he likes, as long and as often as he chooses. So long as men are men and women women we suppose the German will be popular. In one of the figures bouquets of flowers are introduced, or presents are made to each of the ladies by the gentlemen, and *vice versâ*.

In the summer season those New Yorkers who have country-seats—and most of them have—give croquet-parties, English breakfasts, *fêtes champêtre*, picnics and the like. These may include dancing, music, refreshments, sails, fireworks, a plenty of wine, moonlight strolls, etc. Billiard-parties are fashionable. Very many of the wealthy gentlemen of New York have fine billiard-rooms, and many ladies are very fond of the game. In-

deed, the daughter of a celebrated clergyman in the city is an expert player.

Parties are frequently given to look at a new picture just arrived from Europe and added to the gallery, or to witness the unveiling of a statue. These latter are called "symposiums." One recently took place in New York, in a very private manner, at an elegant house on Fifth avenue, where the gentlemen were robed in the Roman toga (not toggery), crowned with flowers and presented with a lyre. As they entered the house each one washed his face and hands, being presented with a silver basin, while a maiden, clothed in white, poured water from a silver ewer. It wasn't a common ice-pitcher! After dancing about the statue, singing songs, reciting poems, etc., the covering was thrown off, and the marble god or goddess stood forth as pure as our first parents in Eden, and clothed in the garments worn anterior to the fall.

Such is a brief glance at some of the private fashionable entertainments of New York. It shows that the people of that city love to amuse themselves, and that they are really not much more sensible than Louis XV. and his court, when hunting the stag was fun enough for one day.

How much better it would be to seek out the worthy poor, and aid them with some of this hard cash which is now so recklessly cast into the maelstrom of pleasure! With the single exception of theatricals, these entertainments are enervating, and lead oftentimes to the worst results. We see it in wasted fortunes, in the divorce courts, in the scandal and gossip of high life, in the reckless

speculation of Wall street, in the grinding off the face of the poor, in the intemperance and general demoralization of our fashionable classes. This society is an unnatural and unhealthy growth upon our body politic, and the day is not distant when it must be destroyed or reformed, or the Republic is ruined, and we drift into an aristocratic form of government as bad as that of France or England. When there is one class of people who waste so much money, another class must toil hard to make up the deficiency. How long the poor will consent to grow poorer that the rich may become richer, is a question which time alone will decide.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW A FASHIONABLE WOMAN IS "MADE UP."

A CAREFULLY-DRESSED fashionable woman is indeed a being "fearfully and wonderfully made." Consider the labor she has performed, the time spent and the material—its quantity, variety and shape—that is centred upon her. Reflect how many bones clasp her waist; the multitude of pins that flash and hold and defend her; the innumerable hooks and eyes that look out, catch hold and join to give strength, shape and comeliness to hosts of nameless things; the bands of steel that flaringly course about her; the cords that give tautness, and confidence, and supposed comfort; and the myriads of laces, and flowers, and jewels that ornament and add finish to the congress of prettiness. These are only a little of the untouched much. Although the masculine world is aware of this always mysterious and wonderful "make-up" of a woman, there are very few men who have thoroughly studied the subject in all its ramifications. They pay the piper, but they know not the kind or quality of goods which the said piper furnishes. Writers, too, alert for every "sensation" whereby an honest penny can be turned, have never treated the subject as a whole. It is a theme about which every one

knows something, but no one knows everything. We propose, in this chapter, to show how a pretty woman is "made up" (as the common phrase is) from her head to her feet, and how much it costs to make her up. The information contained herein will be interesting to the married man, who will know how to appreciate his treasure when he sees how much it has cost him in the total; also to the single man contemplating matrimony, who is advised to take a good long look before he leaps and commits the fatal deed.

We have already touched on the subject of hair in a previous chapter. A few facts as to the prices may be of interest. There are four varieties of false hair, *viz.*, the chignons or waterfalls, wigs, curls and switches.

The chignon is made of a wire-frame network, stuffed with short hair or other material. It costs from one to thirty dollars, according to size and material.

The wig is made of real human hair attached to a frame and network. It ranges in price from fifty to two hundred dollars, according to style and quality.

False curls are greatly in demand, either singly or in a mass. They are composed of real hair, artificially curled, and imitate Nature to a wonderful degree of perfection. A single curl costs from six to twenty dollars. A good head of curly hair of the reigning hue costs about one hundred and fifty dollars.

Rolls or puffs are composed of horse hair or short-clipped human hair, rolled and compressed together, over which the rest of the hair is displayed. The cost of rolls or puffs varies from twenty-five to fifty cents apiece and

upward. Switches are composed of short hair plaited together, or of a string of hair as long as the length of the longest threads of the human hair, and cost (full sets) from five to one hundred dollars, according to the thickness and the depth.

Fashionable women are in the habit of shaving and clipping the little hair around the forehead, so as to give the hair in front a pointed appearance; and the brow, consequently, presents an arched look. The eyebrows are penciled or painted with India ink, which gives them a rather bluish appearance. The *poudre subtile* for uprooting the superfluous hair costs one dollar a bottle, while *noir peloutte*, with three pencils of various thicknesses for the eyebrows, can be procured for two dollars and a half. For the eyes, our New York belle uses belladonna to give the upper part of the face a languishing, half-sentimental, half-sensual look. To "get up" this same look costs two dollars and a half in money, and an hour in time. Sometimes this substance is dropped into the eye, when it has the effect to give that organ an eager and expressive look.

Reference has already been made in a previous chapter to the practice of enameling the face and bust, which is fast becoming common among some of our fashionable women. The business is carried on by a chiropodist of Broadway. Our illustration represents a scene in this "enameling studio." The process may be described as follows: The lady is first carefully examined with a microscope, and any rough hairs or fuzz which exist upon the cheek or bust are at once removed with liniment or plaster, medicated soap, scissors or tweezers. The cheeks

or bust are then coated with a fine enamel, which is composed of arsenic or white lead and other ingredients made into a semi-paste. An ordinary coating will last for a day or two, but to render the operation of permanent value, the process must be repeated once or twice a week. The prices of enameling vary, but average about as follows: For enameling the face to last once or twice, from ten to fifteen dollars; for enameling the face and bust temporarily, from fifteen to twenty dollars; for enameling the face to endure one or two weeks, from fifteen to twenty-five dollars; for enameling the face and bust to last about the same period, from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars; for keeping the face for six months in an enameled condition, from two hundred to three hundred and fifty dollars; for keeping the face and bust in the same state for the same length of time, from four hundred to six hundred dollars.

If "cheek" is a requisite in a man, much more so is it in a woman. A pretty woman without a pretty cheek is like a peach without a bloom. The belle of the period can get whatever complexion she wishes by the use of liquid rouge or vegetable rouge, which is not expensive, and is applied to the face through the medium of wool or flannel or a hare's foot. Bismuth is sometimes used, also prepared chalk and preparations containing mercury. Then there is the French paste which comes in pots, at one dollar a pot, and is much used by the theatre and opera people. Thirteen varieties of chalk and powder, eight varieties of paste and twenty-three kinds of washes are for sale by one dealer in cosmetics in New York. Common

prepared chalk can be bought for from ten to twenty-five cents a package. A box of Meen Fun, a species of chalk, can be procured at one dollar a box; Lubin's liquid rouge is worth a dollar and a half a bottle; Oriet, with two sponges, costs a dollar and a half; vegetable rouge costs from three to five dollars, while what is called the "Lady's Pocket Companion," or Portable Complexion, a box containing white and red, with puffs for the cheeks and pencils for the eyebrows, can be procured for two dollars. All these various articles cost but little when bought separately, but when it is considered that they have to be replenished often and several different assortments used, the aggregate amount is considerable. One lady estimates the cost of keeping up her complexion at one hundred and fifty dollars per annum.

The dentist is often brought in requisition to display his skill in the manufacture of false teeth, which range in price from twenty-five to two hundred dollars per set. His services, however, are not confined to the mouth alone; he deals also with the fashionable female cheek, which he often fills out from the inside by means of hard composite pads, which are placed on each side of the mouth, running upward. These cheek-pads are called "plumpers," and cost from twenty-five to fifty dollars.

The figure of our New York woman is generally good, with the exception of that very important part, the bust. Cotton and horse-hair have long been used for the purpose of developing the "female form divine" in this particular direction, but artificial means of a more elaborate nature are oftentimes employed. Apparatus known

as respirators—or "patent heavers," as they are sometimes called—are in vogue. These consist of a pair of rubber bags, which can be blown up like life-preservers, and when filled with air answer the purpose of the natural breast, so far as external purposes are concerned. They vary in price from five to ten dollars, and are manufactured to a considerable extent in the Bowery. The perils of fashionable "shams" of this peculiar description were illustrated at a dinner-party given by a noted New York politician at his mansion on Fifth avenue. One of the ladies present was remarked for the exquisite proportions of her bust and the animation of her conversation. Those who sat near the lady suddenly heard, in the middle of the dinner and of some witty sally on her part, a sharp, small detonation, such as might be produced by the cracking open of a bean-pod. No one took any notice of the inexplicable sound; but it was observed that the lady became much less animated, that she kept one arm raised across her bosom, and fanned herself incessantly during the rest of the dinner, though the temperature of the dining-room was by no means too high. As soon as the company rose from the table, the lady, still fanning herself, suddenly disappeared; but, as certain sharp eyes among her rivals had caught sight of a diminished outline as she retreated from the sphere of vision, a good deal of suppressed merriment followed her disappearance. The lady's absence, however, was very short, for she returned to the drawing-room in the course of a few minutes, triumphant in the same plastic perfection that had excited so much admiration during the

earlier part of the evening, and displayed all the aplomb and vivacity which had made her so charming. The screwing of the stopper through which the air is blown into the class of "fixtures" in question having been made this time sufficiently secure, the charms of Mrs. B—— underwent no further vicissitudes during the course of the evening.

The "Grecian bend" proper has ceased to be the rage, and is even going out of fashion. Still "traces of its lingering yet remain." Boots manufactured with unusually high heels, which necessarily throw the body forward, and bustles of a peculiar arrangement, are used to produce this monstrosity. The price of a "bend" is from ten dollars upward.

To supply the deficiency of plump, well-rounded arms, our fashionable lady has her sleeves padded, lined with cotton and wool. The padding is a cheap process, costing from nothing up to a few dollars, and is much in vogue for evening dresses.

The Italian women of high rank, in the olden time, painted the palms of their hands so as to produce a delicate effect. Our American ladies of the present day not only paint the hand, but powder it. They paint the veins so as to produce a delicate effect. Cream-paste is also applied to the hands. Blue penciling is done, and various French preparations used. The nails are regularly trimmed, cleaned and colored with a fine powder, applied with a brush. To keep the hand in proper trim costs about fifty dollars a year.

Corsets, having so much to do with the beauty of the

female figure, are of course largely used. When the lady's waist is large and she wishes to reduce the size, the whalebone of the corsets is replaced by steel. Corsets are often padded about the waist and hips, so as to give those parts a rounded look. Corsets are of all qualities and shapes, and range in price from seventy-five cents to thirty dollars.

The subject of female limbs is a very delicate one, and we would pass it by, were it not that we are pledged to give a full and truthful account of how a woman is made up. False calves are very much used in New York by actresses, women of pleasure and women of fashion as well. They cost from seven to ten dollars, and are warranted to look in all respects like the natural limb, and in many respects a great deal better.

Not only are the ankles padded; when the knee is sharp and angular in its outline a pad is used. Large feet are made to look small by wearing shoes with the heels placed considerably forward. The high instep—the Spanish foot—can be procured at any bootmaker's for a consideration of twelve or fifteen dollars. Ladies' shoes of the very best quality, made to order, cost as high as twenty to twenty-five dollars. A certain actress boasts that she never wears "understandings" which cost less than thirty dollars.

Defects of a physical nature, which, at first sight, would seem to be irremediable, may be almost entirely concealed by the aid of appliances of machinery. A leading lady on Madison avenue, who has by nature one shoulder higher than the other, has, by art and her dressmaker, both shoulders of an exact height. Another lady,

who resides in Twenty-second street, has one leg shorter than the other, but, by the art of her doctor and dressmaker, has this discrepancy entirely obviated in gait and appearance. Artificial eyes are common even among fashionable belles. It is sad to think that in the crowded party, the brilliantly-lighted ball-room, or at the opera, the eye that is beaming so softly and so brightly at us is only a glass eye after all; but such is frequently the stern fact.

All women of fashion, it may be remarked in conclusion, use artifice and deception in decorating the person. Age is no safeguard against the practice. There is a lady residing on the Avenue who is now eighty years of age, and who sixty years ago was a belle in metropolitan society. She fancies she is still the beauty she was once. She wears a wig, a set of false teeth, with plumpers, pads, a bustle, a Grecian bend, affects highly-colored French shoes, and almost half supports a cosmetic store on Broadway.

From what we have written in this chapter it will be seen how false the woman of the world can be, as far as outward appearance goes. We say nothing of the heart of the fashionable woman, if she possesses such an article; we do not allude to the vows made and broken, the promises forgotten as soon as uttered, the good resolutions laughed at, the noble ambitions for a "surer, purer, sweeter life" thrust aside in the whirl of social excitement. Did we speak of the falsity of women as regards their heart and their inner life, we would not only tire the reader, but make him lose all faith in human nature, at least as far as women are concerned.

CHAPTER VIII.

FASHIONABLE CHURCHES.

GOD and Mammon are worshiped together in New York. It is a very appropriate thing that the most costly church in the city, with the tallest spire, stands at the head of Wall street, overlooking the dens of the money-changers. The tall spire of Trinity Church can be seen looming up toward the sky from a great distance around. Although one of the oldest churches in the city, it is still fashionable after a certain sense of that word. Many old and wealthy families, who long ago went several miles up town to live, roll down Broadway in their carriages on every Sunday morning, prayer-book in hand, to worship in the Cathedral, as it is called. An Englishman would smile, and call it a chapel, even though the Prince of Wales has sat in one of its pews. There are two or three sextons in constant attendance upon Trinity Church, the duty of one being to watch the entrance to the tower, and see that no one slips up its hundreds of steps without dropping a shilling into his palm. He eyes the tower door as closely as a rat does a cat when passing from her hole. You know it would almost break the back of old Trinity to lose a sixpence! The other sexton is a fussy Dutchman,

who spends his time closing doors, posting the programme of exercises for the day, and driving boys off the steps and out of the porches. Another sexton, if there be so many, lights the candles in the chancel, covers up the reading-desks with cloths, and sees that no bad-minded person runs off with one of the stone pillars or the big stained-glass window with the twelve apostles which excites the admiration of all beholders. The sextons all wear badges, which look like crosses or clover leaves—it is hard to tell which.

The time of all others to visit Trinity is at a big funeral or the consecration of a bishop; and the place to see the fun is in the robing-room. One time, not long ago, some one or two hundred priests and bishops collected at Trinity and thronged the robing-room. It was a fearfully hot day in the summer, and each man had to put on a white robe. Besides these, there were hosts of choir-boys to be dressed up. The crush was terrible, and after the dressing the room presented a very funny sight. The whole wardrobe of Trinity had been called into use, and trunks stood agape in every direction, while clothes-horses were loaded down with garments. After the robing the gentleman marched out, two and two, singing, the organs of the church accompanying them. It is said that upon one of these occasions Mr. Jo. Howard, the bogus-proclamation man, slipped himself into a dress, and, catching up a prayer-book, marched through the church with the rest. We cannot vouch for the truth of this story, but presume it was a fact.

MISS M——, THE BEAUTIFUL CHORIST.

Upon these extraordinary occasions the great church is thronged with hundreds and thousands of people. The poor and the rich, the beggars and the millionaires jostle each other, and are seen to go through with the ceremonies with a good deal of interest. At Christmas, this church always makes a profuse display of green trimmings; and when the splendid chime of bells in its steeple is to ring out the national or other airs, then the church rapidly fills up with people intent upon hearing the melody. Services are held in this church every day the year round, whether anybody is present to hear them or not. The priests come out in white robes, and the choir-boys ditto. Prayers and lessons are read, songs are sung, and then the house is deserted again. As the church is always open, it is no unfrequent sight to see a merchant or a Wall street broker rush into it, drop on his knees at the chancel-steps and say his prayers. People from the country and emigrants passing through New York often step inside of it to see how the money-kings of New York worship their Lord.

Grace Church, at the upper end of Broadway, still stands foremost among the fashionable churches. It is very beautiful inside, with its richly-stained glass windows, its light and graceful arches, its carved work and statues. Large crowds of fashionable people attend church here every Sunday during the season; for the reader should know that religion in New York, like balls, oysters, the opera, skating, etc., has its season, after which it is unfashionable to go to church. As people only eat oysters in those months which have an *r* in them, so

fashionable people do not go to church in New York in those months which are spelled without an *r*. For politeness' sake, this is called "the heated term." Fancy it's getting too hot on earth to go to church! Will it ever get so hot that some people will find it difficult to get to heaven? During this unfashionable heated term all the first-class churches are closed, the pastors are off to Europe and the members are, with their families, on exhibition at the Springs.

But to return to Grace Church. It is really quite a sight to stand on the sidewalk and watch the coaches drive up and set down their contents. The gentlemen alighting are attired in the most exquisite manner—with tight-fitting shoes, tight-pantaloons, cutaway coats, beaver hats and bright kid gloves. One almost wonders that the opera-glasses have been left at home. And the dear ladies! how richly they are dressed in pink, blue, green and purple satins, in costly shawls and cloaks! Delightful, charming sinners, with such grave faces and such unelastic step! They trip into the hall and down the marble-paved aisles, and into the soft-cushioned, damask-lined seats. Then the silvery-toned organ gives forth a delightful opera, perhaps a selection from "Midsummer Night's Dream," and then the services commence. There is an immense sexton here, with a big diamond pin on his shirt-front. He is the celebrated Brown, and attends to seating strangers and distributing cards of invitation among the polite people. He is a man of some wealth, and has traveled a good deal about the world. But if you want a good seat at Grace Church, you had better be

dressed in the height of the fashion and drive up to the door in a coach, with servants in livery.

The rector of Grace Church has the comfortable salary of fifteen thousand dollars a year in gold, and a marble house, adjoining the church, to live in, rent free. His position is probably one of the finest and easiest of any clergyman in the United States. He is not dependent upon donation-visits for his bread and butter, and keeps a carriage as well as the rest of the fashionable and aristocratic New Yorkers.

Another fashionable New York church is that of Rev. Dr. Bellows, on Fourth avenue, known as All Souls'. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, and is made of red brick and white marble in alternate layers. This gives the outside of the church a very peculiar appearance, and some people of lively imaginations have fancied it resembled the stripes upon a zebra. The inside of the house is very neat, the walls being plain white, while the framework of the roof overhead is very dark, almost like black walnut. A stained glass dome in the centre of the roof sheds a dim religious light over the audience. Many wealthy and fashionable people can be seen here. Peter Cooper and Moses H. Grinnell are attendants. The seats are arranged in a very peculiar manner, almost like those in an amphitheatre. They are all lined with red damask. The music at this church is very fine.

On the same avenue, and not far from All Souls', is a white marble church with a tall and graceful spire. This is St. Paul's, a Methodist church, and here Vice-President Colfax worships when in the city. It is quite

plain inside for so elegant a house, but on Sunday it is thronged with fashionable people.

St. George's Church, on Stuyvesant Square, is a gorgeous place of worship, done off inside with blue and gold and all the colors of the rainbow. The house is very lofty, and has two tall spires. The audience-room is large, and the pews are remarkably comfortable. This is a very fashionable place of worship, and of a Sunday a great deal of overdressing on the part of the ladies can be seen. Many of the costumes worn would look much better at a full-dress dinner, a ball or an opera.

There is but one Presbyterian church on Madison Square, and that is the Rev. Dr. Adams'. It is a brown-stone house, of a cold, forbidding and aristocratic appearance, with a very tall steeple. This is one of the most fashionable Presbyterian houses of worship in New York, and is thronged with wealthy people. A great many young men attend here, and consequently there is the same number of young ladies. It is almost impossible for strangers to get seats in this house. Even members of the church frequently find it difficult. It has been stated that three hundred families were waiting to get pews in this temple. Such men as General McClellan, Professor S. B. Morse, and hosts of others, not unknown to fame, attend here. The inside of the church is very rich, and everywhere gives tokens of the wealth of those who worship in it. Red, gold, blue and silver are the prevailing colors. The roof or ceiling of the house is made to resemble the blue sky, studded with stars. The organ-loft is very hand-

some and the pulpit is imposing. We have known young men who belonged to this church to leave it, because they could not afford the expense of attending it. And it was in this church that the pastor made the discovery that most of the babes brought to him for baptism were stupefied with paregoric and soothing syrups to keep them from crying during the ceremony.

Time and space would fail us to mention all the fashionable churches in New York. Some of the more prominent are: Christ Church on Fifth avenue; Rev. Dr. Hall's on the same avenue; the Church of the Divine Paternity on the same avenue; Trinity Chapel, St. Alban's, so famed for its ritualism; St. Stephen's on Twenty-eighth street; Church of the Messiah; the great synagogue, Emanu-El on Fifth avenue, and many others which might be named.

St. Stephen's is a very large Catholic church, and will hold several thousand people. It is much like a cathedral inside. Vast numbers of people flock here, but the main attraction for Protestants is the music, which is very good, and in the afternoon services or vespers there is a plenty of it. Sometimes the crush in the halls and on the steps is so great as to cause women to faint, while the men have to keep their overcoats buttoned up, as they are in danger of losing them. The ceremonies at this church, with the priests in their gorgeous robes, the chanting of the choir, the thundering of the organ, the striking of bells and the swinging of the censer filling the church with perfumed smoke, is very imposing and attractive. To add to the effect, all the people join in the worship. No wonder that this church is always filled

with thousands of people! It is much more interesting to witness all this than any ceremony which the Ritualists have yet been able to inaugurate at St. Alban's.

Trinity Chapel is a very peculiar-looking church inside, very long, quite plain, with a chancel filled with filigree-work. A great many fashionable weddings take place in this house of worship, for which it seems to be well adapted. The central aisle is broad and paved with marble, and when the bridal party is at one end, the effect at the other end, so far away, is very pretty.

Christ Church on Fifth avenue is very dazzling inside from the extreme richness of its ornamentation. The ceiling is arched and supported by lofty pillars, all of which are painted in many bright colors. Gold and blue are the prevailing tints. The people who attend here display a vast amount of dress in the latest styles. No street in the city of New York ever presents so brilliant an appearance as Fifth avenue on Sunday, when all the church-going people are returning from worship. The scene reminds one of a fair or jubilee, or a promenade upon a holiday. It is no place for poor people and beggars, and few of them are ever seen on the street. Indeed, religion in New York is only for the wealthy—those who can dress well and who can afford the expense of a pew in a costly church. And with the wealthy many of them go to church because it is fashionable. At all events, they never go except in the season and when it is fashionable. This state of things is undoubtedly to be deplored, but the question is, How better it in a town where Mammon is worshiped six days in a week?

CHAPTER IX.

WOMEN OF FASHION AT THE SPRINGS.

ALTHOUGH New York is one of the pleasantest cities in the world in which to spend the summer, being entirely surrounded by water, and remarkably favored with frequent showers, and cooling breezes from the ocean and the Highlands of the Hudson, yet all of its inhabitants who can get away during the days of the dog-star do so. The annual hegira from the city is immense. All the surrounding country for a hundred miles is filled with Gothamites, who seem to be only too glad to leave their marble and sandstone palaces behind. Perhaps no city in the Union is so conveniently situated as respects the number and variety of its watering-places. There are magnificent beaches with the surf of old Ocean rolling in upon them; there are rocky island coasts; charming lakes; picturesque banks of rivers; mountains in profusion; broad stretches of country filled with charming valleys and hills; in short, everything the heart of man or woman could desire in the shape of a rural retreat. So perhaps it is not to be wondered at that the people of New York are tempted away from their homes during the summer.

It is only a night's ride to Newport. You leave the

city on Saturday after work, you spend the Sabbath in Newport, and on Monday morning you plunge into Wall street as fresh as a schoolboy. It is but an hour or two to Long Branch; half an hour to Staten Island, dotted all over with villas; a few hours to West Point, and the same to Lake Mahopac. There is New London close by; there are the unrivaled Highlands of the Hudson, filled with charming country-seats from New York to Troy; there is Orange county and all the eastern portion of New Jersey; there are the hills of old Berkshire, and there are scores of charming places along the coast of Long Island. What more lovely than a sail on Greenwood Lake or a row on Lake Mahopac? And who can be out of his element when "on the beach at Long Branch?" A pull after sunset on the Kill von Kull is not to be laughed at; and the coolest spot we ever found was while floating in a boat at the foot of the Pallisades, the dark shadow thrown upon the water almost resembling night. It is only a night's ride to Saratoga, and a day's journey to Niagara.

The favorite places of resort with New Yorkers are Saratoga, West Point, Long Branch, New London, Lake Mahopac, Orange county and Newport. To visit any of these places for the summer is to "go to the Springs," to "live at a watering-place," to be in the fashion, and to have a plenty of society and sight-seeing. As everything closes up in the city during the summer, from the grand opera-houses to the grand churches, it is a little dull in town, and we can hardly wonder that fashionable people leave it. In other days, the excuse for going to

"AT THE SPRINGS."

the watering-places was health or recreation; to-day the disgusting mineral water is a secondary consideration, and pleasure and dissipation rule the hour. The original design of watering-places has become obsolete. Salt-water baths, mountain air, fishing, yachting, country milk, etc., are but side-shows to the great Vanity Fair which is inaugurated—incidental to the season of dress, flirtation, intemperance, display of horses and carriages, rounds of amusement and squanderings of money. It would seem that after a winter of unrest, of late nights, of balls, parties and heavy dinners, one would be only too glad to seek rural retirement away from the thousands and millions of overteeming cities. But there is a class of people who are never satisfied with a quiet life. To this class belong the fashionable men and women of New York. To be obliged to live away from a crowd, or outside of an immense boarding-house or hotel, would deprive them of half the enjoyment of existence. One might as well be sent to the State's prison or the Adirondack mountains at once. The summer should be devoted to repairing the winter's exhaustion—to the fitting of one's self for the enjoyment of lectures, study, art and religious exercises. Now the tables are turned, and the dissipations of the summer are actually worse than those of the winter. Whatever American watering-places might have been once, they are no longer fit for decent, pure and respectable women to visit. And if not for these, then they are equally unfit for men, for we claim that what is bad for one sex is just as bad for the other.

The woman of to-day who goes to a fashionable water-

ing-place puts herself on exhibition the same as if she stepped into a glass show-case on Broadway, Chestnut or Washington street. She expects to be looked at—she goes for that purpose—and she intends to be as fine as any of her companions. This involves magnificent and countless dresses, profuse diamonds, thoroughbred and speedy horses, etc. Young ladies frequently go to the Springs with eight, ten or a dozen immense trunks, filled with dresses. They expect to wear all these, and they ask for nothing but a plenty of beaux, a plenty of dancing and a ceaseless round of flirtation. Strange to say, even some good clergymen are regular visitors at the Springs. They usually balance their several accounts, however, by preaching on Sunday two or three times during the season. If we have fashionable people, we are sure to have fashionable clergymen.

The story of the Springs has never been told in print, and we fear it never will be. It is a dark, strange, awful romance, which leads down to the pit of moral and physical death. Now and then a domestic horror, a gross immorality, a terrible profligacy or an awful tragedy creeps into the papers, but it is soon forgotten or hushed up. Those who visit the Springs, however, know of their existence, and could tell tales which would curdle the blood and freeze the young heart. The atmosphere is pestilential. Husbands soon discover that their peace and happiness are ruined, and their downfall dates from the deadly influence which came upon them at the watering-place. Wives see their husbands transfer their affections to another, or contract habits of intemperance which lead

them to ruin and death. Mothers see their sons on the downward path, their feet tempted by the wiles of some fashionable woman. In that unholy school, fathers see their daughters learning an undesirable and fatal wisdom. Many a daughter has come home from the Springs ruined; so has many a son.

But a year or two since a terrible tragedy occurred in one of the large, crowded and fashionable hotels at Saratoga. The parlor was filled with ladies chatting. A hall ran back of it, in which some men were having their boots polished. One young man, who had recently visited the bar, and was therefore under the influence of liquor, passed through the hall, and as he did so he playfully caught hold of a cane which a gentleman held while his boots were being polished. The gentleman felt insulted; he drew a pistol from his pocket and shot the half-intoxicated man dead upon the spot. He was cut down in the prime of life, in the midst of strangers, away from home. At the report of the pistol many of the fashionable women who crowded the parlor fainted, while others turned pale and trembled or screamed with fright. A lady who was present asserts that numbers of them supposed their husbands had been shot: they thought of the bar-room, of the gaming-table, of the race-course, and they knew that where there is such a herding together of so many given up to dissipation, it takes but a little provocation to produce the saddest and most terrible results.

A worse thing than this happened only a year or two ago at Long Branch. A party of young men and young

ladies, belonging to the best society in the city of New York, took a drive along the beach-road after dark. The whole party, men and women, were intoxicated on wine or some other liquor. During the progress of the hilarious drive the horses became frightened, and the inmates of the carriage were thrown out. They were all hurt, and one of them—a young woman—was killed outright! They were picked up and placed upon sofas in a parlor of one of the great hotels. There they lay, stupidly drunk! And one of the attendants upon these unfortunates at that time is now the chief magistrate of one of the most powerful, populous and wealthy States in the Union.

One shudders at such awful facts as these, but many more might be related. And where one comes to the knowledge of the public, scores exist.

The whole watering-place system of to-day is but a monstrous fabric of idleness, profligacy and immorality. Neither health, comfort nor convenience is to be found at them. People are crowded together like sheep in a fold; vast numbers of strangers, frequently a thousand or fifteen hundred in one hotel, are constantly coming in contact with each other, the bad as well as the good. Any *roué* who dresses well can insinuate himself artfully into the society of almost any young lady he pleases; any blackleg can form the acquaintance of a high-minded young man, and ruin him for ever. So there is a constant demoralization going on, in the wake of which follows ruin.

A Vermont poet has sung in jingling verses. "What

they do at the Springs." A little more truth might be put into the poetry, and we will undertake to tell the story in prose. Late hours are the rule—late to bed, late up in the morning, late to meals, late everything. Eating is one of the principal exercises. The dining-rooms are open at all hours of the day, and during the greater part of the night wornout servants are carrying extra meals to the rooms. Drinking is universal. The bar-rooms of our watering-place hotels are constantly thronged. Mixed drinks are the rule. There is a constant clicking of glasses, uncorking of bottles and scraping of ice. Women drink as well as the men, only they do it in their rooms or at the table. The billiard-rooms and bowling-alleys are all the time filled. Riding out is a favorite pastime, either on horseback or in carriages. Boating by moonlight, and sometimes when it is very dark, is common. Fancy a woman off with a strange gentleman on some lake until almost midnight!

The women at the Springs are very idle. They do nothing but dress, throng the piazzas, gossip in the parlors, ride out and dance. They are fond of the masquerade balls, and love to go to great expense in getting up costumes. A few of them read novels; some have children with them, and these have to be looked after a little. If at Long Branch, a stroll on the beach is in order, and the later and longer the walk the better. If at Saratoga, a walk to the Springs and a sip of the water—just a sip. There is a dance at some one of the hotels every night, and now and then an immense ball. At these many women get a sufficient quantity of exercise to keep them

in bed until noon of the next day. This is the senseless story of the Springs. It is nothing but miserable ostentation and vanity—hollow show, vulgar magnificence and ruinous rivalry. Except in a few rare instances, pleasure is not to be found at these places. Every man who reverences womanhood will refrain from taking his wife or sister or daughter to such places as Saratoga, Newport and Long Branch. It is not quite so bad at Niagara or New London. The true way to enjoy the summer in the country is to go to some retired spot, or to have a house of one's own on the banks of the Hudson. Many of the best class of New York people do build villas in the country, and these are usually too sensible to trouble themselves about the Springs.

CHAPTER X.

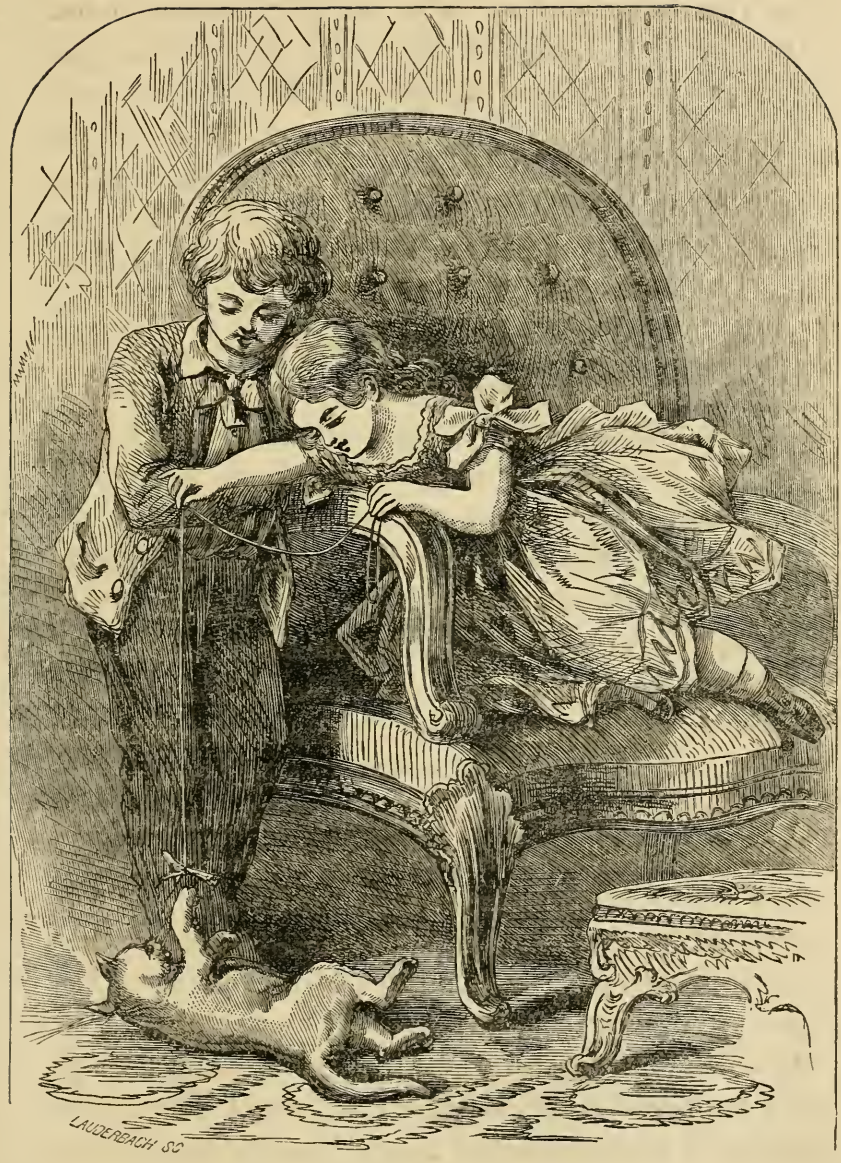
THE CHILDREN OF FASHIONABLE PARENTS.

THERE are no children in America: so Scotch and English visitors assert. And when our little ones travel on the Continent, they excite the amazement of all French matrons and housewives. It is certainly true that there are no children in New York, whatever else there may be in the country. A six or eight-year-old boy on a two-forty velocipede, with a cigar in his mouth, casting sheep's eyes at a girl of ten on a bench in Union or Washington Square, is the modern picture of a boy in New York. He knows the "ropes" of the whole town, and is "posted" on all its mysteries Does he go to see Humpty Dumpty or Mother Hubbard? Not he. Let rustics from New Jersey do that! He is of the opinion that Booth didn't make love to Miss McVickar in the play of Romeo and Juliet as well on the boards as off them. That's the latest joke which amuses him, and he smiles at it as he stops another eight or ten-year-old boy on Broadway for the purpose of "getting a light."

The only genuine children there are in New York are the boys who scream oranges at sixteen for a quarter; the boys who hang about the pineapple and banana ships, at

the wharves, just in from Cuba; the dirty brats who infest the City Hall Park with boxes and boot-brushes; the girls and boys who scream *News-er, Mail-er, 'Press-er*, etc., during the long afternoon and evening. These are the city's children, turned out into the streets to feed on what they can get, to grow up into almshouse and penitentiary inmates. If you look into the charity schools of Five Points, at New Bowery, all over the city, you will see children from two weeks old, upward, seated in long rows, being fed on wheat bread, as if they were so many sheep in a stall or pigs in a pen. Oh but some of them have fat little arms, blue eyes, flaxen hair, rosy cheeks and dimples! With these we have nothing to do

Some rich folks have children as well as poor folks. The fashionable child of to-day keeps its pony-carriage for Central Park; lives in the nursery with half a dozen servants; is taken out to air on Madison Square; promenades up and down Fifth avenue; gives entertainments; goes to balls; invests in oil stocks, and makes itself conspicuous in the parlors of hotels, boarding-houses, etc. There is a business college in New York where young men of from eight years, upward, are taught bookkeeping. Not long ago we looked in upon it. Some of these fellows, hardly out of their high chairs, so it seemed, had just passed their examinations and were waiting for their diplomas! At ten years of age they were anxious to go into business. At thirteen they were ready to stand at the head of a large commercial house. Some of these fellows were not large enough or old enough to graduate, and were actually obliged to wait a year or two before they



CHILDREN OF FASHION.

could take a diploma. It seemed sad to think of, when time is so precious. The president of the college gravely informed me that he didn't advise parents to have their children graduate before they were fourteen! Imagine a boy of that age up in the mysteries of banking, book-keeping, the commission business, political economy, etc! Even all New York boys are not like these boys, we are glad to confess.

The New York fashionable girls! If they haven't beaux, and are not well versed in the art of coquetry at ten years of age, then they are stupid; that is all. It seems as if American parents were not satisfied with the natural stimulus which life in a great city gives, but resort to artificial, hot-house processes to develop their children. The way in which children of both sexes are dressed in the city of New York is a shame and disgrace, as well as being fearfully detrimental to health. Bare arms, bare waists, bare legs—every whit as bad as the naked drama. Silks, satins, velvets, laces, jewels—things costly enough for a princess. These little wretches are then taken out on to the public parks and exhibited, or they come down the west side of Broadway in shoals. We tremble for their future health and morals. We do not wonder our young girls and young men, so many of them, are what they are—foolish, proud, vain, silly and no better than they ought to be. The seeds of much of this after-crop of wild oats are sowed in childhood.

Recently a mother went to a dry goods palace in New York and ordered a trousseau for her daughter's *doll*. There was a complete outfit in underclothing, silk and

lace. A miniature India shawl at an expense of thirty dollars, and a lace handkerchief valued at twelve dollars, were among the articles. If this was spent for a doll, what, think you, would be lavished upon the child itself? The bare thought is an appalling one, and leads to reflections of the most unpleasant nature.

A few years from now, and all those children who are so fortunate as to live will grow up into men and women, occupying the places now filled by older persons. If we cultivate in them loose French manners and morals when young, we shall see these increased when they get older. They will assuredly grow from bad to worse. Seeds once planted in childhood spring into blossoms and fruit at maturity. Show me intemperate or licentious men or women, and I will tell you what sort of parents they had. Children should be children until the proper time arrives for them to be something else. There is nothing so disagreeable as a precocious boy or girl. And nothing so helps to bring about this state of things as a residence in a hotel or boarding-house—a manner of living which is very fashionable in large places, and daily becoming more so. Hotel-bred children are almost sure to come to some untimely end, either in health or morals. We have yet to learn of an instance where one of them ever made a respectable, first-class citizen. But we do know of many young men, as well as women, who came up amid these unfortunate and blighting surroundings, who have actually broken down in all that pertains to strength of character and physical robustness.

The female "child of the period" is as much addicted

to dress, has as great a love for it, and desires just as much to be in fashion, as her aristocratic mother. The sin of excess has descended to the first generation, without waiting until the third or fourth has been ushered in. The mothers of the world of fashion encourage their offspring in the thought of dress, give them fine clothing, teach them pert and womanly airs, and, in fact, endeavor to make them as much like grown people outwardly as possible. The object is to make them look pretty, without regard to the consequences; the result is shocking to good morals and physiological law. Child-freezing is a common crime, but seldom punished save by the death of the victim; and this is oftener set down to the account of a mysterious providence than it is to ignorance on the part of parents. We protest against bare legs, whether on boys or girls, or at the theatre.

Not long since we were strolling in Central Park, when there passed us on the carriage-road a small basket-wagon, drawn by a span of black ponies. Seated in this wagon were two girls of twelve or thirteen years of age. They were tripped out in the extreme of the fashion, and one of them had hold of the ribbons. Perched up in a sort of rookery behind them was the male "tiger," with his arms folded across his breast, his bright buttons glittering in the sun and the cockade on his hat bobbing up and down. The young misses had been taking their afternoon drive, and as they turned for home they kept up a loud flirtation with some young men in another carriage, and did not hesitate to bandy words with any young man within earshot! Such are

some of the fashionable children of New York. We had sooner have our offspring take their chances of making respectable men and women with the so-called laboring classes.

The fashion has become quite common of late to allow children to give large juvenile entertainments, and in many instances to attend those which are projected for older people. Here crowds of boys and girls of a susceptible age meet together under the intoxicating influence of music, gaslight, full dress, late suppers, wines and punches. They have been to watering-places and hotels, and mingled in grown people's society enough to learn all the vices and follies of it. They are quick to read cause and effect, and to perceive those things which should be hidden from them. They dress in the same absurd fashions, go through with the same round of talk, flirtations, etc., indulge in the same wines and cigars, and perhaps carry things to a far greater extent. Thus girls lose their modesty before they are conscious of having it; they become heartless, bold and disagreeable; they grow up to be terrible flirts; and if they marry, which they sometimes do to the first *roué* who offers, they make fearful wives and awful mothers. Heaven pity the children born of such parents!

It is a sad sight to see girls of fourteen and sixteen defying all parental authority; to see them forming all sorts of alliances with boys and young men—receiving the attentions of individuals of known bad character, who would not hesitate to take advantage of the first opportunity which offered. There are a plenty of such

TRYING THE OPERA.

CHAPTER XI.

NEW YORK "SHODDY."

CODFISH and Shoddy, when applied to society, are nearly identical in their meaning. Shoddy, however, is supposed to possess wealth, perhaps enormous bags filled with gold, while Codfish professes to have wealth, makes a tolerable sort of a show out of something, and always occupies a doubtful place.

Where Shoddy made its fortune, it is very hard to tell. It might have been a lucky hit on Wall street; perhaps it was an oil well, possibly a gold mine, but more likely it was by having the monopoly of some business or the exclusive use of a patent which all the people patronized. We have nothing to say against honest labor, or gains honestly acquired or obtained by any legitimate means; neither is it any of our business if a man starts some new thing and gets rich out of it. If, like the late Colonel Colt, somebody invents a pistol of a superior pattern, and all the world buys it, and the profits go to build a splendid country-seat like "Armsmear" and to found a family in wealth, we have nothing to say against it. Such people are benefactors to their race, since they increase business, add wealth to the town in which they live, furnish employment for hundreds and perhaps

thousands of people, and, if they are public-spirited, they found libraries, build churches, open parks and establish colleges. Nobody thinks of calling George Peabody "shoddy," even if he did make his fortune in speculation. The late Matthew Vassar could hardly be called shoddy, although he made his money brewing ale, and neither he nor his wife were polished or educated. Some over-nice people, however, do turn up their noses at his female college and say that it was founded in beer; that Mr. Vassar made people drunk; that he was nothing but a common brewer, etc. But there the college stands, a glorious institution—as much of an honor to its founder as the Cornell University is to Mr. Ezra Cornell. If Mr. Vassar when he went down to New York had made a great display of himself and his family; had been in the habit of wearing white velvet breeches and enormous clusters of diamonds; had driven fast horses up and down the Avenues in white harness, gold-mounted, with servants in scarlet livery and outriders; if the ladies of his household had trailed satins up and down Broadway and bought out whole jewelry stores at a single shopping excursion, then sober, respectable people might have cried out, "Shoddy" or "Beer." But the good old gentleman did nothing of the kind, and herein he showed his good sense.

Some people do carry on in just this way, however. They possess neither good breeding nor good sense. They have the almighty dollar in their pockets, but soft soap in their skulls, or putty, which amounts to about the same thing. Now, it is honest for a man to get his living by

selling tea or making coffins or paper collars or hoop-skirts, but it is hardly the thing to be known in society simply as the wife of the great hoop-skirt man, the great paper-collar man, or the biggest undertaker in New York. Polite society does not smack quite so much of the shops. That should be left on the street where it belongs, and it would be without any difficulty if those who keep them were not always making themselves conspicuous as well as ridiculous in the world. The poet Saxe tells us that it is dangerous to trace one's pedigree, for it may end in a hempen cord or a waxed end. Neither the gallows nor lapstone, if they were the means of life and death to our great-great-grandfather, should in the least affect one's position in society. Nobody in America thinks the less of Edwin Booth for the great crime of his brother; and there are some, we are sorry to say, who seem to think the more of Daniel Sickles for the dissipation and scandal of his early life. Shall we ask too particularly after the ancestors of Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, Robert Bonner, A. T. Stewart, John Jacob Astor, President Grant or even the late President Lincoln? Not by any means. They were all humble people—"Poor but pious," as the phrase is. Now, if any of these gentlemen or their sons should to-day refuse to recognize a poor but honest workingman simply because he was poor, we should at once brand him as "shoddy." This is worse than an aristocratic lord of England would do, for, whatever else they may possess, most of them have good breeding. Look at the bright example of the Duke of Sutherland, one of the wealthiest men in England. We have seen

Mr. A. T. Stewart as much embarrassed in the presence of an intelligent young man without a dollar in the world as he ever was in his life. It is good breeding and intelligence which makes the man, and not the gold he has in his pocket. And yet some people seem to think otherwise.

There are plenty of shoddyites in New York. They spend money as if every dollar was not earned by the hard toil of some poor laborer. They keep the fastest four-in-hands, and the largest number of servants; they dress in the finest linen and purple; at a public dinner they get drunk and slip under the table; they strut pompously wherever they go; they are the most insulting to, and exacting of, all those servants who come in contact with them; they throw bouquets to the bare-legged dancers, and keep company in public with people of doubtful virtue; they rob banks to speculate in real estate; they purchase railroads, hotels, opera-houses, steamboats, and Heaven knows what; they are very tenacious of the purity of their character, and snap at a hundred-thousand-dollar libel suit as a turtle does at a fly; they patronize the horse-races, build yachts, import wines and run over Europe insulting every gentleman they meet. These are some of their characteristics.

Shoddy is very fond of seeing items not unlike the following in the papers:

"Mrs. Philander Parian has a hundred-thousand-dollar set of diamonds. They are said to be the richest in the city." (Her husband was a whisky distiller in Ohio.)

"Mrs. Duplex Elliptic took the character of Mrs.

George Washington at the fancy-dress ball at Lake Mahopac. She wore a suit of black-silk velvet, lined with white satin. She was the richest-dressed lady present." (Mr. Elliptic runs a hoop-skirt factory in New York city.)

"Mrs. Coffee has the finest turn-out on the Avenue. The mountings of the harness are solid gold, and the carriages were imported from Paris." (Mr. Coffee is a tea merchant, and works his clerks nearly to death, early and late.)

"Mrs. Theodore Eugene Fizzle is building a splendid villa at Newport this summer. Her daughter Blanche drives a pony phaeton." (Mrs. Fizzle is the wife of Theodore Fizzle, who goes about the country spouting on the wrongs of the Sandwich Islanders.)

"Mr. Moses H. Sheepsfoot has just built the finest hotel in the city." (He publishes a popular story-paper, and never pays his contributors.)

"Mrs. Jerome B. Fillmore treated the members of the press to a ride in her English drop yesterday." (Mr. Fillmore is a blackleg.)

"Madam Vere de Vere has receptions every Sunday evening." (The madam is a humbug, and everybody hates her.)

These newspaper paragraphs might be multiplied almost indefinitely. They are all shoddy, whenever and wherever we see them.

Perhaps the rankest shoddy in New York is the patent-medicine shoddy. The outside public has little idea how it thrives upon the gullibility of mankind. Pills, powders, syrups, constitutional medicines, hair dyes, per-

fumes, blisters—all bring in heaps of gold, and build, for the advertisers of these nostrums, fine palaces, wherein they laugh at all the world for the easy manner in which it is fooled. There is a shoddy aristocracy growing up out of mineral waters, and another out of ballet-dancing, and another out of the keeping of houses of ill-fame. So the money comes in, nobody is to ask where it comes from. These people always live fully up to their income, and frequently beyond it. They are those who indulge in monogram window curtains; who think "Richelieu" one of Shakspeare's finest plays; who cover their furniture with India shawls; who order the sexton to seat no strangers in their pews; who take coffee in bed at ten A. M., and dinner at nine-thirty P. M. every night; who import all their dresses from Paris, and coats from London; who always go out in white kid gloves; who invest largely in diamonds; who put their children in nurseries, and allow them to visit their parents for fifteen minutes once a day; who go to the opera every night, occupying a box; who never drink water; who think books are stupid and lectures bores.

There is one virtue in New York shoddy, and that is, it does not last long. Sooner or later a crash comes, and down tumbles the splendid fabric. The fall makes a sensation for a day, and straightway is forgotten. These people spend money so rapidly, make such a show while it does last, that, like a sky-rocket, the stick is soon all that is left.

If Shoddy is a young man, he must spend at least ten or twenty thousand dollars a year, and use his whole

time spending it. Not many weeks ago one of these fellows admitted that his personal bills were ten thousand a year, while he neither drank, smoked nor gambled—something rather remarkable for a shoddyite. "I cannot afford to take a wife," said he, "as long as it costs me so much to live." His particular fancy was for fast horses and elegant carriages, and he always dressed in the latest mode. Some of his blue-and-buff suits and seal-skin coats were quite stunning in their way.

Miss Shoddy came to New York with quite a fortune, left her by her father, who was a brewer in Northern Ohio. She went to a boarding-school on Murray Hill, and during the three years she was there, finishing, she spent the whole of her fortune in dresses and bon-bons. And what is worse, she did not succeed in catching a husband either. A man of ordinary means attempted to propose to her with all her sea of silk and lace before his vision. "She would ruin me," he exclaimed, and departed in peace. Those sensible fellows who had a plenty of money in bank and belonged to the old families—ah! what a sweet sound there is in that name!—saw through Miss Shoddy's little game, and allowed her to go on in her little comedy of dress and be dressed. So, between these two sets of possible beaux, Miss S. slid to the ground an old maid.

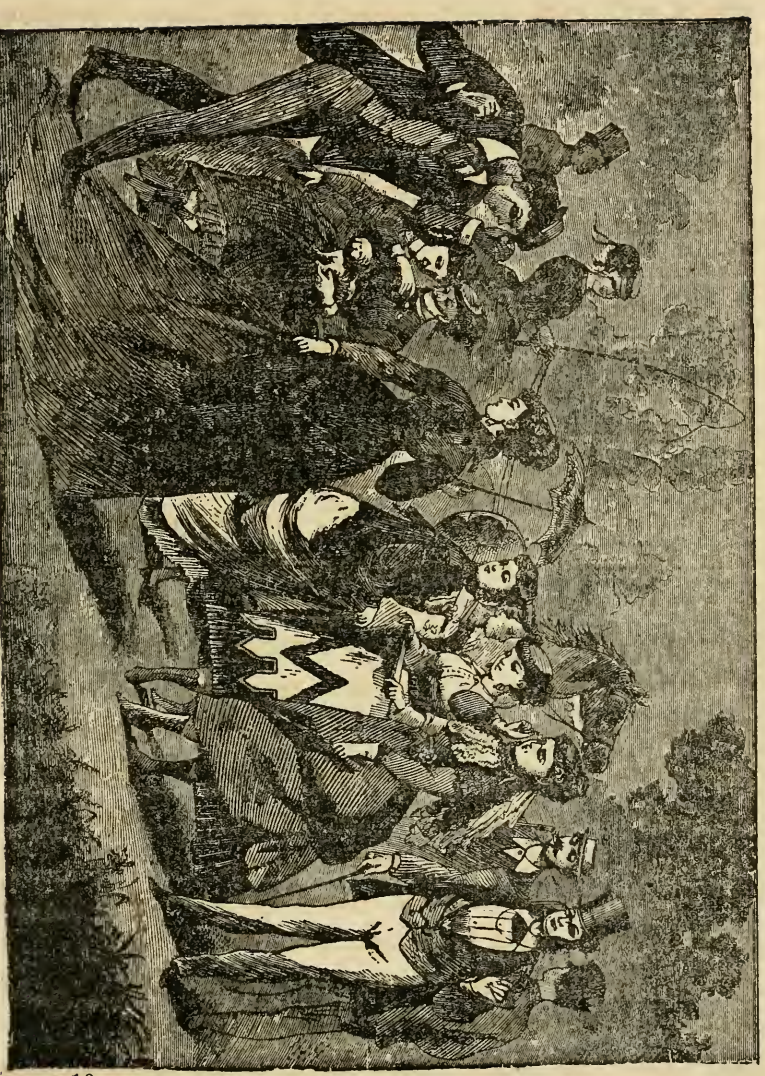
Another Miss Shoddy was the daughter of Colonel Big Gun. She was very particular about putting the title of Colonel before her father's name. She came to New York and "went in" as a parlor boarder on Twelfth street or thereabouts. This gave her the opportunity of

seeing any young man who might call. One day, Mr. Red, of Gingham, Denim & Co., proposed to her, and she accepted him. In dry goods parlance, he was "chief of the white goods department," and a sensible, well-enough-to-do fellow. It is to be supposed that Miss Shoddy loved this fellow, or she never would have married him. Her father and mother felt terribly worked up about this marriage. They considered it a shame and a disgrace for a daughter of Colonel Big Gun to throw herself away upon such a blunderbuss of a fellow, a mere pea-shooter. He had popped the question, however, and nothing but the ceremony was wanted. When this took place the papers announced the fact, and very naturally added that Mr. Red was chief of the white goods department at Gingham, Denim & Co.'s. This was the last feather upon the camel's back of the Gun family. Mrs. Gun went off in a fainting-fit when she saw the notice, declaring that she never should be able to hold her head up in society again, and that she should quit the Springs for life.

The greatest sin Shoddy commits against society is in flaunting its banners of extravagance and vice in the faces of decent, respectable people. There is no influence so powerful as that of example; and when one woman steps beyond the bounds of propriety in any direction, she is sure to be followed by a dozen other weak ones, until finally thousands are found to be pursuing the same frightful course. Thus the whole of society becomes demoralized and corrupted. Things of use and of beauty are degraded to purposes which are positively sinful.

Many a woman in New York spends all the money she can control for her personal adornment, in the vain hope that it will bring her in pleasure in the shape of position, society or companionship. And some of them resort to all manner of means to obtain this money. If they are married, they will even bankrupt their husbands for their own selfish gratification, or they will put themselves under obligations to other men, whose forms should never be allowed to darken their doors, and then they will receive money from them, which will be spent in laces, bonnets, silks and satins. These in turn are displayed to the public, the desire of some other woman's heart is fanned into a flame, and, unless she can possess a lace princess' robe, she will be perfectly miserable and unhappy. And as the mistress is, so is the maid; the vices of the parlor soon find their way down stairs into the kitchen. In turn, the servants become corrupted, and cannot be trusted; they dress beyond their means and keep up a show which they are not able to maintain.

Look into the ante-rooms of the Academy of Music upon the night of some great ball. See the red-faced or pale-faced sensuous young men and middle-aged men clustering in the lobbies about the doors of the ladies' dressing-rooms, waiting for some over or under-dressed woman, who exposes her arms, shoulders and bust to his gaze, to enter the ball-room with him. She trails an apricot-colored satin upon the floor to the length of several yards; she hangs languidly upon his arms, presses his hand and looks ravishingly into his eyes. He returns the gaze, his face flashing with excitement as he does so.



IN CENTRAL PARK ON "MUSIC DAY."

Soon he is waltzing with her, and she throws her head into his bosom, her hot breath falling upon his neck; he draws her more closely to him, his right hand pressing her waist with a convulsive grasp. Thus they whirl until exhausted, when they retire to a box and order wine. Perhaps they withdraw from the ball before its close, and, entering a carriage which has the curtains drawn, drive for an hour or two before reaching home, if, indeed, they go home at all before morning!

This is not a solitary or overdrawn picture of the Shoddy of New York. There are thousands of just such cases; so many of them that we tremble for the safety of our wives and daughters as well as our sons. These women are to be met with everywhere—in the Park, on the street, at the church, in the public parlors and halls of the great hotels, in the boarding-houses, at the theatres, at balls, and even at weddings. Their chief topic of conversation is personal gossip and scandal, dress and flirtation experiences. As women have less to engage their attention than men, so they are able to do more mischief in corrupting the circle of their acquaintances and society generally.

Shoddy indulges in grand banquets, where the women come as much under the influence of wine as the men. "They are chattering like blackbirds up in the parlor," says the French waiter, as he thrusts his head into the kitchen. This means that they are half intoxicated. When people get into this condition, they care very little what they do, and we drop the curtain over a scene which is nothing but a disgrace to any people.

The effect of all this upon the community at large is deplorable in the extreme. We sometimes see it entering the best mansions in the land; corrupting our civil officers; getting into the White House, into the Houses of Legislation, into our country towns and villages. It is sapping the very foundations of society and of our republican institutions. We cannot be too earnest in frowning it down.

"God made the country, but man made the town," sings Cowper. It is the country which must save the town, since only in brick walls, where people are hived together, do such vices flourish.

Such is a partial picture of Shoddy. All the world knows how it blunders and thunders; how it squanders fortunes and leads a fast life; how it disgusts Europe and excites the pity and contempt of America; how it values diamonds above virtue, and greenbacks more than culture; how it insults the servants, puts on airs, thrusts itself forward, makes ridiculous exhibitions, always appears in full dress, and does a thousand other wonderful things too pitiful to put on paper even. As New York is the largest city in the New World, so there is more shoddy in it than in any other place in the United States.

CHAPTER XII.

A FASHIONABLE LADY'S WARDROBE.

VERY many persons, especially those living out of town, believe that the prices sometimes given by writers of the cost of ladies' wardrobes in New York are exaggerated. This may sometimes be the case, but, at the same time, we would remark that an immense amount of money is annually spent by the fashionable women of the metropolis in adorning their persons. After the female form is clothed from head to foot, from top to toe, it may be, and doubtless is, divine—likewise exceedingly dear.

A lady not long ago took the trouble to take an "account of stock" of a fashionable belle of the metropolis, writing down and giving a full description of all the different articles of her wardrobe. We present it to the readers of our work, believing that to the ladies it will prove interesting as a very faithful and correct account of fashionable female apparel, and to the sterner sex will serve to show how much the raiment of a woman of New York may be made to cost.

The schedule is as follows:

6 silk robes—red, enameled, green, blue, yellow,

pink, black—with fringes, ruches, velvets, lace trimmings, etc., - - - - - - - $950

1 blue Marie Louise gros-de-Naples, brocaded with silver taken from the looms of Lyons; cost, without a stitch in it, - - - - - - 300

Silver bullion fringe tassels and real lace to match, 200

1 rose-colored satin, brocaded in white velvet, with deep flounce of real blonde lace, half yard wide; sleeves and bertha richly trimmed with the same rose-colored satin ribbon; satin on each side, with silk cord and tassel; lined throughout body, skirt and sleeves with white silk, - - - - 400

1 white satin of exceedingly rich quality, trimmed with blonde and bugles; two flounces of very deep point d'Alençon sleeves of the same, reaching down to the elbows, and bertha to match, with white bugles and blonde to match, - - 2500

1 royal blue satin dress, trimmed, apron-shape, with black Brussels lace and gold and bugle trimmings, with one flounce, going all around the skirt, of black Brussels lace; body and sleeves to match; sleeves looped up with blue velvet roses set in lace, to imitate a bouquet, - - - - 1500

1 dove-colored satin dress, trimmed with velvet, half yard deep; a long trail with the velvet going all around, with llama fringe and dove-colored acorns, forming a heading to the velvet, and going all up the skirt and around the long Greek sleeves; the sleeves lined with white satin and quills of silver ribbon going around the throat;

lined throughout with white silk, having belonging to it a cloak and hood, lined and trimmed to match; made in Paris, - - - - - $425

1 black Mantua velvet robe, long train, sleeves hanging down as far as the knees, open, lined with white satin and trimmed all round with seed-pearls, as well as all round the top of low body—the seed-pearls forming clusters of leaves going down front of skirt and all round the skirt and train, - - - - - - - - - 500

1 rich moire-antique dress, embroidered in gold from the body to the skirt and sleeves and all round, taken up and fastened up with gold embroidery to imitate the folds and wrinkles of the dress, trimmed round the edge with white Brussels lace, having an underskirt of amber satin trimmed with Brussels lace, to show underneath; lined throughout with silk, - - - - - - 400

1 large Brussels lace shawl, of exquisite fineness and elegance of design, to go with it, - - - 700

1 crimson velvet dress, lined throughout with rose-colored silk; train very long, trimmed with rich silk, blonde lace covering the entire train, being carried around and brought up the front of the dress and body, forming the bertha; and sleeves looped up with white roses; turquoise fan and slippers to match, - - - - - - 400

1 blue mercantique (lined), low body, trimmed with Honiton lace, body and sleeves; one piece of silk to match, unmade, intended for high body, and

two deep flounces of Honiton lace, not attached to dress; handkerchief and cape to match, - $300

1 sea-green glacé silk dress, trimmed with Irish point lace, flounced, and black velvet bows and ends at intervals; Irish point lace on body and sleeves, - - - - - - - - - 175

1 Irish point lace shawl to match, exceedingly fine; imported handkerchief and cape to match, - - 460

1 white moiré silk, trimmed with black point d'Alençon sleeves and body, and large bars crossed, made of the lace, all around the dress quarter of a yard deep, graduating to three-quarters of a yard at the back; long train, - - 200

1 large black point d'Alençon shawl, to go with it, - 300

1 blue gros-de-Naples, with the flounces of white silk, brocaded, trimmed with deep chenille fringe and blue passementerie; high body, in the form of jacket, with fringe and trimming to match—sleeves slashed and trimmed to match; low body, trimmed with chenille and silk blonde; bertha, sleeves and around the top of body trimmed with narrow lace; both bodies lined with silk, - - 250

1 rich silk apricot robe, brocaded in white, not lined, with silk fringe woven on the dress body, with the trimmings and fringe to match; small cape for throat, to match, - - - - - - 200

1 pink silk robe, with flounces; the flounces white ground and pink leaves trimmed with fringe; high and low body, trimmed with fringe and ribbons, and bertha trimmed with fringe and rib-

bons; sleeves slashed open and lined with white satin, - - - - - - - - $200

1 rose-colored robe, with flounces; high and low body, having fringe and trimming woven to imitate Russian fur; both bodies trimmed with fringe ribbons and narrow lace, - - - - - 250

1 mauve-colored glacé silk, braided and bugled all around the bottom of skirt, on the front of body, around the band of Garibaldi body, down the sleeves and round the cuffs of Garibaldi body; the low body, with bertha deeply braided and bugled, with sleeves to match; long sash, with end and bows and belts, all richly braided and bugled with thread lace, - - - - - 180

1 vraie couleur de rose gros-de-Naples, with flounces richly brocaded with bouquet in natural size and color, made to represent the same in panels, trimmed with gimp and fringe to match; also, high and low body, with bertha and trimmings to match, - - - - - - 300

1 pink morning robe, very superb, trimmed down the side with white satin a quarter of a yard wide, sleeves trimmed to match, satin-stitched, with flounces in pink silk on edge of satin, passementerie cord and tassels, - - - - - 250

1 gold-colored silk aersphane, with three skirts, each skirt trimmed with quillings of yellow satin ribbon, looped up with pink roses; body to match, trimmed with silk blonde; white blonde round the neck; satin quillings; silk blonde on the sleeves,

and lace and yellow satin; rich underskirt to match, - - - - - - - - - $100

2 very richly embroidered French cambric morning-dresses, with bullion and heavy satin ribbons running through; one lined throughout with pink, the other with blue silk, - - - - - 100

1 rich black silk glacé, trimmed with bugles and black velvet, - - - - - - - - - 200

1 blue-black Irish silk poplin, made in Gabrielle style, trimmed with scarlet velvet all round the skirt; sleeves and body-belt and buckle to match, - - - - - - - - - 125

1 cashmere, shawl pattern, morning-dress, lined; sleeves and flies lined with red silk, cord and tassels to match; not twice on, - - - - 100

1 white Swiss muslin, with double skirt and ribbon running through the upper and lower hems of each skirt, of pink satin; body with Greek sleeves to match, - - - - - - - - - 90

1 straw-colored silk dress, trimmed with black velvet, and body of the same, - - - - 80

1 white Swiss muslin robe, with one plain skirt and one above, graduated by larger and smaller tucks, to imitate three flounces; the sleeves with puffs, and long sleeves with tucks, down and across to match skirts, and Garibaldi body made to match; one pink satin under-body to go with it, - - 95

1 white Swiss muslin dress, with three flounces, quilled and tucked, graduated one above the other, with headings of lace on the top of each flounce; low

body, with tuck, bretelles and broad-colored sarsnet ribbon, - - - - - - - - $90

1 India muslin dress, very full, embroidered to imitate three flounces; and Greek body and sleeves, also embroidered to match sky-blue skirt and body to go underneath, - - - - - - - 110

1 India muslin dress, double skirt, richly embroidered, with high jacket and long sleeves embroidered to match, - - - - - - - - - 90

1 pink satin skirt and bodice, to go underneath, - 25

1 white long morning-dress, embroidered round the skirt and up the front, in two flounces, one hanging over the other; sleeves and cuffs to match, - - 60

1 white muslin, with white spots, skirt and bodice trimmed with bullion and narrow real Valenciennes lace, - - - - - - - - 80

2 white cambric morning-dresses, one very richly embroidered, in wheels and flounces; and jacket to match, - - - - - - - - - 275

1 white Swiss muslin jacket, very richly embroidered; skirt and bodice to match, - - - - 100

3 cambric tight-fitting jackets, with collar and sleeves very richly embroidered, to imitate old Spanish point, - - - - - - - - 120

5 Marie Antoinettes, made entirely of French muslin, with triple bullion and double face; pink satin ribbon running through. Cost $60 each, - - 300

1 pique morning dress and jacket, richly embroidered, - - - - - - - - - 75

1 pique skirt, richly embroidered, - - - - 50

6 fine Swiss muslin skirts, four yards in each, trimmed with two rows of real lace, to set in full, finely finished, - - - - - - - - - $55
2 very rich bastistes, for morning-dresses, - - 120
2 very fine cambric skirts, delicately embroidered, to wear with open morning-dresses, - - - 60
2 fine linen skirts, embroidered in open work, - 40
2 silk grenadine dresses, trimmed with Maltese lace and velvet; two bodices to match, blue and green, - - - - - - - - - 200
2 silk barèges, trimmed with velvet and fringe, and bodice to match, - - - - - - - 200
1 Scotch catlin silk full dress, Stewart, trimmed with black velvet and fringe, made to match colors of dress, - - - - - - - - - 100
3 Balmoral skirts, very elegant, embroidered in silk, 90
1 ponceau silk dress, trimmed with llama fringe and gold balls; body and sleeves very richly trimmed to match, - - - - - - - - - 250
1 blue silk to match, trimmed with steel fringe and bugles; body and sleeves richly trimmed, - - 250
1 French muslin jacket, with lapels and sleeves to turn back, very heavily embroidered, - - - 40
1 set point d'Alençon, consisting of shirt sleeves, handkerchief and collar, - - - - - 120
1 point d'Alençon extra large handkerchief, - - 100
1 set Honiton lace, consisting of handkerchief, collar and sleeves, - - - - - - - - 80
1 set Maltese lace, consisting of handkerchief, collar, velvet cape, - - - - - - - - 300

1 set Irish point lace, very rich, consisting of wide, deep sleeves, handkerchief and collar, - - $80
1 cape of ditto, going up to the neck and shut at the back, - - - - - - - - 35
2 black lace mantillas, - - - - - - 40
1 black lace jacket, - - - - - - 15
1 cape, composed of Valenciennes lace, - - - 75
2 dozen very rich embroidered cambric chemises, with lace, - - - - - - - 120
6 ditto, with puffed bullions in front, - - - 100
18 Irish linen chemises, with very rich fronts, - 200
7 Irish linen, embroidered, - - - - - 40
1 dozen night-dresses, very rich fronts, - - - 216
3 linen do., very rich, - - - - - - 75
1 dozen embroidered drawers, - - - - 72
2 very rich do., - - - - - - - 50
11 new pairs silk stockings, in box, - - - 40
1 dozen Lisle thread stockings, - - - - 20
9 pair boots and shoes, - - - - - - 45
3 pair embroidered slippers, very rich, in gold, - 40
1 pair Irish point lace sleeves (extra), - - 30
1 black velvet embroidered mantilla, imported, - 450
1 do., silk, embroidered with bugles, imported, - 100
1 glacé silk, tight-fitting basque, with black zeplore lace cape; trimmed in every width with narrow lace to match, - - - - - - - 65
1 black silk Arab, with two tassels, - - - 25
1 dust-wrapper, from Cashmere, - - - - 18
4 magnificent opera-cloaks, - - - - - 175
1 red scarlet cloth cloak, trimmed with yellow cord, 12

1 cloth, drab-color, cloak, - - - - - $ 8
1 cloak, with hood lined with silk, - - - 10
2 dozen cambric, embroidered, with name Fanny, - 24
1 set Russian sable muffs, cape and boa, - - 100
1 tortoise shell comb, made in one piece and very rich, - - - - - - - - - 50
6 fancy combs, - - - - - - - - 30
1 very rich mother-of-pearl, gold inlaid, and vol. feathers beautifully painted by hand, - - - 85
1 fan of mother-of-pearl, inlaid in gold, with silk and white and Job's spangles, - - - - 45
1 blue mother-of-pearl, with looking-glass; imitation ruby and emeralds, - - - - - 35
6 other fans, of various kinds, - - - - 25
1 parasol, all ivory handle throughout, engraved with name in full, covering of silk and Irish point lace, very fine, covering the entire parasol, - - 100
Several other parasols, - - - - - - - 25
1 real gold head-ornament, representing the comet and eclipse appearing, - - - - - 100
About twenty hair-nets, silver, gold and all colors and pearls, - - - - - - - - 40
4 ladies' bonnets, some exceedingly elegant, - - 100
1 box marabout feathers, for dressing the hair, - 50
1 box artificial flowers, - - - - - 15
1 lot new ribbon, for sashes; velvet, silk and satin, 35
1 small miniature model piano, played by mechanism, from Vienna, - - - - - - - 50
1 lady's writing-desk, inlaid with tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl, lined with silk velvet, with com-

NOTHING TO WEAR

partments and secretary; carved mother-of-pearl paper-knife, gold seal, gold pencil, case full of fancy writing paper; made in Paris, - - $200

1 bula work-box, elegant; inlaid with silver and lined with ci-satin, fitted with gold thimble, needle, scissors, pen-knife, gold bodkin, cotton winders; outside to match French piano, - - - - 125

1 long knitting-case to match the above, fitted with needles, beads and silk of every description, - 40

1 papier-maché work-box, and fitted up, - - 5

1 morocco work-bag, ornamented with bright steel; fitted up with scissors, thimble, etc., - - - 3

1 lady's Russia leather shopping-bag, with silver and gilt clasps for chain and key, - - - 15

1 18-karat gold filigree card case, - - - 20

1 set gold whist-markers, in hands on little box, a present unto her, - - - - - - 50

1 lady's small work-bag, silk fittings, - - - 5

1 solid silver porte-monnaie, - - - - 19

1 little blue porte-monnaie; velvet and cords and tassel, - - - - - - - - 3

1 ladies' companion, with fixings in silver; a present, 15

1 hair-pin stand; a small book-case, with small drawers and mirror, - - - - - 14

1 basket of mother-of-pearl, and gilt and red satin, full of wax-flowers, - - - - - - 35

1 elegant Bible in gilt, edge mounted in gold, - 30

43 volumes various miniature books, bound most elegantly in morocco, and brought as a present from Europe, - - - - - - - - 100

1 silver pin-cushion and sewer for fastening on the table, - - - - - - - - - $23
1 elegant, richly-carved ivory work-table, brought from Mexico, inside fitted up with silk and different compartments, standing three feet high, - 400
1 lady's solid silver rutler, from Mexico, - - 25
1 gilt head-ornament, representing a dagger, - - 3
1 lady's English dressing-case, solid silver fittings, English make and stamp, rosewood, bound with brass and gilt, fitted and lined with silver, - 250
1 pair rich carved ivory hair-brushes, engraved with name and crest, - - - - - - 155
1 ditto engraved and crest, - - - - - 55
1 small ivory hair-brush, - - - - - 12
1 ebony hair-brush, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, 20
1 Berlin-wool worked cushion, - - - - 50
1 sewing-chair, elegantly embroidered seat and back, - - - - - - - - 75
1 Berlin-wool Affghan, - - - - - 100
1 fire-screen, Berlin work, beads, representing Charles II. hunting, - - - - - - - - 125
1 large sole-leather trunk, about four feet long and three feet deep, lined with red morocco, handsomely ornamented in gold, embossed on the red morocco, with seven compartments; very scientifically constructed for the necessities of a lady's wardrobe, with springs to hold open each compartment; and the lace compartment could, at pleasure, be rested on two steel legs, covered with gilt embossed morocco, representing a writing table, with a port-

folio containing writing materials; it had two large French patent locks, - - - $250

1 lady's traveling trunk, with cover, containing a quantity of worn dresses, zouave cloth and gold, druided jacket cloaks, woolen, ditto, opera cloak, etc., - - - - - - - - - 73

Total, - - - - - - $21,000

CHAPTER XIII.

"BEHIND THE SCENES IN HIGH LIFE."

ROMANCE, being a series of circumstances and events out of the common order of things, thrives well in the world of fashion. The "daily round, the common task," does not furnish all that the fashionable woman asks. On the contrary, the daily round becomes very dull, and the common task a very wearisome one. The fashionable lady is a liberal patron of the public libraries and an assiduous reader of fictitious literature. She has two or three subscriptions running at the principal institutions. All the novels of the period are, of course, read with avidity, as well as those of any other period which possess any exciting interest. Bigamies, elopements, adulteries and the like crimes, are considered highly interesting to read of; the question whether they have a good or bad effect is never thought of. Plays at the theatres which are highly melo-dramatic, and appeal to the passions, such as "East Lynne; or, The Elopement," "Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy," are admired the most, and draw the largest and best houses. All that is exciting, novel or picturesque in literature, on the stage or in life, possesses a charm for the woman of fashion who has worn out all natural pleasures, and be-

come *blasé*. From reading exciting novels of this character, and seeing such plays as we have alluded to, the heart very naturally soon becomes corrupted. Impure ideas arise in the mind and distinctions between right and wrong become obliterated. From reading of elopements the woman desires to participate in one; seeing bigamy enacted on the mimic stage often leads to bigamy in real life.

We propose to give the reader in this chapter an account of some of the more noted romances that have occurred of late years in the fashionable world. They are all true, and society has not yet ceased to gossip about them. They will serve to show somewhat how fashionable society conducts itself "behind the scenes" in the great metropolis. In the early part of 1868, Miss Anna Benedict burst like a comet of resplendent beauty upon the fashionable society of New York. She was scarcely seventeen, a voluptuous brunette from Louisiana. Of course it was impossible for so much beauty to remain long unclaimed, and so it was not surprising that the day after she had completed her seventeenth birth-day she was married to Mr. Charles Ravenel, a merchant on Water street. "The mellow wedding-bells" rang out their merry tintinnabulations on that joyful occasion, but they did not truly prophesy any enduring happiness on the part of the young people, for scarcely had the New Year been ushered in than Mr. Ravenel died with consumption. Anna was thus left a widow almost before she had attained womanhood. In April she gave birth to an infant, which, however, did not seem to take kindly to this

world, and departed noiselessly as it had come after staying three weeks.

The elder Weller, in warning his son against the wiles of similarly-circumstanced ladies, affirms that "one vidder is equal to twenty-five single women." When the lady in question not only possesses the widow's experience, but adds to it the maiden's years and beauty, she is irresistible.

This truth found Dr. Julius Steinway, a rising young physician, who had attended her during her confinement. He had seen beauty in tears, and longed to comfort her. After some alluring on her part, he put the momentous question. She did not say "No" when she meant "Yes," and so the wedding-day was settled and the doctor happy. As Mrs. Dr. Steinway, a new life opened to Anna. Her husband was kind and considerate, but he possessed that very annoying infirmity, an irritable temper. Anna, too, had a temper of her own, so that their fireside was not altogether innocent of word-storms before the third moon of their married life had passed. So matters went on until one morning Anna saw her darling doctor with his arms round the plump form of the maid-servant, and actually kissing her. She burst upon her astonished husband, and saluted the girl with a tirade worthy of Tam O'Shanter's Kate. The doctor raved and cursed, but the injured wife was not to be intimidated, and threatened to go back to her pa's. He said she might go and "be blowed." She took him at his word, and so it happened that she was once again under the parental wings. Like all quick-tempered people, the doctor was kind-hearted, and after the first storm was over, he re-

solved to go and implore his wife to return and promise amendment for the future. When he arrived at the house, he was refused admittance, so he was compelled to return and pen a letter to her. It was a very penitent, deprecatory letter, and apparently touched her heart, for she returned to him on condition that the servant should be sent away and he should behave better in future. Everything went on smoothly for about six months until one morning Anna was shopping, and she heard one of the shop-girls say, "There goes Dr. Steinway." "Do you know him?" asked another. "You bet!" was the laconic reply. Anna was highly indignant, but she said not a word to her doctor-husband. A few days after the doctor came home with his arm in a sling. He said his horse had run away. This was the truth, but not the whole, for the next day the paper gave a report of the accident, and went on to say that Dr. Steinway's lady was severely injured. Anna's suspicions being aroused, she proceeded to make inquiries, and found that the "lady" was the identical shop-girl who had "bet" on her knowledge of the doctor. There was a tremendous storm between the doctor and his injured wife. She would listen to no apology or promise of amendment, but returned again to her father's house. Again he tried to see her and was denied. Then came mutual concessions, and finally a satisfactory arrangement, and Anna returned again to her husband's house. The doctor, being very much taken up with his business, could not always go out with her. He would sometimes take her to the matinée at Niblo's and leave her at the door. In this

Thespian temple she somehow or other made the acquaintance of a very fascinating stranger, Mr. Wm. A. Hamilton, who talked to her, and who was really (so she thought) "the dearest creature alive." It was a dangerous experiment. Step by step she went downward. The doctor's suspicions were aroused. He watched her, and found that she accompanied this young exquisite to assignation-houses in broad daylight. He caught them one day in a house on Amity street, and charged her with unfaithfulness. She boldly confessed, and "didn't care who knew it." Of course, the doctor raved and swore, but all he could do was to banish her from his house. A short time since the couple were divorced.

Mrs. W—— is the wife of Dr. John A. W——, of New York. She is a woman of much culture and great personal beauty. She owned considerable property before her marriage with a man whom she acknowledges a tender husband, and for whom she has the highest respect and esteem.

In March, 1864, Mr. Arthur H——, an artist of some note, was introduced to the family. He soon became very intimate there—more so than Dr. W—— appeared to relish. The doctor was considerably older than his wife; Mrs. W—— was pretty, the young artist agreeable, and a very natural consequence ensued. The doctor was jealous.

As soon as Mrs. W—— saw that her husband began to have suspicions, she confessed to him that there had been an improper intimacy existing for some time between

herself and H——; that she had been in the habit of meeting H—— in his studio and other places; that she had been greatly in the wrong, but that she was sorry, and solemnly promised to have nothing to do with him for the future, but to be a good wife to him.

Dr. W—— then told H—— never to come to his house again, and forgave his wife.

In July, 1866, he intercepted letters between H—— and his wife, in which H—— engaged Mrs. W—— to run away with him, and called her his "dear wife." Dr. W—— then went to his wife and remonstrated with her for her conduct. He found with surprise and displeasure that she loved H—— so much that she was undecided whether or not it was her duty to go to him and leave her husband. Dr. W—— then told her to make a decision, as he would not support an unfaithful wife. She being unable to decide, and thinking that a consultation with her old school-teacher would aid her, set off to see him. The result was, that she came to the conclusion that it was her duty to remain with her husband, and again she promised to be a true wife.

Dr. W—— then received her kindly again, and things went on smoothly until, soon after, she refused to cohabit with him, giving no reason for such conduct. He then suspected that she had met H—— again, and charged her with it. She confessed that she had, and then said that she "would not room with her husband because she loved H——." He then insisted that she should finally decide the question she had been trying to settle for nearly a year—whether or not she would go to

H——. She again wished to consult her old teacher, and her husband, hoping she might, by reflection, realize the position in which she was placed, gave her money to go. She again came back with a promise of abandoning H—— and living a good life. Dr. W—— again forgave her for the sake of his child, though against his own convictions and the advice of friends.

About May, 1867, Mrs. W—— finally decided that she loved H——; and as she felt that she was spiritually his wife, and could no longer, in conscience, live with her husband, she proposed that he (her husband) should pay her board and furnish her room at her mother's house in Bloomfield, New Jersey. This he consented to do upon condition that she should not correspond with or have anything to do with H——. In July she informed him that she would no longer receive his support, but was going to take measures for a divorce. She then left her home with H——. The next day the doctor and her mother went after them, and tried to persuade her to return home. From March to July he did everything he could to induce her to break from her infatuation. Notwithstanding all her promises that she would hold no intercourse with H——, she did meet him constantly, and finally went away with him, though not to go to Europe, as was proposed, as he was arrested and held under bail by Dr. W—— for seducing his wife.

The doctor says that his wife had no reason for leaving him except her belief in the doctrine of "free-love" and that H—— was her "affinity." He says she associated with people who also believed it; Mrs. L——,

ASKING HIS FORGIVENESS.

who left her husband, procured a divorce and is now the wife of the artist B——, living abroad; Mrs. M——, who ran away from her husband with A. E. R——, and is now living with him somewhere out West; and others of the same character.

Mrs. W——'s infatuation concerning her lover H—— is almost beyond belief. She says she could not help it—that H—— was in reality her husband because she loved him, and if she lived with the doctor simply because there had been a ceremony passed between them, it would be simply a legal prostitution of herself.

The Cupid's bower of the free-lovers was at the house of Mrs. B——, in New Haven, Connecticut, where Mrs. W—— resided from July to the following September. H—— was in the habit of coming every Saturday morning and remaining until the following Monday evening. He was at such times constantly in Mrs. W——'s society, in the room in the second story of the house, and going with her on walks and drives and in sea-bathing and visits to the Lavin Rock Hotel, where H—— had a room. They conducted themselves with the greatest intimacy and affection; so much so as to cause remark.

The following letter will show the way H—— had of professing his love and devotion to her. It was written by him to a lady friend of Mrs. W——. He commences with an account of an illness from which he has just recovered, and says, "Her spirit, which was ever present, held me safe for years of future worth, perhaps happiness. She was ever by me in

spirit, and her love baffled death. She has been such a blessing to me from the first. Tell her I shall win the golden spurs for love's sake; she will know what that means. Tell her I'm strong in hope, faith and love. And tell her I wear a symbol of love on my finger, put there by her; a talisman encased in purple on my heart, and in my heart her image only. Let her never put faith in what rumor may say of me. If a change comes to my love, I shall tell her of it myself, and till I do she must have faith in my truth. May God deny me the joys of immortal life if I hesitate to tell her of any change which would alter our relations to each other. Love is immortal; God is good, and I too believe that he will satisfy the need he has created in our hearts."

This is the husband's story. The wife says that she was treated with the greatest cruelty both during and after her confinement. She denies the charge of adultery, as does H——.

A romantic incident occurred at Newport last summer. A young man from Philadelphia lost his heart to a pretty New York girl, whose father was president of a prominent bank and very wealthy. He was a salaried clerk, though of very good family, and was unwilling, on account of his poverty, to propose marriage, even though he had reason to believe his passion was returned. He made this confession, it seems, to one of his friends, and the story of his modesty and pride reached the young lady's ears, and touched her, very naturally.

A few weeks afterward the fair New Yorker was driving on the beach alone when her horse became frightened at the surf and ran off at a furious pace. She lost all control of the terrified animal, which had run at least two miles, when the enamored swain, exactly as it happens in romances, chanced to be walking by the border of the sounding main, as Homer would put it, thinking of the cheerless future without the idol of his soul, etc., etc., and so on.

In a few moments he held the horse's head, was dragged a few hundred yards before he could check the animal's course, and then snatched the half-fainting girl from the vehicle. Once in his arms, she swooned wholly of course. He held her in his embrace until she recovered. She murmured her gratitude, he his passion, and they walked to the hotel with rosy blushes all over their faces.

That night the wealthy father heard of his daughter's rescue, and after talking with her discovered that she loved the fellow. The following morning he sent for the clerk and discovered that he loved the girl.

"Why the devil didn't you propose to her? How was she or I to know anything of the state of your heart unless you told her about it? You don't expect a pretty woman, with two hundred thousand dollars in her own right, to run about with her love in her hand, asking handsome scapegraces like yourself to take it, do you?"

"I knew, sir, that I was very poor, and you very rich—that it was not probable you would—"

"Nonsense! I don't want my daughter to marry a bank account. My own is high enough for her. You are worthy; and if you love her go and tell her so, and let me hear no more such stuff about poverty and wealth."

The young man went, and from the fact that they were married last December, it may be inferred that they came to an understanding then, though there *may* have been misunderstandings *since* that date.

The narrative is not a whit original or new, except in the fact that the paterfamilias had sense enough to prefer his daughter's happiness to superfluous riches.

Eccentricity does not often develop itself in women of fashion, but now and then we see it.

One of the strangest freaks of a fashionable lady—single but wealthy—we have now to relate. A few months ago, a young man, salesman in one of the leading houses in New York, saw a young lady enter, to whom, during the previous eight or ten days, he had sold a number of dresses, shawls, gloves, etc. The stranger was very pretty, and naturally the young man made himself agreeable and attentive. Whenever she visited the store, she always addressed herself to him, and while examining the articles he placed before her talked much. The day we speak of she was far less communicative than usual, and after having made a hurried selection, she said to the clerk:

"I shall be at No. — Madison avenue in one hour; here is the address. Be kind enough to accompany the boy when he brings those articles."

With these words she bowed reservedly and hastily left the store.

The young man was at a loss what to think. However, an hour later he entered the apartment of the lady, who invited him, *sans facon*, like an acquaintance of long standing, to lunch with her. Although thinking his customer's manners somewhat strange, the clerk accepted. While partaking of the refreshments, the young lady somewhat abruptly addressed her guest, saying:

"Sir, are you brave enough to protect a woman against any insult to which she might be subjected? Answer me with truth and candor."

"Without conceit, I may say *yes*," answered the young man.

"Very well. You work in order to make money. Is it not so?"

"Certainly."

"This is what I wish to propose. I am alone, or almost alone, in the world; my fortune or my actions concern no one but myself; I wish to see life in the metropolis for a certain reason, and I very well know that I cannot do that alone. You please me, and if you do not object you shall be my champion. I will repay you for your lost time."

The young man tried to speak, but she immediately resumed:

"I insist on remunerating you; this is strictly a matter of business; I regard it in that light. Accept or decline. Which shall it be?"

"I accept," answered the clerk, after a moment's hesitation.

"I am satisfied," continued the lady, "that you are a gentleman, and will not make yourself ridiculous by making love and flattering me, for I warn you that the very first compliment you pay me ends our contract. Is it agreed?"

"Madam, I am at your service."

"From to-morrow?"

"From this moment. I require only enough time to write to my employers."

And the terms of this extraordinary compact were entered into to the letter.

The clerk was charming; he proved himself intelligent, attractive, delicate, without all that small talk that men generally delight to inflict on women. In fact, the lady was truly delighted with the choice she had made. They went to all the haunts of New York that a lady could go to with any degree of safety, and at the end of the young man's engagement his employeress handed him a heavy roll of bills, and the two separated, mutually pleased with one another.

Several weeks after these singular services had been performed, an expressman brought to the door of No. — Madison avenue, a small box and a letter. The box contained a diamond set; the letter a few words only, but well chosen, to express a true affection. It is needless to say that the letter was from the young clerk, who had taken this method of returning the money forced upon him by the young lady for services ren-

dered. On sending to his former employers, she found that he had left and gone—no one knew whither. But she ultimately learned that he had taken, in another house, a situation far inferior to that which he formerly occupied. Probably till then she was undecided as to her course, but when she heard this her mind was made up. She decided that she loved him and wrote. He came at once.

They were married a short time since. It is said that the young lady's object in "seeing life" was to get material for a work on the great city.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE "HOME JOURNAL" THE ORGAN OF FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

IN a marble building on Park place, sandwiched in between the offices of the *Independent* and the *Nation*, are the tasty and cheerful editorial-rooms of the *Home Journal*, that well-known paper, which is now, both at home and abroad, the recognized organ of American fashionable society. It may well be doubted if any other paper in the United States has such a choice and select circle of patrons, including, as it does, the wealth and refinement of the land. The first number of the *Home Journal* appeared on the 21st of November in 1846—or at least this was the day it was christened with its present familiar name. It first saw the light as the *National Press*, October 7th, 1844. But after forty numbers had been issued, its editors, General Geo. P. Morris and N. P. Willis, decided to change its name. Under the joint editorship of these two well-known writers and gentlemen, the *Home Journal* flourished wonderfully, and soon became firmly established as well as a general favorite. It immediately took cognizance of the fashionable and belles-lettres interests of the day, and has maintained its reputation ever since. It is now, in fact, the *Court*

Journal of America, and is resorted to as such by all classes who are interested in fashionable news.

General G. P. Morris, the founder of the *National Press*, and for many years one of the editors of the *Home Journal* with Mr. Willis, was a poet and writer of no mean reputation, and he has left us many of the sweetest ballads we have. Some of these have been, and are now, very popular. Many have been set to music and sung all over the world. Perhaps one of his best-known poems is the one called "Woodman, Spare that Tree." Several editions of his songs and ballads have been given to the public. He was born in Philadelphia in 1801, but early came to New York, and when but twenty-two years of age he commenced the publication of a paper called the *Mirror*. This he continued to publish until 1842. In 1843 it was revived and called *The New Mirror*. During his long career as an editor he formed the acquaintance of all the literary men of the day, and when he edited the *Home Journal* he was favored with contributions from Washington Irving, Paulding, Wm. Cullen Bryant, and many other of the best writers of the period.

It may almost be said that the *Home Journal* is the father of American literature. Scores of our most promising and now famous writers made their first bow to the public through its columns. They were kindly encouraged by its editors, Mr. Willis being especially apt at detecting signs of genius, and the result is that now the world is indebted to the *Home Journal* for bringing out some of our foremost authors, who otherwise might

have been born to blush unseen and waste their fragrance upon the desert air. Messrs. Morris and Willis have given fame and reputation to many a "mute, inglorious Milton." Among these writers we have only to mention such names as Theodore S. Fay, Bayard Taylor, James Parton, Aldrich, Fanny Forrester, Barry Gray, M. Tracy Walworth and Don Piatt.

We all know the story of Mr. Parton's connection with the *Home Journal*—how he felt an inclination to write, and for a long time sent anonymous articles to Mr. Willis, even taking them to his residence with his own hands. They were published and flatteringly noticed, and at last Mr. Parton had an invitation to visit Mr. Willis at his house. The interview was a pleasant one, for Mr. Willis was a thorough gentleman and loved to encourage young men. In the course of time Mr. Parton was employed on the *Home Journal* as a sort of assistant editor, at the frightfully small salary of eight dollars a week—the same sum which the late H. J. Raymond received when he worked for Horace Greeley on the *Tribune*. Mr. Parton was a patient, industrious worker, and gradually rose in the profession. His special forte was biography, and his first considerable work was a life of Horace Greeley, which was so well done and met with such a kindly reception that he has written a large number of books since. Mr. Parton has long since retired from active journalism, and confines himself to the magazines, pamphlets and special contributions, which occupy all his time.

We first made the acquaintance of Mr. N. P. Willis,

like many others, by letter, and the correspondence was an exceedingly pleasant one. He had a very neat and agreeable way of saying good things; he was the thorough scholar and gentleman, well read and extensively traveled. He could adapt himself to any society in which he might happen to be, and would write just as graceful a letter to the country rustic as to a duchess. He was born January 20, 1807, in Portland, Me. He was educated at the Latin School of Boston, the Phillips Academy at Andover, and at Yale College, where he graduated in 1827, or when only twenty years of age. He commenced publishing poetry while in college. Soon after graduating he established the *American Monthly Magazine*, which was conducted two years, and then merged into *The New York Mirror*, conducted by Morris. Mr. Willis then went to Europe, and during his stay in Paris was attached to the American Legation by Mr. Rives. Armed with a diplomatic passport, he visited most of the courts of Europe and the East, and thus came in contact with all the celebrated literary people of the day. While abroad he wrote home letters to the *Mirror*, some of which were reproduced in England, and caused quite a sensation. These were called "Pencilings by the Way." He was abroad four years, and married a daughter of General Wm. Stace, then in command of the arsenal at Woolwich and a distinguished officer. With his young wife Mr. Willis returned to America, and settled at "Glenmary," a beautiful spot in the valley of the Susquehanna. Here he wrote the "Letters from Under a Bridge," and here his only daughter by

his first wife, Imogen, was born. At the end of four years he left "Glenmary," and once more engaged in active life, and made a second trip to England, where he engaged Thackeray to write for his journal. He came home and established, with Mr. Morris, *The Evening Mirror*. About this time his health began to fail, his wife died, and he went back to Europe, and had a long and tedious illness at the baths of Germany. He again came to this country, and ever afterward, up to the day of his death, acted as leading editor of the *Home Journal*. He took extensive tours through the South and West and in the West Indies; he built a new home on the Hudson called "Idlewild," and in 1845 married Cornelia, the only daughter of Hon. Joseph Grinnell, of Massachusetts. By this wife he had one son and two daughters. Mr. Willis' collected writings make some nine or ten volumes. They are pleasing, interesting and highly finished. His poems are musical, original and of a high order, his sacred poems having had a great reputation. As a traveler, Mr. Willis had no superior in representing the humors and experiences of the world. He died about two years ago, and his remains now rest in Mount Auburn, near Boston, while his beautiful Idlewild has passed out of the hands of his family.

The *Home Journal* still lives, although Mr. Willis and Gen. Morris are both dead. There is a new office and a new corps of editors now, but the paper maintains its high literary standard, and is as popular as ever. The present editors are Mr. Morris Phillips, Mr. Perry and Mr. J. Hal. Elliott. Mr. Phillips was long associated with

Mr. Willis in the literary management of the paper before his death, and very naturally assumed the control of its columns upon the poet's decease. He is an active, industrious, untiring worker, and has a large amount of literary labor, besides that involved in the conduct of the *Home Journal.* It would be hard to find a more genial, pleasant man than Mr. Morris Phillips. He shows the same consideration to young authors which Mr. Willis did, and we doubt not he is bringing many to the notice of the public who will hereafter thank the *Home Journal* for its aid and encouragement. For having first introduced into the American press those features which now have a place in nearly every metropolitan newspaper ("Fashionable Intelligence" and "Society News") he deserves all of the praise or should bear all the blame. For a long time it was his desire to have the *Home Journal* regarded as "*The Court Journal of America,*" and in a prospectus of the paper, issued many years since, he gave that as a second heading or title. In the year 1866 he had decided to introduce this novelty, and in January, 1867, such a department *was* commenced in the *Home Journal,* although Mr. Willis did not altogether approve of the idea. It is unnecessary for us to say how well the paper has succeeded with this additional feature, and now but few papers in the city, with any pretension of circulation among the better classes, are without such a department.

Morris Phillips, like many of the leading editors of this country, is a self-made man. He gained his present position *not* by mere accident. He was born May 9,

1834. His father was a highly respected merchant, but he having died when Morris was but five years old (and not leaving a great fortune for each of his children), our young editor had to earn his own living as soon as he was able. He received a liberal education, and was well prepared for a mercantile life, but finding the commercial world unsuited to his tastes, he left it and entered the law office of the late District Attorney of New York, N. Bowditch Blunt, for the purpose of studying law as a profession. This did not engage him long, when an excellent offer was made to him by a large mercantile house, and Morris Phillips found himself deep in "dollars and cents" in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, then known as "Out West." But our young friend was fickle as his fortune was varied, for in a few months after this he was again poring over Kent, Blackstone *et al.* with a celebrated firm of lawyers in Buffalo. It was evident that he had not even yet found his proper element. But his time had come.

In the year 1854, and when the subject of our sketch was but nineteen years old, General Geo. P. Morris, editor of the *Home Journal*, tendered him the position of secretary (or "right-hand man" as the poet called him), and he has been connected with that paper in one way or another ever since, excepting when he owned and edited the old *Knickerbocker Magazine* during part of 1862.

Morris Phillips commenced his newspaper life at the very bottom round of the ladder, and has reached his

present proud position by hard work, personal attention to business, and, more than all, by giving the very best of the most suitable kind of literature and news for the fashionable world for which he caters. As an editor and manager he has few, if any, superiors in the country. Several attempts have been made of late years to start papers similar in character to the *Home Journal*, but they have all failed. The *Home Journal* has always held its own, and is to-day the recognized leading society organ of the country.

Personally, Mr. Phillips is very much liked and has many friends. He is a genial, good-natured gentleman, considerable under the medium height, though well built; has black curly hair, black moustache and side-whiskers, dresses well, and is particularly noted for his gentlemanly manners. When he first entered the *Home Journal* office, fifteen years ago, he received a salary of but five dollars per week. On the death of Mr. Morris, in July, 1864, he purchased the poet's half-interest in the paper, and became co-editor and partner with N. P. Willis, and in the autumn of 1866 became sole proprietor of the concern. In 1867 he parted with one-half of the proprietorship, associating with himself George Perry and J. H. Elliott. The former had been for the previous year or two one of the editors of the paper, and the latter had long been a favorite contributor.

George Perry is a native of Berkshire county, Massachusetts. In his youth he received a thorough collegiate education, and graduated at Williams College in 1849. The following year he commenced the study of the law

under Judge C. A. Dewey, of Worcester, Massachusetts. Before completing his course of legal studies he left the law for the more attractive pursuits of journalism. He contributed many articles in both prose and verse to the leading papers and magazines of the day. His poetical efforts have been highly praised by eminent critics. He is a thorough French and German scholar, and has published some admirable translations of Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Goethe, Schiller and other authors.

In 1867, on the death of Mr. N. P. Willis, he was invited by Mr. Morris Phillips, the surviving partner of Mr. Willis, to the position of editor-in-chief of the *Home Journal.* At the same time he became part proprietor of the paper.

Of his talents as a poet and writer the "*American Art Journal*" says:

"Mr. Perry is a terse, vigorous and elegant writer, varied in his style, but always eminently readable. As a poet he has traits of rare excellence. His imagination is fanciful, but yet most earnest and tender. He has an affluence of words and imagery always rich, appropriate and picturesque."

Mr. J. H. Elliott was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1839. He received a good school education, and was fitted for college, but was prevented from pursuing his collegiate studies by delicate health. In 1862 he became the publisher of the *Knickerbocker Magazine,* then edited by Kinahan Cornwallis. In 1867, on the death of Mr. Willis, he purchased one-quarter interest in the *Home Journal,* and became associated in its

SHOPPING IN BROADWAY.

management and editorship with Mr. Morris Phillips and Mr. George Perry. He had been a favorite contributor to that paper for several years. Began writing for the press immediately on leaving school, and during some years spent in commercial pursuits thus occupied nearly all his leisure, finding in his pen the most agreeable recreation. During this time his contributions, both prose and verse, appeared in many of the leading newspapers and periodicals of New England and New York

With such an editorial staff as this—with so much young blood in it—the *Home Journal* has taken a new lease of life, and weekly makes its appearance charmingly fresh and full of vigor. It is now the mirror of fashionable society, and all the upper ten thousand turn to it, knowing that their latest movements have been chronicled therein. When first started, it aimed to be the best family paper in America, and succeeded beyond all expectation. Its main feature was romance, the subordinate ones being poetry, reviews of books, art criticisms, essays, selections from foreign magazines and papers, biographical sketches, personal paragraphs, etc. To a certain extent the *Journal* still keeps up these features, although the times have demanded somewhat of a change. As wealth increased and society consolidated, the people naturally looked for a fashionable society journal which should take cognizance of approaching marriages; marriage "arrangements," as the English call them, or engagements; the arrival and departure of prominent people to and from town; the numerous brilliant entertainments given at country-seats

and town-residences, and all the incidents of the season at the watering-places.

Our experience in editing a fashion and society paper convinces us that there is no other kind of reading the public is so fond of. Nothing is so gratifying as a pleasant personal paragraph; and however much some selfish, some over-fastidious editors may cry out about impersonal journalism, we are convinced nothing pleases them better than a paragraph about themselves. Even William Cullen Bryant and George William Curtis are fond of being noticed. If these gentlemen like items, can we expect that people of wealth and fashion are less fond of them? The length of Angelina Amelia Matilda's trail is of sufficient importance to put into the paper; so also is the name of the young gentleman who has proposed to her. It at once puts him on his good behavior. If Mrs. Hugh Allenton engages rooms at Long Branch or Cape May for the season, let it be chronicled. It is gratifying to her and her friends, and attracts people to those watering-places. If Clara Morehouse marries Duke Howard of England, let that be known, and let the world take a peep at her presents and the bridesmaids. Why should she keep all these good things to herself? The *Home Journal* never trifles or lowers its tone. It is always dignified and reliable, and for these reasons has now a high place in the confidence of the American people.

WOMEN OF PLEASURE.

CHAPTER XV.

"THE UNDER-WORLD."

"THERE is a world within a world." It is chiefly in the sphere of society and fashion that the poet's line has received its most striking illustration. Within the gay and glittering circle of good society—within it to a certain degree, and more especially around and all about it—lies the indescribable, undefinable, but unmistakable under-world. The term "under-world" is a very suggestive phrase; yet it is by no means easy to give to it a full and satisfactory definition, at least on paper. It is simply what its literal interpretation implies; and yet it is something more. It is a between world, a half-way world, a beneath world; and yet it is in itself a complete world. The under-world, in short, is that division of the feminine world which is devoted to pleasure only. It contains more beauty, wealth and extravagance than the outer world is usually willing to concede, and its influence upon, and proximity to, the latter is such that both occasionally claim the same prominent member of society. It unquestionably fills an important place in metropolitan existence. Princes and

marquises and generals and ministers of state figure in it. Cora Pearl exhibits herself and her horses on the Boulevards in Paris; her American sister on Broadway or at the theatre in New York. Anonyma renders herself famous—or infamous, as men may have it. The papers are full of the under-world; and the people must see it everywhere, whether they seek for it or no. In London, the under-world is to be found at home, among the aristocracy—haunting even, it has been whispered, the very throne itself. Abroad, it is a reality, while in this country we are importing it largely. The New York under-world is a very passable imitation of its Parisian original. Perhaps in some respects it has surpassed its model. No man, woman or child of ordinary intelligence can promenade Broadway for two hours without encountering it face to face. Shutting the eyes will not conceal its existence. Whether we choose to see it or not, there it is, ever before and about us. And it is prominent not only on Broadway; it crowds the Academy of Music on an opera-night, and its members, gayly attired, take possession of the boxes in our theatres. You will behold them at the masked balls in the winter seasons, among the most noticeable of the maskers. Not only so, but the under-world will be recognized by the wise ones comfortably residing on Madison avenue or sheltered within the walls of a Fifth avenue fashionable boarding-house. Its fair ones assume all manner of disguises, take names at pleasure, adopt whatever lines of character will best suit their designs, and play their parts to perfection. Now a Traviata will be found gor-

geously ensconced at a metropolitan hotel, bearing the name of some distinguished citizen; a year later, perhaps the same dear creature will possess her home in a west-side cross-street, and take the air in her carriage.

In pleasant weather you may behold her at the races, or receive a smile from her at the Park, or a glance as she rushes past you on the Bloomingdale road. In summer you may meet her at a hop at Saratoga, or dance with her, if you will, at a reunion at Long Branch. In the fall you will stumble over her making her purchases at the most prominent business-places, and in the winter you will see her everywhere.

No apology is needed for the appearance of several chapters in this book on the under-world. Facts are the province of this work, and, as before stated, the under-world is an undeniable fact. It involves at the present time, in the great city of New York, the expenditure of millions of dollars annually, invested in dresses, horses, carriages, diamonds, houses, furniture, etc. Thus one popular belle alone is known to make and spend money at the rate of thirty thousand dollars per annum —a sum exceeding considerably the salary of the President of the United States. A rival belle claims some twenty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, presented to her by her admirers within the last two years; while a third fair one recently lived in her own brown-stone house on the Avenue and kept her horse and carriage. A very large percentage of the local trade of the metropolis is due to the under-world. This sisterhood purchase the most expensive dresses, the rarest bonnets,

the neatest boots. They entirely support the theatre matinees, and add largely to the evening receipts of the places of amusement. Our fashionable restaurants regard them as the highest type of fine customers, and hail their presence with delight. In a pecuniary point of view, therefore, the under-world demands the attention of the chronicler of female life in the metropolis. But in a social aspect the subject is still more noteworthy. The number of fashionable bloods and old fogies, known rakes and presumedly pious people, wealthy bachelors and respectable married men, fast sons and moral husbands—including fathers, millionaires, private gentlemen, politicians, lawyers, sporting men and gamblers—who know of and are known to the under-world, is a statistical calculation which would convulse society and the world if revealed. Perhaps it is not exceeding the truth to state that at least two men in three, comprising the wealth and fashion and leisure of the metropolis, devote a certain portion of their time and wealth to some fair one, in regard to whose existence their female relatives are profoundly in the dark.

In another chapter of this book we give a description of the appearance of some of the leading belles of the under-world in the city of New York; and, if the space and propriety of the thing did not forbid in a work of this character, we might give a list of nearly all the leading *belles* of this under-world, affording information regarding the personal appearance of its members, their intellectual calibre and accomplishments, their style of dress, their histories, and all other facts

of interest. Some would be found to be blondes, and others brunettes; some tall, and others short; some thin, and others stout; some tasteful to an extreme in their dress, and others flashy and vulgar. A few are highly educated, refined and accomplished; others—and the larger class—are merely superficial, or decidedly illiterate; some are full of sentiment and feeling, while many of them, shrewd and calculating, are frequently rendered cold and mercenary by experience. Some have histories bordering on the romantic, while others have never so much as dreamed of romance once during their whole lives.

There are various grades of refinement and respectability among the inhabitants of this under-world. Some women, whose real character even the closest observer would not suspect, move in it and are its brightest ornaments. They have the *entrée* to the good society of the metropolis—or rather the fashionable society—and are the friends and chosen companions of some of the wealthiest and most intellectual men of the city, and often appear in public with them. These women do not live in houses devoted to prostitution, but they are the very highest type of the women of pleasure; they board in fine style at some Broadway hotel or fashionable boarding-house in an aristocratic quarter of the town, and pass to the world for the wives of the men with whom they live. At times they live alone, enjoying occasionally the company of a gentleman visitor, who is represented as being a brother, a cousin or a very wealthy uncle. But they are myste-

rious females, and are seldom fathomed by those around them. Virtuous young women seldom become intimate with them, old ladies avoid them, and a few men shrug their shoulders when their names are mentioned. They are, among a narrow circle, marked.

There is another way in which fashionable prostitution is carried on. Several wealthy men, to whom money is no object, simply because they have plenty of it, hire or purchase a fine house in a respectable and fashionable quarter of the city. They furnish it elegantly, and employ a respectable middle-aged lady to act as housekeeper. Here they live a part of their time, bringing in any women whom they see fit, and thus relieve themselves of the odium attached to patronizing professional houses of prostitution or assignation. This mode is becoming more and more common, and its secrecy is evidently its chief recommendation. Many houses used for this purpose are situated on Fifth and Madison avenues, especially between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets, which seems to be a favored locality.

The inmates of the fashionable houses of prostitution come next in the order of respectability, or rather "style." They live in houses in stylish and respectable neighborhoods, in which there are beautiful and, in many instances, accomplished women. They take their first lessons in crime in elegantly-furnished rooms, where velvet carpets yield softly to dainty feet, where luxurious upholstery opens its arms to amorous languor, where stately mirrors reflect the brilliant lights and fashionable attire, where music, painting, sculpture, rare

jewels, polite manners and all the allurements of good breeding blend their charms to intoxicate the heart and reconcile the conscience.

This is the first degree; and their first experience with the one who has seduced them is charmed by the supposed ecstasies of such a life. The wealthy and the fashionable fill the parlors, and each girl soon finds a favorite: thus for a time happiness and the intoxication of pleasure seem to be her destiny. Her lover more frequently gives than receives presents from her, his gifts being such as dresses, jewels and Heaven only knows what all, and where they come from, in many cases. As often as the rules of the house will admit, these admirers take them to the theatre, or the various other resorts of pleasure, even appearing proud of their company and fine presence.

Their time for remaining in a house of this class is, on an average, one year. By this time the keepers wish to fill their places with fresher and less known victims, feeling sure of retaining whatever friends they may have made as future customers, and so they are turned away. This is generally looked upon as humiliating; and, assuming that their charms are on the wane, they are obliged to accept a home at least one degree lower.

At these places they find much harsher treatment, both from the women who keep them and from those whose company they are obliged to keep. They find, also, but a faded semblance of the luxury they were formerly accustomed to. The men who frequent the

house are of a rougher cast, less choice in their lan guage, less fashionable, less fastidious and companionable in every respect.

This degree generally lasts from two to three years, by which time the woman has become a confirmed prostitute; has all the appearance of one of her calling; is known to all the frequenters of that class of houses; has a familiar nod for and from all the statues on Broadway, and the police know her for what she is and suspect her for what she may become. Her olden modesty has departed, and she is now brazen, loud-mouthed and often vulgar and profane. Such characteristics always gather strength. She has become hardened, and is easily led along by those in whose power she is. Sometimes she is educated entirely in thievery, and if expert she generally becomes a thief's "moll," or partner, and follows his calling until justice breaks the charm.

But at the end of two or three years she is generally too well known and too hardened for even this class of houses, and she is again turned away. If, then, she is valuable to her lover, he generally follows her fortunes; or if she has become too reckless, he abandons her to another of a still lower grade than himself, and takes up with a new one. And we next find her in Greene street, a boarder at a third-rate house, where everybody is admitted, from a country merchant to a sailor or a coal-heaver.

From this degree she is necessarily often taken before the police courts to answer for theft which she has committed at the instigation of her lover, from which

charge she sometimes escapes, but oftener goes to Blackwell's Island, where her humiliation and abasement are complete.

Once sent to the Island, she seldom or never becomes the inmate even of a third-rate brothel, since the keepers of them look carefully to their standing with the police, and she either goes to one still lower, or is compelled to become a common street-walker. Occasionally, however, she becomes an inmate of what is known as a "cigar store"—an establishment which, to the uninitiated observer, has the appearance of being a *bona fide* store for the sale of cigars. There is a very large display of cigar-boxes in the window, and possibly a few cigars are exposed for sale; but behind this "masked battery" sits a young woman with some traces of beauty about her face, and who, from her appearance, has evidently passed through many a scene of vice, carousal and dissipation.

These cigar-store batteries are to be found in nearly all of the down-town wards, although in the First, Fourth and some parts of the other wards, they partake more of the character of low dance-houses. In the Second, Fifth, Eighth, Tenth and Twelfth wards they are to be found in much greater abundance than is desirable for the peace of the city. In some localities they are conducted so secretly that the police scarcely dare assert their existence, while in others the painted occupants of them may be seen sitting by the open door, or conveniently-arranged show-window, like spiders anxiously waiting for flies.

There are seven of these on Canal street, six on West Broadway, three on Franklin street, in close proximity; and at each window these brazen creatures show their faces and openly solicit the passers-by. Many, if not all of them, do keep a few exceedingly poor cigars, contemptible cabbage-leaf rolls; and if a stranger or a curious one chances in, they charge him from twenty-five to fifty cents apiece for them. The majority of them keep soda-water, and one of their first inquiries is, if you are not going to treat. If a man is green enough to humor this little game, he will see the presiding beauty of the place open a bottle of soda-water and fill half a dozen glasses therefrom for her girls. Verdant is then asked to pay fifteen cents per drink, which makes the profit on one bottle of soda very considerable.

But, like their sisters of the concert-saloons, most of them sell liquor on the sly, and make use of all the devices that a vicious female heart can conceive to get at the money of the unwary. These resorts employ a few empty cigar-boxes as a mask for their deformity, while the concert-saloons employ music—both places being the traps over moral cess-pools, out of which no man ever came as he was before.

From this grade to the dens of Water street is but a step, and that step is easily taken; while beyond it, only a short distance, lies Potter's Field. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the women-of-the-town go through these very grades, become the victims of their so-called lovers, and end their trials, troubles and pleasures in the same oblivion—a pauper's grave in Potter's Field. It

matters not how bright and beautiful, how intelligent they are at the outset of their career; they may tarry longer; they may avoid the snares set to entrap them for a greater length of time; they may encounter other incidents and other phases than those recorded here; but they all end the same, and, as a general thing, add one more mound to the many unhallowed graves.

The city of New York has three different classes of localities devoted to prostitution, as distinct from each other as the flea is from the bedbug and the vampire, and yet all of the same intrinsic immoral character—just as all the three animals named are blood-suckers, and differ only in degree. These three classes are, to begin with the lowest, the saloons with the waiter-girls, the houses of prostitution, and those of assignation. There are four hundred and ninety-two houses, in New York, in which are harbored no less than one thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight females living a life of shame.

The worst of all are what are commonly called houses of assignation; and it is enough to remark that the existence, by toleration of the police, of places of this nature saps the very foundation of society. There are stringent laws on our statute-books against this. The police are charged with the duty of bringing all offenders to justice and seeing the laws executed. The authorities claim to know every house and every hole where prostitution, either public or private, dwells. Why, then, not execute the law? Why can harlots parade their shame in public, and all with the knowledge of the police department? Yet, what is still worse, members of the

police force themselves, to whom we look to root out this gigantic evil, are at times found in *flagrante delicto* with the women-of-the-town. A case is in the morning paper as we are writing this chapter. An officer of the Twenty-ninth precinct (one of the most respectable precincts in the city) was tried before the Board of Police Commissioners. He entered a saloon with a *nymph du pave*, ate oysters and drank with her, *at her expense*, and then forcibly outraged her person. He also visited the house at which she was stopping, and threatened to send her to prison if she complained of him.

This incident is only one of many which are almost daily occurring. The papers do not always report them, and the guilty parties are not always brought to trial. The police system, like the whole government of New York, is rotten in the extreme, and sadly needs overhauling.

The women-of-the-town of the great metropolis are of all nationalities, and come from all parts of the Union. There is a regularly-organized system of replenishing the better class of houses of prostitution with fresh subjects as fast as the present occupants grow old, ugly or too sick to follow their unhappy and unwholesome life. Some of the houses regularly employ men the year round to seduce and introduce new subjects to their establishments. These men are generally handsome, with a fine appearance, easy manners, and hearts blacker than the face of the blackest African ever born. They go out of the city—very often Down East, but sometimes to the Far West—to some obscure town

or small-sized city. There they put up at the best hotel, represent that they are speculators in land or gentlemen traveling for pleasure, soon make male acquaintance, and thus get introductions into ladies' society. They fix their eye on some particularly fine, prepossessing girl—of weak character and romantically inclined—and after a proper length of time has elapsed for acquaintance, make love to her in the most desperate manner. Being men of some culture, thoroughly posted as to the weaknesses of human nature, especially as regards the female sex, they use their knowledge and talent for this base purpose with success. Their agreeable manners, brilliant conversation and man-of-the-world ways are well calculated to charm any ordinary young woman—much more any one whose mind has become unsettled by the novels of the period, and who longs for a romantic adventure. Their victim is ripe for them; she has devoted nearly all of her spare time to the reading of sensational novels of the worst character, wherein elopements, bigamies, violations of the seventh commandment and dangerous views as to love play a very prominent part. Her imagination inflamed by the glowing language and exciting plot of this class of books, she very readily puts herself in the place of the particular heroine she may admire, and longs for an opportunity to gratify her ambition as chief actress in a scene out of the common run of daily affairs.

It is one from just this class of weak-minded young women that our smooth-faced villain picks out his vic-

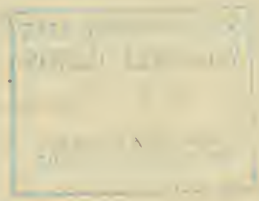
tim. Before long the young woman's heart is conquered. She avows beneath the moon, on some calm summer's night, that she loves the rascal by her side with her whole heart, and will never, never desert him.

Alas! if she only knew the truth—the fatal consequences of even one wrong step! She will know too much before long.

He then proposes an elopement, to which she heartily accedes, and some fine morning a pair of foolish parents miss the pride of their household. Detectives are set on the watch. They know pretty well, on hearing the description of the fine strange gentleman who was missed on the same morning as the young lady, how matters stand, and before many weeks find the lost one—lost in a double sense—in one of the fashionable establishments of the metropolis, whither she had been brought and seduced by the man she foolishly and fondly believed was to make her life one long dream of happiness. Sometimes she consents to go to her home; sometimes shame induces her to stay in the city, and she goes through all the various grades of the woman-of-the-town.

The men who do this kind of work make it their sole business, though they occasionally gamble for excitement or to pass away the time. Their pay varies. Some receive only fifty dollars for "a case;" others a hundred dollars; others two and three hundred dollars, and some as high as five hundred dollars. This does not include their expenses, which are extra and paid in addition.

CONQUERING HER HEART.



The price for the work depends on the parties who get it done, and the beauty of the young woman who is to be compelled to gratify the libidinous desires of the metropolitan sensualist.

In conclusion, we may say that the women-of-the-town are entitled to the warmest sympathy and aid of those professing to be moralists and Christian philanthropists. Yet they seem to be entirely forgotten when any efforts are made for the physical good and moral elevation of the unfortunate. They are, in many cases, the victims of designing men. Their own credulity and weakness resulted in their downfall. Many, of course, have fallen through their own bad passions and evil inclinations, but in the majority of cases the courtesan can trace her ruin to the seducer's arts. It is a mistaken notion to view as criminals, worthy only of severe condemnation, those who are essentially the victims of *misfortune*. Then there is a gross injustice in the distinction which is made between openly licentious men and frail women. We cannot see any difference in the degree of their guilt. A man may revel in licentiousness, and even boast of it, yet he is admitted into good society all the same; but let a woman's reputation become tainted, and, no matter what may be the circumstances of the case, nor how much she may be entitled to pity, she is scorned by her own sex, and in a manner compelled to adopt a career of infamy. All this is radically wrong. We should condemn the libertine as well as his victim, and extend a helping hand to raise from the depths of degradation such "bad women" as may sincerely desire reformation.

As public sentiment exists now, women are the greatest sufferers from the spread of licentiousness. The seducer and the destroyer of domestic honor stalks abroad unharmed. Our laws do not afford adequate protection to the home of the citizen from invasion by the libertine.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE "UNDER-WORLD," BUT NOT OF IT.

THE term "women of pleasure" is very general, and comprehends a vast number of women in the metropolis who are not recognized properly as women-of-the-town, but who are, nevertheless, guilty semi-occasionally of improper conduct. They are as much devoted to pleasure as the frail sisters whom society refuses to recognize or associate with. They make money in the way of receiving presents from their gentlemen admirers. They join with much zest in all the revels of the season, and live, in fact, for pleasure, and pleasure alone. The open difference between them and those women who professionally sell their charms is very distinctly marked, however, and almost as distinct as the distinction between the virtuous and the vicious. This peculiar class of women abounds in every city, but thrives more particularly in New York.

In one sense they may be termed "fast," but at the same time keep up an appearance of respectability, and are believed by the great majority of the world's people to be virtuous. Yet their bad conduct is known at last. Detectives, members of the

police force; men about town, who have nothing to do but look on at the doings and misdoings of their neighbors; gossiping women who have plenty of time to hunt up scandals,—all these classes of persons can point their finger to many women who are quietly pursuing a life of sin, and whom the great mass of people would never believe were guilty of any misconduct. There is probably as much prostitution carried on in New York in a private way as there is in an open and public manner. It is our province in this chapter to write of this phase of woman's life in the great city.

These women are very secret in their goings on. They do not openly solicit custom. They dress as real ladies dress, behave themselves quite properly when other people's eyes are on them, and do not attract attention or cause remark. They are not always single women. Many "grass widows" and many real widows, together with an infinite number of sham widows, belong to this class. They let furnished rooms in some quiet part of the city in a respectable house, and perhaps ostensibly carry on dressmaking or millinery, wax flowers or some other business. Occasionally they solicit custom, though in a somewhat novel way. On looking over the morning paper, you will see under the head of "Situations Wanted—Females," such advertisements as the following:

A WIDOW LADY, IN DISTRESSED CIRCUMSTANCES, WOULD like to act as Housekeeper for some elderly gentleman of means. Address Mrs. D ———, Station G.

A YOUNG LADY WOULD LIKE TO DO COPYING AT HOME. Terms very reasonable, and satisfaction guaranteed.

A YOUNG LADY, AN ORPHAN, CAST OUT ON A FRIENDless world, would like a position as Governess in a respectable family. No objection to travel.

There are numerous advertisements of this class appearing daily in the papers. Many of them are of course *bona fide*, and are inserted by women who really desire the situations they advertise for; but there is a large number of women who adopt this means of becoming acquainted with men of wealth, for the purpose of getting customers for their nefarious trade.

The extent to which these women abound is perfectly enormous; and were the true number ascertained it would startle the most apathetic, and show how rotten society is in the great commercial city of the Union.

Owing to the loose, and, perhaps, too liberal ideas in regard to the marital relation at the present time, and the growing love of females for fashion and extravagance, married women are as great sinners in this respect as any other class. A particularly interesting and searching chapter in regard to their frailties will be found in another part of the book.

One would naturally suppose that for young women to sell soap, hair-pomades, apples, oranges, lemonade powder, books, maps, charts, engravings and pens was a very virtuous act. Perhaps it is; but it does not prove that the same young women are virtuous themselves. Hundreds of females carry on these particular occupations as a

"blind," going around to the various offices. Many of them are beautiful; they are nearly all good talkers; and there is here and there among them a poor, modest and perhaps orphaned girl, who is trying by one of these various means to make an honest and decent livelihood. It is proper to say, in this connection, that the majority of this class of girls are foreigners—Italians, Germans, Swiss, French, and a few English.

We alluded in the last chapter to the fashionable club-houses of some of our wealthy young men, and spoke of the growing increase of this private and select mode of prostitution. Let us describe one of these buildings. There is a certain brown-stone mansion on Fifth avenue, not very far from Thirty-fourth street, which is devoted to this purpose. There is nothing remarkable about its appearance. The curtains are always drawn down; no one is ever seen by the windows. This house was purchased by five wealthy gentlemen of New York for one hundred thousand dollars. They are men distinguished, and whose names are household words in American homes. One of them was a famous man, recently deceased; another a certain prominent New York judge; two others well-known local politicians; and the last an actor of note. The deceased gentleman was married, as also the judge and the actor; the politicians lived "on the European plan."

There are young women in New York who are "fast," but do not care to become inmates of professional houses or openly solicit custom on the street. They live alone. Finding the need of the advice and comfort of some

disinterested gentleman, they watch the hotel arrivals in the evening papers, and send some of the parties dainty cards, in the most femininely-approved and scented little envelopes. The little missives read like this:

MISS GUSSIE,

No. 2076 *High-up street,*

AT HOME.

These little cards often fall into the hands of gentlemen of years. It is said to be a touching sight to see a gushing old gentleman put on his eye-glasses, read the missive with glistening eyes, and then, as he wipes his eye-glasses, soliloquize: "Miss Gussie? Gussie? Sweet name. Don't know her. Must be some young lady acquaintance of my daughter, alone in the city. How lonesome she must feel! What would her folks say if I neglected her? I must call this evening." And invariably he does.

The professional women-of-the-town employ well-dressed men—more generally their lovers—to solicit custom. These men hang around hotels and places of public amusement and general resort, become acquainted with young men from the country who have plenty of money, and introduce them to lady (?) friends, who take good care that they go to their rural homes moneyless, though with much experience as regards the under-world of the great metropolis.

The sewing-girls of New York, as a rule, are an honest, hard-working, industrious and virtuous class of females, but there are exceptions. There are many of

them who secretly dispose of their virtue "for a consideration." The tendency of the women of the present age to overdress does much to make these girls take the downward road. Like all females, they love dress and personal adornment, and, not being able to make money enough by their legitimate calling, they resort to the means we have alluded to. Indeed, at the prices which many of them receive for their work, they are not even able to enjoy the comforts of life, much less its luxuries. They live in out-of-the-way garrets, in tenements among the lowest streets in the city, where filth reigns the year round, and not only men, but women and children, even to the smallest, are vile and corrupt. What wonder, then, that sometimes, when money is held out as an inducement to commit crime, they fall? On the one hand is poverty, want, starvation, perhaps; on the other, fine clothing, good food and plenty of it, and rest from labor.

Broadway presents a lively spectacle at about six or seven in the afternoon, when these girls are returning from their day's work. Some of them, perhaps, desire to lead a fast life, and believe that there must be pleasure in following the short but gay career of a woman-of-the-town. They have that end in view, and foolishly think that they can follow that unhappy calling in a manner not so openly vulgar as do the common prostitutes. But, alas! they do not know the whole truth, or they would not allow such thoughts to enter their brains. Others have little or no care for reputation. They are worn out with their work, tired of

poverty and hard work, begin to believe that virtue does not by any means begin to have its own reward; and, consequently, they will follow in what at first seem to be the pleasant paths of vice, and receive better wages. Men very frequently, by mistake, accost girls of this class, thinking they are prostitutes; and too often the broken-hearted, sorrow-stricken and hopeless females yield to the temptation, and thus take the first step on the downward road.

There are many men who make it a business to ruin serving-girls and females who are obliged to work for a living. The employers do it; the male employés, the *roués*, the sporting-men, the fast men, and the accomplished villains. We have in mind the case of an employer.

In the upper part of the city there is a large hoop-skirt manufactory where many girls are employed, all of them being between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. They get small pay, as may be naturally supposed, and have to work very hard, which no one will doubt. The proprietor of the factory is a married man, about forty years of age. He is a man of good business qualifications, but without the least particle of moral principle. In the course of two years he has ruined three beautiful and promising young women. He advertises occasionally for girls to work on hoop-skirts, and of course receives many applications from hundreds of females out of employment or just going out in the world to earn their living. It is a noticeable fact that he always selects the most beautiful girls, and lets the ugly ones go.

Among the young women who, some eighteen months ago, answered his advertisement in person, was one named Flora Dalton. She was just budding into womanhood, about nineteen years of age—of fine form, pretty face, very pleasing manners, and full of life and spirit. She was born in Norwich, Connecticut, but had come to stay with an old aunt in New York and work for her living. Seeing an advertisement in the papers for hoop-skirt workers, and believing that she could soon learn the business, she answered it in person—the man desiring help being the proprietor, Mr. B——s by name, whom we have already alluded to.

He saw at once that the young woman was beautiful, and he engaged her, though well knowing that she would not prove valuable to him as a worker. Miss Dalton was overjoyed at the prospect of being able to earn her own living, and eagerly commenced her duties. She made friends with the other girls of the establishment, and before long was on a very friendly footing with Mr. B——s. Being from the country, accustomed to honest people, honest ways, and having that "simple faith" which the poet tells us is more than Norman blood, she before long began to consider Mr. B——s as her best male friend. He was very kind to her; often, when the least indisposed, excused her from work; assisted and encouraged her; made promises of promotion and an increase of salary. After a while he invited her to attend church with him, which she did; and then to go to a concert with him, which she did. Then an invitation—several of them—to see the play;

all of which were accepted. After the theatre, supper and wine.

It took time to take these various steps, but they all came in due season, and fate seemed to help the monster in his base attempt. The excitement of the city pleasures, once entered into, possessed a charm to the young woman which utterly drove away all her former good principles and resolutions, as well as wholesome ideas of life. Sufficient to say, that ere many months she yielded to the seductions of the tempter, and is now the inmate of a fashionable house of prostitution in Eighth street.

The story of the two other young ladies need not be given, nor their names. Their virtue and good name were lost in about the same way as the one we have alluded to. There may have been, and doubtless was, a varying in the circumstances of each case, but the end was the same. One of them is now a "parlor girl" in a Brooklyn house of ill-fame; the other returned to her home in New Jersey, and will no doubt be saved from going that downward road which only too surely leads to destruction.

If the serving-girls of New York are occasionally loose in their conduct, the young women who attend in the various stores are much oftener so; or rather there is a greater number of them who occasionally join in pleasures which are forbidden by good morals and good sense. The "dollar stores," which have of late years been started on Broadway, furnish many specimens of young females who are inclined to be frail. Indeed, many professional prostitutes are known to stand behind the counters of these stores.

They take such situations, believing that the opportunity for soliciting customers for themselves is one of the best that can be had. The store is patronized very largely by men during the day, but especially in the evening; and the consequence is, that there is a very large quantity of flirtation going on between them and the female clerks, which always leads to something not quite so innocent. The young ladies in these establishments are all possessed of a goodly amount of charms, which are quite liberally displayed to the looker-on in the modern Sodom. There is a dollar store on Broadway that is said never to have paid any money for its young lady attendants—they being willing to work for nothing, on account of the good chances that were afforded them to make the acquaintance of men, and finally get money from them.

There are, of course, many exceptions to this rule, and we do not make the sweeping charge that none of the females employed in this class of establishments are virtuous. Not many months since an incident occurred, which proved only too well that there was one at least who was proud of her honor and good name. A certain young lady was employed in one of the up-town Broadway dollar stores, which carried on a large business, and which was filled every day with ladies and gentlemen. Among the customers to the establishment was a young man employed as dealer in a noted gambling-saloon in West Twenty-sixth street. He was about twenty-eight years of age, handsome, and with manners well calculated to please. He very frequently, in the course of about three months, made purchases at the counter presided

over by a Miss Parsons, who was young and pretty—about the only qualifications, by the by, necessary for a lady clerk in this class of stores. She was an estimable young woman, the only daughter of a widowed mother, a member of a Sabbath-school Bible class, and of course virtuous. The young gambler did not succeed as well as he thought he would at the outset in getting into her good graces, and finally met with several rebuffs which told him very plainly that his company and compliments were not desirable. This manner of treatment he was not at all used to. He had been in the habit of having women favor his attentions rather than sneer at them, and he was very much chagrined. He had set his heart on ruining the girl, however, and, as he could not accomplish his object by fair means, determined to try foul. He employed two ruffians, who found out the time at which the store closed at night (which was about half-past ten o'clock); and they one night got a carriage, drove up in front of the place, and as Miss Parsons was leaving, one of them took hold of her quickly, gagged her and put her in the carriage. Before she could make any resistance she was driven off—where, no one knows. Some time after she returned to her home, but refused to detail the adventures that had befallen her; but fortunately she has not lost hope of leading a good and useful life.

Many confiding parents of the suburbs would be astonished and confounded could they but know that their daughters, whom they suppose are engaged in Broadway stores, were leading lives of shame, and that the rich jewelry and handsome clothing worn by these erring

daughters are the wages of prostitution. And in many cases the first intimation that these doting parents have of the life their daughter has been leading, perhaps for years, is on receiving the intelligence some day that she has committed suicide in a house of ill-fame, of which she had long been an inmate, the act induced, perhaps, by a fit of remorse occasioned by contrasting the hollowness and mockery of the life she had led of late with the purity of that before she became acquainted with city life

Such a case came to our notice not long since. Mary H——, the daughter of a farmer in one of the Eastern States, was brought on to New York city, with the understanding, on her part, that she was to learn the trade of a milliner in one of our large and fashionable establishments, intending, as soon as her trade was learned, to go back to her native village and open a store of the same description.

A few months subsequent to her arrival she formed the acquaintance of a young man, a scion of a rich family, and by his specious promises, backed up by presents of great value, she was induced to leave her situation, of which long hours, hard work and low wages had rendered her tired, and enter an up-town house.

She was nominally under his protection, and need not, necessarily, have made the acquaintance of other gentlemen visitors at the house; but she soon entered into the excitement attendant on such a life, and became one of the most noted of the *demi-monde,* of course under an assumed name. It is a little singular that none of this sisterhood of fallen stars have the hardihood to retain

the names they bore in their better and purer days. She was seen at race-tracks, and even at public balls (for so debauched has society become of late that this class of women frequent our public assemblages without question, and jostle our wives, mothers and sisters in the throng), bedizened with jewels, laces and rich clothing, and apparently the gayest of the gay. Women avoided her or passed her by with scorn, and these she apparently treated with contempt or returned their scorn with interest. Men, however, sought her company—not alone politicians and gamblers, who are supposed to be without shame, having no characters to lose (or if they have it would be an advantage to the owners to be rid of them), or brainless young noodles, possessed of nothing but a fashionable tailor and a rich father, but men of standing in the community—lawyers, whose dicta on matters appertaining to Coke and Littleton were unquestioned; capitalists, whose checks were good for millions: these and others sought her company in preference to that of better, though less brilliant women. She has received a pretty fair education, and possessing good conversational powers, she had the faculty of attracting to her side men of culture, who would have turned with disgust from an ignorant woman, no matter how handsome or well dressed. With true Yankee shrewdness, our heroine determined to turn her gifts into account and open a house herself. She did so, and gathered around her a bevy of girls who would have attracted the coldest of mortals, and was soon growing rich. Many a young man of promise, holding a position of trust, may thank that house and its inmates

for his early ruin. In a few years the quondam country girl had grown rich, but she was not content. Sitting in her gilded house of shame, there were times when the memories of the past came over her, and she would have freely given all her wealth to be again the innocent country girl of ten years previous. She sought refuge from her thoughts in dissipation, and gradually changed from the fine, intellectual-looking woman to the usual type of women of this class—red-faced, coarse and brutal. Her end was a sudden and awful one. She had opened in New Orleans a house similar in character to the one kept by her in New York, and had gathered together a choice collection of human wares. The steamer on which they embarked contained such a human freight as is not often found within so narrow a compass.

It consisted of a circus troupe, a French ballet troupe, and about one hundred females of the class our heroine was taking down. Rough weather was encountered, and when off Charleston, S. C., the ill-fated "Evening Star" foundered and sunk with nearly every soul on board. Our heroine perished with the ship.

Captain Thorne, of the Fourth Precinct, whose territory comprises all that portion of the city of New York which takes in Water, Cherry and other streets where sailor dance-houses and the lowest kind of houses of prostitution abound, not long since happened upon a singular case. One of those Chatham street basement saloons that abound in that thoroughfare had become very troublesome, complaints against it from those who do business in the vicinity being of frequent occurrence; and he deter-

mined to break it up. A fight soon after occurred in it, when, taking a posse of men with him, Capt. Thorne entered the place and arrested all there, including a number of abandoned females. Among the latter were two sisters, who begged very hard to be released, declaring, if they were allowed their liberty, they would abandon their present course of life.

This promise is so commonly made by women of this class that Capt. Thorne would have paid no attention to it, had not one of them informed him that they were the daughters of a well-to-do farmer in Westchester county, and that their parents supposed them to be on a visit to a friend in the city. If they were sent to Blackwell's Island for six months, as would most likely be the case if taken before a magistrate, their conduct would be fully exposed to their parents. The girls, according to their own account, had for a long time previous been in the habit of visiting the saloon in which they were found, at short intervals, remaining there for a week or two, and then returning home, the parents believing that they had been visiting friends. Capt. Thorne made such inquiries as convinced him that the story told by the girls was true. The magistrate before whom the erring ones were taken was made acquainted with the facts of the case, and he discharged them on condition that they should go home and not again be found in such company as grace the Chatham street "dives." Should they again be arrested, they need expect no mercy. Not long since Capt. Thorne heard from them, and was agreeably surprised to learn that they had entirely reformed and had

married well and happy. Their parents or friends never heard of their adventures in the "big city."

Recently an individual giving the name of "D. C. Carter," holding forth in Leroy Place, advertised for a governess to go West, to whom good wages would be paid, and a permanent place guaranteed. Over one hundred ladies applied for the place, numbering, among their ranks, young and old, good-looking, handsome, plain and extremely homely. He finally selected a young girl named Florence Pierson, whose parents resided in Broadway, near Twenty-seventh street. He informed her that he wished her to accompany him to Chicago, and stated that he was a lawyer, living at No. — South Clark street, Chicago, Ill. The representations made by him were apparently so fair that the girl consented to go with him to his Western home. Before starting, Carter purchased for Miss Pierson several articles of wearing apparel, some jewelry and other articles, he alleging that he wished her to make a good appearance among his Western friends. On the way to Buffalo, over the New York Central Railroad, Carter wished her to occupy the same berth with him in the sleeping-car, and made other proposals that left no doubt as to his purpose.

The girl indignantly rejected the indecent proposals, and finally made the conductor acquainted with her story; and on the arrival of the train at Buffalo that official narrated the circumstances to some charitable gentlemen, who at once paid the girl's fare back to New York. In the mean time, the girl's mother, who had received a letter from her daughter after the latter had left, acquaint-

ing her with the step she had taken, had visited Superintendent Kennedy and asked his advice in the matter. He advised that the Chief of Police at Buffalo should be telegraphed to and requested to stop the pair; but to this the mother objected, as she feared the effect an arrest would have upon her nervous system. Finally, the Superintendent gave her a letter to the Chief of Police at Chicago, and with this the afflicted mother departed. She was about to start for that city when her heart was gladdened by her daughter's return. The latter is thankful at her narrow escape, and will not again trust herself in the clutches of one of these scourges of society.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOUSES OF ILL-REPUTE; WHERE THEY ARE, AND HOW THEY ARE CONDUCTED.

IN speaking of the locality of the houses of ill-repute in the great city, it would be more difficult to state where they are not, than where they are. There is no street so fashionable, no neighborhood so respectable, no avenue so aristocratic, but that it contains a greater or less number of houses of this character. They abound in the lower part of the city, within a stone's throw of Trinity Church; they thrive in the central portion; they may be seen on Fifth avenue, within hearing distance of neighboring church-bells, or in the quiet precincts of Lexington or Madison avenues; in the best portions of Fourteenth, Twenty-third, Thirty-fourth and Forty-second streets; on Stuveysant or Washington Squares; on Broadway, in Baxter and Water streets; in fact, in almost any street of any size in New York. Many of them are, of course, not known to the outside public, or even, perhaps, in some instances, to the police—are conducted in a private manner, and only known to the favored few who are admitted within their doors. Houses of this character are on the increase, rather than the decrease. What New York will be in point of morals fifty

or even twenty years hence, it would be, of course, impossible to state correctly; but there is not much doubt that, unless a mighty change takes place, it will out-Sodom Sodom.

Probably the majority of the houses of prostitution in the metropolis are called "parlor-houses." The inmates hire rooms of the proprietor of the establishment, and remain in the parlor during the evening, receiving whatever company may come in.

The "gentlemen" as they enter the room find the young women sitting in various exceedingly free-and-easy attitudes, and are at liberty to make a choice of some one of them who happens to strike their fancy. An acquaintance soon begins. Before long the young woman, in the most obliging and open manner, has given you a short account of her life, not one word of which is true. Women of this class have the imagination wonderfully developed, are good story-tellers, and would apparently make agreeable story-writers.

This special class of houses may be found in all parts of the city, and they are of all grades as regards respectability. There are parlor-houses on Fifth avenue, in the midst of the aristocracy, as well as in Water street; among the select and refined denizens of Murray Hill, and in such streets as Greene, Houston, Prince, and others of that character.

The parlor-houses are very largely patronized, and probably get more custom than any other which are devoted to the peculiar business of which we are writing. Vast sums of money are annually spent within their

walls, and hundreds of young men are annually ruined for ever.

Let us enter one of these houses of middling respectability. We ring the bell, wait a moment, and a large, fine-looking woman comes to the door. She is the proprietress—the "madam;" very few are kept by males. There are no questions asked. She is used to visitors, and bids us a good-evening. We find her name is W——. The parlor is on the right, and we enter. It is well furnished. There are several sofas in the room. On one of them a young woman lies at full length, but she rises as we enter. Two or three other females smilingly come forward and shake us heartily by the hand, and express pleasure at meeting us. On the walls are pictures of a varied character: there are a few "love scenes," both choice and fancy; a representation of the god of wine, Bacchus, and one or two Venuses; several engravings of beautiful women; possibly one or two of Cole's "Voyage of Life." There are fine ornamental vases on the mantelpiece, a beautiful clock and articles of *virtu*—the only virtue there is in the place, it is to be feared, unless the old servant be excepted.

The conversation lags; you do not know what to say to women of this class. You cannot speak of the last new novel, or even play, for they seldom find time to attend the theatre. These subjects are too far above their capacities. As for the last murder, that is too low for them, for, remember, we are not among the lowest prostitutes; there are several grades below them. You see that they read the *Sunday Mercury*, the *Ledger*, the

MADAM W——, OF FIFTH AVENUE.

Sporting Times and the *Police News,* for these papers are lying around the room. As you are not in the habit of perusing those papers, you cannot talk of them or their contents. But the young women come to your relief. They manage to keep up a flow of conversation all the time—about the weather, or your family history, or theirs, and appear in the best of humor, and before long make you think you are the entertainer, instead of the entertained. After a while, delicate hints are thrown out that much talk leads to making the palate very dry, and that a bottle of wine would be acceptable. And then, of course, you order a bottle of wine.

"Gertrude," the landlady says, "one champagne."

Gertrude, an old and dried-up colored woman, soon answers the summons, and the champagne comes. She uncorks it, brings forth a tray of glasses, and every one in the room partakes with apparent gusto.

And then you begin to think it time to go. You ask the price of the champagne.

"Seven dollars," is the reply (with an emphasis on the seven).

"Rather steep!" you say to yourself. But you must make no complaint; that is the price they charge; that is the price they get; and because they get it, they charge it. Looked at as so much experience of a very peculiar sort, the scene may have been worth the price you paid for it.

All sorts of men come and go while you are there. There is a continual change in the company. That fine-looking, sedate old gentleman, who has just entered the

room, and who seats himself beside the young woman with curls, is considered "respectable" by the world at large. He is a bank clerk in Wall street. There is a large representation of young men who are boisterous, "treat" very often and essay to sing comic songs. They display their money freely, and are well looked after by the young women.

There is a piano in the room, which is played by a man hired for the purpose. Nothing but popular and lively music is played. Only the songs of the period find favor in the eyes of the class of people who patronize these establishments. During the war, "When this cruel war is over," "John Brown," "We'll fight for Uncle Sam," "Red, White and Blue," etc., were the popular songs of the day. At the present time Offenbach's music is much in favor, and such songs as "Up in a Balloon," "Tassels on the Boots," "Rollicking Rams," "Bells will go Ringing for Sarah," "Not for Joe," "Champagne Charlie," etc.

These women of the "parlor-houses," as they are called, lead a very unhappy and miserable life. It matters very little how fashionable the establishment may be—in fact it may be worse for them on that account. The women are obliged to be up very late, seldom retiring before two o'clock in the morning. They are expected to drink with every one who "treats." During the day they are sick and weary, and are obliged to be in the house, even then, to receive any stray callers. They pay high board. In the lower houses, they pay $10 a week; in the middling class, $20 to $25; in the higher, $40 to $50·

and in the very highest as much as $70 a week. This, of course, includes a furnished room. In the cheap houses the room is small, sparsely furnished; in the better class of houses, quite neat and tasty-looking; while in the highest-priced houses all that a luxurious taste can suggest for comfort or to charm the senses is procured.

The earnings of the "parlor girls" vary, of course, very much. The poorer ones make at least $20 a week. Those of the middle grade earn from $30 to $40; the fashionable young women average $150 a week. If a woman is pretty, she, of course, makes the most money. There are cases where a handsome girl of this class has made $100, even $200, in a single day, and that without stealing from any of her numerous lovers.

The parlor-houses are, indeed, the places which lead down to hell. The proprietors of them are female fiends of the worst kind, who seem to have lost all the better qualities of human nature, supposing they ever had them. A sad case—illustrating many of the same sort which never find their way into the papers—came to light, a short time since. A young girl, aged only eighteen, was the victim. She arrived in the city alone and without a friend, having come from Westchester county. Not knowing any public hotel where she could lodge, she endeavored to find her way to the Girls' Lodging House, of which she had heard. On going along Canal street, she was met by a young woman named Hattie Jackson, who asked her where she was going, and what she was doing. A conversation ensued, during which the young country girl (Miss Lowery) informed her interrogator

that she was in search of the Girls' Lodging House. Hattie offered to accompany her to that house, but instead of doing so took her to a famous "parlor-house" in Greene street. On arriving there she was cordially received by the "madam," and took dinner in company with a dozen or more other girls. She was then shown a room on the top floor, and there compelled to remove her own clothing, and don a pair of red gaiters and a low-necked dress. It was not till then that she guessed what description of a house she was in, and demanded that she be allowed to leave the place immediately. She earnestly entreated, with the tears streaming from her eyes, that she might go away, but the heartless madam only answered her appeal by saying:

"You have got in here, and you shall see how you shall get out again."

The poor girl was detained in this house for several days, and compelled *by force* to gratify the base passions of several heartless men.

The women-of-the-town rely on dress as the principal adjunct to aid them in their calling. We call to mind the case of a young and beautiful girl of this unhappy class who had reverses of fortune, losing what money and clothing she had by fire. "Oh," said she, "if I only had a fine dress to-day, I could go out and soon make enough money." The love of dress leads too many women into this life of shame, and dress alone supports and helps them after they have fallen.

Nearly all of them have "lovers," as they are called. Sometimes the girls support the lovers, and sometimes

the lovers support the girls—the first custom being the more common, and the latter more honored in the breach than in the observance. The lovers are supposed by the women to be their best friends. They introduce them to men who have money, and give them the benefit of advice in regard to business matters. These men, as may be very well supposed, are low, and even more degraded than the women whose money they accept. They have no occupation, unless it be gambling. On every day they may be seen on the Broadway corners, especially near such streets as Prince, Houston, Bleecker, Broome and Amity. They dress well, and outwardly look like gentlemen. Some follow thieving to make an extra amount of money, and all boast of being "sports." Frequently, when they have had money to start on, they open "panel-houses," or help play the "husband game." In the "panel-houses" the women lure the unsuspecting stranger to be robbed. There are no less than three of these houses on a single block in Bleecker street, and many may be found in Prince, Greene and Houston streets. The young woman who is a "panel" thief is nearly always a street-walker. She dresses in the height of fashion, so as to attract attention. If blonde hair is the rage, and she is not possessed of it by nature, she calls on art to aid her—in other words, purchases a blonde wig. Broadway is her favorite walk; there everybody may be seen. Her only success, however, is in meeting some one who is "green," and with no knowledge of the various tricks of this class of women. Sea-captains, sailors (who are nearly always, by some accident,

half drunk), young men from the country who come out after nightfall to see the sights, visitors from neighboring cities and towns taking their first look at New York by gaslight,—these are the classes of men who are invariably "taken in" by the female sharpers. A man of either of these classes is invariably attracted by the fine dress and personal appearance of the *nymph du pave* who practices the "panel" game. After he has spoken to her, it is not long before he accepts her invitation to go to her room or a "bed-house" "round the corner." The unsuspecting stranger little dreams that there is to be any performance in real life of "Foul Play." After entering the room he disrobes himself, places his clothes on a chair, which is generally in the middle of the room, and retires. Around the bed is hung a heavy curtain, which completely hides all objects from the sight. The young woman is very talkative, and talks in a very loud voice. During her conversation there is a scene being enacted on the other side of the curtain. The girl's "lover" has entered the room through a "panel" cut in the wall or door, and is rapidly "going through" the pockets of the stranger's clothing. When the visitor arises and puts his clothes on, he finds, to his utter dismay, that he has been robbed of all the money which he brought to "town" for the purpose of making purchases of merchandise for his country store, or, if he be a sailor, the wages from his last voyage. There is no use in talking to the young woman about it. She seems very much surprised and chagrined at the occurrence, and wonders how any one could have entered the room when the

door was locked. And her visitor wonders at the same thing.

Not one man in a hundred, or even a thousand, who is robbed in this way, ever informs the police of the fact, for the reason that he does not care to have it publicly known that he was ever in a "fast" house. The consequence is, that the game is considered by the women quite a safe one, and is practiced to a very large extent. One of the most beautiful women-of-the-town in New York, whose residence is in Bleecker street, near Greene, is a panel thief. Her figure is perfect; her grace bewitching; her conversation intellectual and refined. She has made a fortune for herself and lover (whom she supports), and is as expert at pocket-picking as she is at drawing men into panel-houses and robbing them.

The "husband game" is practiced in this way: A woman has persuaded some man to go with her to her room. He pays his money in advance at the request of the girl, and is sitting on the sofa fondling her. Presently a noise is heard at the front door and the sound of some one coming up stairs.

"Oh my! there's my husband!" says the young woman. "I forgot to tell you I was married. Run, quick, or he'll kill you!"

The gentleman, fully apprehending the consequences of meeting a lady's husband under such delicate circumstances, is fearfully alarmed. The mock husband comes on the scene, apparently terribly enraged, and, being muscular and of goodly size, threatens to give the intruder a thrashing, drawing a revolver from his pocket

at the same time. He says he will have the destroyer of his domestic happiness arrested and exposed if he does not satisfy his wounded honor by giving him money, which request is nearly always acceded to. This trick, however, is most generally played on countrymen —seldom on residents of the city.

There are portions of the city which are specially known as localities for houses of ill-fame. Mercer street, in olden times, was the principal street for them, but is so no longer. Warehouses are rapidly being built on the sites of the former houses of ill-repute. Water street contains the low dance-houses and the home of the "Wickedest man in New York;" Baxter street the very lowest of the houses of prostitution. Greene street is filled with them, and attracts a very miscellaneous crowd—sailors, countrymen, city people and foreigners. Bleecker street, Prince street, Broome street and Amity street are notorious in this regard. In fact, in this particular portion of the city, more than any other part, houses of this character abound. There is an anecdote told of a countryman who, standing one evening on the corner of Bleecker and Greene streets, inquired of a policeman:

"I say, officer, can you tell me where there are any 'fast' houses around here?"

"Well, my friend," answered the man of the locust and brass buttons, "I think I can. You can go in any house around here and not get in the wrong one."

The houses inhabited by the colored women-of-the-town are principally in Crosby street and West Broadway.

They are patronized by members of the dusky race, and white men as well.

Probably there are no buildings in the metropolis where miscegenation is carried on to a greater extent and more unblushingly and openly than in several small wooden rookeries, situated in Church street, not far from the corner of Canal. The buildings are very old, and look as if they might fall down from old age. They have never been painted, and great seams and cracks are exhibited. The bannisters are off the stoops, some of the steps gone, and their general appearance is one of decay, though not of desolation. The heads of colored women may occasionally be seen to peep from the windows during the day and evening. Past these buildings every day, at all hours, come and go the cars of the Broadway line, in which ride men representing a greater amount of wealth than those who patronize any other line in the city. Fine ladies, dressed in the richest of silks, many of them the wives of these wealthy and famous merchants and bankers, look from the window as the car rapidly turns the corner, and see these same old dilapidated buildings, but little dream what they are, or who are in them, or what the residents do for a living. They little think that their sons, or even their husbands, might sometimes be found in them enjoying the society of Africans. And yet this is often the case. In company with a detective, we once paid a visit to these buildings. Most of the women having rooms in them were as black as the ace of spades. As we went in the door, a large black woman was seen standing in the entrance:

"Come, honey," said she, "come up stairs—I have a nice fire."

On our administering a reprimand and volunteering some advice, she broke forth in a volley of oaths of a horrible character. There were about eight girls in the house. They all paid a rent of eight dollars a week for their rooms. The apartments were of middling size, most of them having but little furniture in them—a bed, two or three chairs, some rude toilet conveniences and a stove at which they cook their meals. Some of the girls were regularly kept as mistresses by white men. None but white men visit the buildings. A well-known merchant may occasionally be seen here. Several young men who attend church, and move in "good society," are frequent visitors to the house. A hatter of Broadway and the agent of a prominent insurance company are also practical believers in the doctrine of miscegenation.

The fashionable houses of prostitution are in the upper part of the city, and we reserve a description of them for another chapter. There is a row of seven brown-stone houses, in a certain up-town street, which took the name of the "Seven Sisters" when the play of that name was being performed some years ago at the Olympic Theatre.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WOMEN OF PLEASURE; THEIR HAUNTS, THEIR HOMES AND THEIR VICTIMS.

THE women of pleasure of the great metropolis must have homes to live in like the rest of the world. The virtuous and the vicious alike love fine dress, and there is little *open* difference between them; and meat and drink are consumed just the same in the mysterious under-world of which we all hear so much, but know so little, as by the wealthy and refined, the rich and respectable. The *demi-monde* live in houses more or less respectable according to their means, just like other people who work honestly for a living.

There are degrees of fashion and caste among the Aspasias of society as well as among that portion of the social system which delights in calling itself respectable and virtuous. The more wealthy of the *demi-monde* live in the upper portion of the city. Fifth avenue contains a number of the celebrities. Madison avenue and Lexington avenue can boast of a few houses owned by these women, and even on Washington Square, in the midst of the old-school aristocracy, there is an antiquated mansion owned by one of the frail sisters. On Fourteenth, Twenty-third, Thirty-

fourth and Forty-second streets are fine residences owned by women who have gained, or are at present gaining, a fortune by the sale of their charms. All the hotels on Broadway contain them. Sometimes the women represent themselves as widows, sometimes single but alone in the world, and sometimes they represent nothing, but offer a large price for suitable accommodations, and always get them. Time was when any respectable New York hotel would not take in women of this class, but that time has passed. They prove the very best customers the hotels can have, always engaging the finest rooms, indulging in many "extras" beyond the regular routine, and also forming gentlemen acquaintances, who run up very heavy wine-and-supper bills—all for the benefit of "mine host." The opportunities for plying their vocation are particularly good at a first-class New York hotel. It is there that men of money most do board. The rich miner from the mines, the oil speculator who has just sold out his "well," the returned Californian from the gold regions, the wealthy European on a tour of inspection, the merchant from the Western city come to buy merchandise, and the capitalist seeking for an investment,—all these have an overplus of money, and all put up at the very best hotels in the city. It is not long before Anonyma finds them out. She has met them a thousand times, or rather men of the same kind, which is about the same thing. They are easily entrapped by the artful and bewitching smiles of the beautiful false one, and before long find themselves several hundred dollars the poorer. These women make immense

sums of money. A noted belle of this class, who plies her business at the hotels very skillfully, is the possessor of a fortune of nearly five hundred thousand dollars, and makes nearly twenty-five thousand dollars a year, to say nothing of the costly presents she receives in that time, which must amount to twice that sum. Her board bill alone is a hundred dollars a week. She stops at a fashionable hotel in the neighborhood of Madison Square.

The next grade of the women-of-the-town also reside, for the most part, in the upper portion of the city. Every street from Twenty-fourth to Thirty-third contains more or less of them. These differ from the first named in not being so accomplished and in obtaining less wealthy customers. Moreover, they make no open pretensions to virtue, while the others do, and to many persons would appear perfectly respectable. The girls have furnished rooms in this quarter, where they bring their friends. They obtain customers in every way. During the day they are on Broadway, ostensibly for the purpose of shopping, but really to make male acquaintances. They largely support the matinées of the theatres, and can be seen any Saturday afternoon at the concert at Central Park. They have not yet got worn out from their unhappy and immoral dissipations, and are really beautiful. It is their first or second year "on the town." They make considerable money, averaging from fifty to a hundred dollars a week. They save none of their earnings. As fast as a few dollars are made they are spent in buying new articles of apparel or indulging in carriage rides or amusements

or fine dinners. Women of this class never read political economy; they know neither the benefits of saving money nor "saving grace;" Ben Franklin, if he were to come back again, would preach to them of prudence in vain.

After these women have lived in this way for a year or two, they begin to get reckless. Occasionally they overdrink, and then their position as women of this second class is lost. They move to a lower part of the city—to Spring, Houston, Greene, Crosby, Broome, Canal, Bleecker, Wooster or Prince streets. The Eighth and the Fifteenth wards have long been known as containing more of the third class of women-of-the-town than any other two wards in the city. Greene street is the most noted street in this particular. Chaos and bacchanalian songs and orgies reign supreme from early morn till dewy eve, and at the small hours of the morning the women sink into a drunken slumber, only to arise in a few hours and begin their regular routine of business. These persons live fast, dissipate without limit, and, as a natural consequence, go down to an early grave, unhonored and unsung, when they are just in the prime of life, and might have become ornaments to society and an honor to themselves.

The cause of many a young man now serving out a term of imprisonment in our State prisons has began here; clerks who were holding advancing positions with a moderate salary, which would support them handsomely without the least attempt at economy, desiring to see the ways of the world, first enter one of these bagnios, where

all is merriment. He quietly takes a seat in one corner of the brilliantly-lighted parlor, not being accustomed to such sights, and gazes, with eyes wide open, at the scenes of hilarity and merriment that are enacted around him. His bashfulness and timidity soon wear off, and at the solicitation of some female he escorts her to the bar, hesitatingly calls for drinks, pays for them and accompanies his companion to a seat.

He enjoys the experience, as it is something out of his regular routine of enjoyment, and having imbibed sufficiently he enters into the revelry with all the ease and boldness of one who has witnessed such scenes time without number.

His first visit has been an eventful one; he has seen a new phase of life and rather enjoys it—is infatuated with his former companion, who gives him sundry little taps under the chin, whispers words of endearment, and administers several affectionate kisses, which seem to burn his lips. He cannot resist the temptation to visit the place again, and as soon as his supper is finished on the following night, he hastily dons his hat and sallies forth to meet his new-made friend, to whom he gives some little present as a token of affection for her. If you will drop into the den, you will see him there night after night reclining in her arms. His salary is not now large enough to meet his increased expenses, and as a last resort, to keep in the good graces of his friend, he embezzles from his employer without detection, and becoming encouraged with his successes repeats the operation until he is detected, arrested, and

finds himself an inmate of the prison, branded as a thief, despised and loathed by all.

What care the fiends who have brought him to this? Do they intercede in his behalf? No; they have obtained his money, effected his ruin, and are in search of new victims. There are plenty of women in these two wards who have grown rich off such adventures as these, who are now riding in their carriages, wear their diamonds and keep their summer residences. A few real cases of this class will be of interest, and serve to illustrate more forcibly the subject on which we are writing.

Charles B—— was formerly a policeman, but for some reason unknown was discharged from the police force. He had and has still as fond and loving a partner for a wife as ever a man was blessed with; she has borne him two children, who are still living with their mother in Brooklyn. Mr. B—— was always rather fast, and in the course of his duties or pleasures, it matters little which, became acquainted with a woman-of-the-town, the proprietress of a house on Howard street. To her he formed a strong attachment. But there was an obstacle in the way; the woman had a lover, and the new aspirant for affection naturally felt jealous. One night, while the lover was walking along the street, he was suddenly struck on the back of the head with a club, which felled him insensible to the pavement. He was removed to the hospital, where he remained unconscious for a few days, and then died. It was never ascertained whose hands administered the blow, and the

matter was soon forgotten. Mr. B——, the ex-policeman, in the mean time occasionally visited the proprietress, until at length he abandoned his wife and family and lived with her. From Howard street they moved to Mercer, where they have for years carried on an extensive business—have made many investments which brought them handsome returns. They are the owners of a fine farm on Long Island, keep several fast horses, and may often be seen on the road or at the races with a handsome turn-out. You would call that handsome, finely-built, genteel-looking man a perfectly respectable member of society. How did he make his wealth, though? Who pays for the fine horses and carriages, the mansion in the city, the good clothes and the rest? Come with us to a certain den in Mercer street, and cast your eyes on a dozen or two half-starved, half-clad, bloated, disgusting-looking females, and the story is told. They are ruining their health and bodies for a few dollars a week; they are selling their souls for the benefit of this man and woman—their masters. During all the revelry, the sound of lively music and fine singing, we cannot help but think of words uttered more than a thousand years ago: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

As we pass along Greene street, we see a house, over the front door of which there is a large colored, illuminated chandelier, with the one word, "Flora," painted upon it. In the day-time you will see the same word in letters of gold on the house. The name which we give is, of course, assumed, as we do not care to advertise the place

—it is already too easily found by the New Yorker and the stranger. She has gained more notoriety than any other woman outside of the fashionable class of the *demi-monde.* The history of this woman is somewhat interesting, and could it be written minutely would form a volume in itself. Her original name was Charlotte N——, and arriving from Albany, New York, about twenty years ago, she opened a house in Howard street. Her business prospered, and before long she opened a house on a much larger scale in Greene street, where she remained until recently, when she moved farther up the street and opened a more costly house.

Several years ago she became infatuated with a young and wayward youth whose father is an extensive piano manufacturer up town. She finally persuaded him to marry her. His family, in consequence of this step of their son, felt themselves so degraded and humbled that for some time they withdrew from society and refused to recognize the son as a member. He lived with her several years, and a son and daughter were born to them, when he becoming too familiar with the "ladies" of the house, she sent him away. He suddenly disappeared, since which time no trace could be found of his whereabouts. Several years after his disappearance she sued for and obtained a divorce. Her son lived to be about twenty years of age, and was spoken of as an exemplary young man by every one who knew him. She spared no money or pains in educating him, and at his death placed a handsome monument over his final resting-place in Greenwood Cemetery. The daugh-

ter, who was always kept at boarding-school, and knew nothing of her mother's mode of living or early history, was married in May, 1869, to an estimable young man of Paterson, New Jersey.

This woman has acquired a fortune, owning a large farm at Paterson, two houses and lots in Brooklyn, besides considerable personal property in New York. She dresses in the greatest elegance, and when her toilette is complete, if it were not for her ignorant manners and conversation, would be courted by not a few. During the war she made a great deal of money from the soldier-boys, who spent their money upon her without stint. At this time she had agents in different parts of the country, hunting up and inducing young girls to come to New York and enter upon a life of shame. Many a poor girl who to-day lies in Potter's Field was enticed by this woman's agents from the factories of Paterson, stealthily leaving her parents, who would make every exertion, without success, in endeavoring to find their lost one. As this book is being written the papers have reported the trial of this woman, who was brought up before the court on the charge of assisting a man to outrage a young girl in F——'s own house.

As the *demi-monde* live in furnished rooms, they are obliged to purchase their meals at the restaurants. They lead a nomadic life, and make as many changes in their rooms as they do in their lovers. They soon tire of one situation, or, failing to pay the rent, they are compelled to leave. The rent of the room is paid in advance, and varies from five to fifty dollars a week. It is estimated

that a certain woman, who leads this short and fitful career, has been in no less than a thousand houses as a tenant in the course of her life. The houses where these rooms are let out abound in Houston, Prince and Wooster streets. Bleecker street is also full of them, as it is of respectable people and people of all sorts. The owners of the houses are very often highly respectable, and pursue the practice simply to make money.

To give a definite idea as to where these women get their various meals would be impossible. The restaurants they patronize are all over the city. They are irregular in their hours of eating, unless they are connected with a "parlor-house," when they are only boarders. Breakfast may be eaten at ten, eleven, twelve or even one or two o'clock in the day, depending on the hour of getting up; dinner between twelve and six o'clock; supper from six P. M. to three A. M.; or there may be no meal at all eaten during the day. The girl may have no money—have spent all her earnings in a night's carousal, as too many of them do—in which case she is obliged to go without food unless she can borrow money enough to pay for it, or get "tick." The "coffee-and-cake" saloons, always a peculiar institution of the metropolis, are largely patronized by the middling class of the *demi-monde.* They are cheap, and coffee and cakes is a cheap dish. There is a coffee-and-cake saloon in Prince street, and another in Houston street, which serve the purpose of a club-room or meeting-place for women of this character. From ten o'clock at night until one in the morning these places are filled with

the Pariahs of society, who meet for the purpose of lunching and having a chat. The listener can here gain some information as to what most interests these women who are outcasts on the world. The principal talk between them is about how much money they have made, where they are living, what streets they are walking on, or whose house they are inmates of. The names of men are sometimes mentioned, these being the "lovers" of the young women. It is said that this girl has "shaken" Johnny So-and-so, or Johnny So-and-so has "shaken" the girl; Nancy has gone on the Albany boats for the summer; Mary has had a fight with her landlady; Bella has been arrested and sent to the island for drunkenness; Charlotte has committed suicide, or Alice has made money, bought a fine wardrobe and gone to Mrs. D——'s fashionable house.

The conversation is decidedly business like, at least with the majority. Some girls don't talk at all; they are modest and good-looking, and seem to have some vestige of self-respect left. Others converse, but are of a literary turn; they go in raptures over this or that story in the weekly paper, but the literary specimens are few and far between. The thought of nearly all these women is on money, and their talk naturally turns to that.

A favorite resort of the gayer and livelier women-of-the-town—those who are burning the candle of life at both ends—is at some of the ball-rooms of Greene or Mercer street. These ball-rooms are large, though the ceiling is rather low. They are poorly furnished. A

long, stationary bench runs around the room, and on a stage at the farther end three or four musicians, who never play in tune or in time, are endeavoring to discourse "most excellent music." There is a bar at the opposite end, from which bad liquor is dispensed at exorbitant prices. Countrymen and foolish young men of the city patronize these ball-rooms, paying an admission of twenty-five cents, and going in for the purpose of getting a girl. The girls are admitted free, as they are the principal attraction. Dancing and drinking is carried on until daylight breaks, winding up with the *Can-Can* after the latest Parisian style.

There are some girls whose taste is different. They take no interest in the trippings of Terpsichore, but love rather the sound of revelry and the merry chink of glasses. They are nearing the last step in the life of the woman-of-the-town. Becoming desperate through sickness, disappointment or ill-luck, they have taken to hard drinking. They patronize the same bar-rooms that men go to, though there are one or two liquor-stores in Houston street where they are principally in the habit of going. Gin is their favorite drink, and they drink as long as they have money to pay for it, and until they have become completely drunk. The police arrest them for disorderly conduct as they are on their way home, and the next day, filled with shame, they resolve to drink only the more—carry out their resolution, and in a few months come to an early end. Ill-treatment and jealousy on the part of "lovers" lead many of these girls to this unhappy practice.

A noted sporting-house on Houston street, near Broadway, is perhaps the best-known resort for the *demi-monde* after ten o'clock in the evening. It is kept by an ex-pugilist, who is a singular mixture of good and bad qualities. The admission to the "club-rooms" for men is twenty-five cents—the women go in free. A variety performance is given during the evening, consisting of negro minstrelsy, Irish and Dutch comic singing, Punch and Judy, and dancing can be indulged in *ad libitum* by every one.

We have thus mentioned some of the resorts of what may be styled the middle-class of the *demi-monde*. Other places might be named, but these must suffice. These women, like the poor, we have always with us. On Broadway, in the broad noonday or in "witching hour of night," they walk; in stages, in cars, at the theatre, the concert, the ball-room, the lecture, even the church, they may be seen. At the Central Park, or on the avenue or road, they ride in fine carriages drawn by splendid horses. The summer resort will find them, and in the winter at the various prominent balls they manage to gain an entrance.

And yet no one seems to see Aspasia. Women look the other way, and but few men take notice of her as she flaunts by in her fine dress. There is no one to speak to her, no one to notice her but those of her own class. She is always alone, and indeed an outcast from society.

Fine ladies and gentlemen on the Sabbath-day frequently hear read from a very old and a very good book the story of One who was not ashamed to walk with the

harlot in the streets of a very ancient city. How many of these same people, however, would dare in this modern time and modern city to walk with one of these women in the open day, say to her a kindly word, and, more than all, by showing her some respect, teach her to respect herself?

CHAPTER XIX.

THE USE OF NARCOTICS BY THE DEMI-MONDE.

WOMEN of all classes of society in New York use stimulants and narcotics to a greater or less extent, but the *demi-monde* in particular, above and beyond all others, are addicted to these unwholesome and life-destroying habits. If the women of fashion are compelled to use various kinds of opiates to induce sleep, how much more are the women of pleasure, whose life is one continued round of dissipation all the year through, and who never know what rest is! They are irregular in their hours of eating, in their hours of retiring, in the length of time they sleep; and the consequence is, that their nervous systems are nearly always out of repair, and they are obliged to resort to drugs to induce sleep. This practice is about as common as eating among them, and is indulged in by all classes of women-of-the-town, whether they be high or low.

Hasheesh was the favorite drug with these women some years ago, but is no longer thought much of. Arsenic was the next "sensation" in this line, and has held its own until the present time, principally for the reason that it sicklies the brow o'er with the "pale cast of thought," and makes the person look pale and interest-

ing. Laudanum is a favorite drug with the *demi-monde*, and some of them carry its use to a fearful extent. A resident of a noted house in Wilson Place is in the habit of taking as much as a pint of laudanum in a single day. There are very many who can take a gill or two gills a day without any perceptible bad effect. It is a fact that there is residing in the upper part of the city a woman of this class, who is nearly sixty years of age, and who, for the last ten years, has averaged fifteen grains of morphia per day, and has been in the habit of eating opium for the past twenty-five years. Another case worthy of mention is that of a poor girl who once a week washes out a certain drug store in the vicinity of Bleecker street, for an allowance of an ounce of laudanum a day. This she has been doing for the past five years. She is a poor wreck of the finely-formed beauty she once was, and before long she will die from the use of this very drug which she says she is now unable to dispense with.

Occasionally there are instances where physicians themselves have paved the way for an over-use of these drugs. They often prescribe them for these girls during illness, and the patients forming a strong liking for them, continue their use for many years to come, possibly until they die. We have a case now in mind directly traceable to medical prescription. A young girl about twenty years of age, an inmate of a house in Greene street, was suddenly taken very seriously ill. She had been leading a very fast life for a year or two before, and paid for it in a severe fit of sickness. Her nervous system was com-

pletely shattered and broken down, and the physician who had charge of her prescribed a small amount of morphia. Before twelve days the patient had developed a fierce mania for the drug, and took it at the rate of twelve grains per day. An effort was made to substitute brandy for opium, and the patient was kept in a state of drunkenness for days, but all to no purpose. On her recovering from the use of the brandy, the drug was again resorted to. At last the poor creature had to be removed to the insane asylum. There the examining physician said she would die if the use of the drug were to be cut off. She stayed there a few weeks, and finally died from her own physician reducing the dose of the drug. This is only one case of dozens that might be mentioned. Injudicious prescriptions by physicians often lead women to use drugs of this character as men do tobacco, though of course not in such large quantities.

The habit of using any of these drugs once formed, there is no difficulty in procuring them at the apothecary stores, even without a medical order. There is scarcely a drug store in New York between Canal and Forty-second streets, on both sides of the city, but what has from ten to twenty opium customers among the *demi-monde*, and some of them sell more without a prescription or order than with either. The argument is, the law is absurd; the customer can find enough physicians willing to write an order for a small fee; if, therefore, it is not given without an order, it is only putting the *habitué* to extra trouble—the conclusion being that the seller is only legally, and not morally, culpable. "If a woman

wishes to commit suicide with morphia," argues the druggist, "my withholding the drug till she brings an order will not prevent it; and besides, should I withhold, she will probably procure it elsewhere, where the statute is less stringently observed." This is the reasoning of the vender in point of substance, and it cannot be denied that it has some plausibility. Though plausible or otherwise, the fact remains that there is not a drug store in New York City where a customer cannot procure the drug by asking for it. In fact, the druggists are not more than one in four, on the average, who will not vend to a total stranger (without medical order) as soon as they will to a regular customer of the store. In the majority of cases even the name and residence of the buying party are not registered, and in many cases it is not even habitual with the druggist to label the bottle containing the laudanum other than with the word "Poison"—the name of the firm and the name of the drug being omitted for prudential reasons. If morphia is called for, it is put up and enclosed in a plain envelope, with the simple half query, "You know what this is, of course?" and provided there is nothing to criminate the druggist on the envelope or vial, a girl may commit suicide fifty times *if she can*, and so wills, it is no business of his.

It can hardly be wondered at, however, that some poor wretches of this character, abandoned beyond all hope, scoffed at and scorned by the world, and receiving no kindly word from any one,—it can hardly be wondered at, we say, that some of these women indulge in the use

of opium, when we consider the powerful and pleasing fascination it works on the human system. In its first and primary action it has the effect of a powerful and vital stimulant, and the person who takes it feels like a new being for a short time. But the reaction constitutes the terror. The three stages of vital stimulation passed over—the nervous and fantastic perturbation and drowsy languor passed over—there succeeds a slumber of troubled dreams resembling nightmare, whence the patient may or may not wake up at the proper time, according to the size of the dose.

The districts of the *demi-monde* form the leading part of the retail trade. Drug stores in and near Mercer, Wooster, Greene and Crosby streets, from Broome to Amity streets, sell large quantities of opium. It would be a correct estimate to say that about one-fourth of the women of the under-world habitually use the drug, while nearly all of the remaining three-fourths indulge in its use occasionally when depression and despair have succeeded to dissipation and licentiousness.

The fashionable women-of-the-town are not only addicted to the habit of using drugs, but of imitating their Parisian sisters (whom they try to copy in nearly every respect) in the use of cordials and dram-drinking. This class of the *demi-monde* never get grossly intoxicated, at least so long as they maintain their position as fashionables. The use of cordials among this class of females is very large and constantly on the increase. Curaçoa is a favorite drink. It is compounded as follows: twenty-two parts wormwood, twenty orange-peel, colored with

red saffron and mixed with alcohol. Anisette, another popular beverage, is made as follows: wormwood and aniseed, red and white saffron and alcohol. Kimmel is composed of wormwood and alcohol in different proportions from the ones just mentioned. Beaumarchais is a cordial composed of certain parts of wormwood, saffron and alcohol. It will be noted that the principal ingredients of these drinks are wormwood and alcohol, both of which are very deleterious to the human system, especially the wormwood.

Absinthe, which is largely consumed by the Pariahs of Paris, and also by their sisters in New York, is nothing more than a poison. It is composed of wormwood, aniseed, flag-root, etc., reduced by distillation, macerated and soaked for a week in proof spirits. The essential oil of anise is also added, and a certain test called whitening is then employed, and if the compound does not endure the ordeal satisfactorily, indigo, tinctures, nettles and even blue vitriol or the sulphate of copper, is added till all is satisfactory. Absinthe acts very powerfully on the nervous system, and in this very nerve-action lie at once the charm and the danger of absinthe. It at once stimulates the brain in the most delightful manner, but the reaction is terrible. Muscular contractions, spasms, physical weakness, nightmare, hypochondriasis,—all these follow the use of this drink. An inmate of a fashionable house in Eighth street conceived an ardent fondness for absinthe about three years ago, and has ever since surrendered herself madly to this passion. She is fast becoming a wreck of the beautiful courtesan she once was.

One of the most stylish of the *demi-monde*, living in West Twenty-sixth street, takes absinthe and other cordials every day. Her bill for these liquors to a merchant down town for a single month was seventy-five dollars. She uses them in wine principally, taking them before retiring to rest, as they produce, she says, a most pleasing sensation and lull her to rest. There are certain kinds of lozenges whose chief ingredients are absinthe and anisette, which have a large sale.

How many are led to these habits through remorse produced by remembrances of their early home and their virtuous and happy childhood, who can tell? How many bear all sorts of ill-treatment from their "lovers;" how many desire to lead a "godly, righteous and sober life," and yet cannot with all the world against them; how many bear through life aching hearts and sick bodies, and yet wear smiles upon their faces; how many yearn for a pure and holy love which they can never get, and so seek refuge in opiates to drown their sorrow; and finally, how many "rather than bear the ills they have, fly to others they know not of,"—how many do all these things, and finally drown their cares with drugs, can only be known to Him who ruleth over all, who knoweth all things, and who careth for the poor, the widow and the outcast, though an uncharitable and unkind world may pass them by.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FASHIONABLE DEMI-MONDE.

THERE is an æsthetic side to vice as there is to virtue. The respectable and virtuous man, as soon as he becomes wealthy, refines his pleasure and brings in all that is good and beautiful in all the arts to minister to his gratifiation. It was once thought fit and beautiful enough to worship in plain churches, with no cushions on the seats, to be drawn to the edifice in a wagon, to dress plainly and live simply. But with the progress of the age and the advancement of civilization all this is changed. Churches cannot be made too beautiful in these days for the city worshiper; seats cannot be made too soft and downy; carriages cannot be too costly to bear the saints away, and the apparel of the modern religionist bears a striking contrast to that of our forefathers only a few score years ago. And just as the wealthy virtuous, when conforming to the customs of society or when seeking pleasure, bring to their aid all that the arts can give them, so do the wealthy vicious. The beautiful is not monopolized by the virtuous, although the true and the good may be. Vicious and wicked people, it is found, love fine clothing, costly paintings and statuary, the compositions of the best musical masters,

THE DRIVE IN CENTRAL PARK.

as well as the rest of mankind, and have as good a taste in these particulars as any one. There are sensualists and grossly wicked men and women, who would not dream of indulging in vices in their original raw state, who will become adepts in sin when those same vices are gilded. They believe in the saying of Burke, that "vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness." You cannot gild refined gold, the poet said, but you can so gild vice and wickedness as to change it wonderfully and make it appear not like virtue, but as if there were no sin in it. "Money makes the man" in more senses than one. The world is quick to detect the wrong-doings of the poor man, but the vices of the rich man are overlooked and forgiven;

> "Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
> Robes and furr'd gowns hide all."

There is an upper world even in this under-world of which we are writing—a world where wealth and beauty reign supreme, where every one wears a mask and seems other than he is. The fashionable houses of the *demi-monde* are nowhere more abundant and nowhere more liberally patronized than in New York. Paris can boast of many houses of this character, but the great metropolis is not far behind in point of numbers or "style." The weakness for women is even greater than the weakness for wine in the breast of the wealthy New Yorker, and he is not to be outdone by the gay Parisian in spending money on the frail ones. Thousands of dollars are annually spent by men of wealth and high social

standing on the fashionable and stylish women of this character.

The fashionable houses are all above Canal street, the majority of them being above Fourteenth street. Mercer street was at one time filled with them, and was found to be a good business locality, being near so many of the Broadway hotels. But property has lately very much increased in value in this street, and warehouses of immense proportions are taking the places of the houses where scenes of revelry were once enacted.

The difference between the higher-class house and others of a lower grade is marked. The former is always imposing in appearance from the outside, and looks like the private residence of a family of means. The curtains are drawn, the blinds closed, and there is never anything improper seen from the outside. The girls never sit by the windows to solicit custom, and, indeed, never solicit it anywhere. The furniture and appointments of the house are of the most elegant description. Everything is there that money can procure which will gratify the eye or charm the senses. The sofas and chairs are of the richest description, covered with highly-ornamented satin or brocatelle. Pictures, engravings and chromos adorn the walls. Statuettes on pedestals are in various parts of the parlors and in niches in the walls on the stairways. The carpet is of velvet, the chandeliers large and shedding a brilliant light over the apartment. Sofas and divans are in convenient corners; a black walnut book-case, filled with elegantly-bound books, bespeaks a literary taste; and a

grand piano, of one of the best makers, shows that some one in the house is a musician. The parlors are the same as those of any fashionable mansion on Fifth or Madison avenue, and in furnishing them it is aimed to make them look as nearly like the parlors of the fashionably respectable houses as can be.

A person calling at one of these resorts rings the bell. The summons is answered sometimes by the proprietress, but generally by a colored servant. The door is not opened until the stranger is viewed through an iron panel in the door. If he looks well dressed and gentlemanly, and is not under the influence of liquor, he is admitted. He is shown into one of the magnificently-furnished parlors. He waits alone for a few minutes, when about a dozen young ladies enter the room. They are all beautiful, and of all styles of loveliness. Some are tall, some short; some thin, others plump; some with dark and others with light hair; some gay and vivacious-looking, others modest and retiring; some full of life and fun, others ladylike and quiet. All tastes can be gratified from this bevy of fair girls. They are dressed after the latest fashion in full evening-dress, though one or two may be attired in white wrappers. They look like any other party of young ladies, with the exception that some may show signs of past dissipation in their faces, but so do women of fashion who are supposed to be virtuous. Most of them are intelligent—some highly accomplished. They converse with you on the ordinary topics of the day—on the weather, the news of the day, the last novel of Miss Braddon or Wilkie Collins, the re-

ception of Charles Dickens, the laying of the French cable, the suicide of the Wall street broker, or the Fourieristic idea of love. If you are a stranger, they ask where you came from, how long you have been in the city, and how you like it; whether you don't think it a very wicked place and they very naughty girls. Some are witty and good at repartee, others are solemn and appear to have their thoughts far away; some are so full of life as to border on the boisterous, others as ladylike and modest and sweet-natured as any females you ever met. Some of them may be musicians and favor you with selections from the best operas. They do not sing the lively songs of the day, but may warble a plaintive melody of true love, or about a country home on the hillside, or the innocent days of childhood, in such a touching manner that it will bring tears to your eyes. Perhaps they put more heart in singing it than most of us think. You order a bottle of champagne (at eight dollars), and after drinking their healths take your leave.

The girls who are in these houses are generally the daughters of wealthy parents in good position in society, and have been seduced by men equally high in the social scale. This is their first, or it may be second, year "on the town." They have received the benefit of a good education, and were destined to be women of high standing in society, until, ruined in character (according to the conventional idea), they took up their abode in one of these fashionable palaces of sin. They pay a high price for board—from fifty to a hundred dollars a week, depend-

ing on the room they occupy. Their rooms are all finely furnished. Everything necessary for a lady's complete toilette is at hand, and numerous servants ready to wait on them at a moment's call. They remain here until their beauty fades, when they are told to leave and do the best they can.

The proprietress or "madam" of one of these institutions is a study. She is between thirty-five and fifty years of age, nearly always portly in appearance, and not always beautiful. She is cold, cynical and icy in her manners. She has seen the world in many of its phases, has been badly treated by men and women, and has lost all faith in human nature. She swears by Rochefoucauld, and prefers Voltaire to all other authors. To make money and spend it on her own person is her only ambition. She has long since ceased to believe in love or friendship, and looks only to the present day for happiness. The "madam" is seldom kind to the girls under her charge, but there are exceptions to every rule. She makes her money out of them, and if they are sick it is only so much loss to her. Before long the girls are "madams" on a small scale, so far as a cold cynicism and disbelief in goodness and human nature are concerned.

Distinguished men, both of the city and the land, visit these houses. They are the resorts of many of the "notabilities." You cannot see them there, to be sure, for every one's business is his own and nobody else's at these places, and you see no men while you are in them. Politicians are great patrons, especially local politicians; Congressmen drop in when on a chance visit to New

York during the session, and Senators occasionally lend their distinguished presence to the scene. All men who have money are visitors—gamblers, horse-jockeys, star-actors and circus-riders, negro-minstrel managers, stock-speculators, gold-brokers, railway-directors, prize-fighters, gentlemen with fortunes and respectable merchants,—all these spend their spare cash in the house of the fashionable *demi-monde*. It requires to be "made of money"—as the expressive phrase runs—to visit these resorts. A man may spend a hundred dollars in the course of a single evening without any trouble whatever.

Nearly all the girls have "lovers" or favorites. They do not support the lovers, however, as girls of a lower order do, but rather receive many handsome presents in jewelry and cash from them. Occasionally a girl gives up her mode of life, removes from the house and lives with one of these men, who wholly supports her.

A word as to the locality of some of the more prominent of these houses.

One of the most fashionable of this kind is situated in Wilson Place, a quiet street west of Broadway, where very few persons ever walk. It is a plain brick house, not very imposing in appearance. The proprietress is a lady of some culture, of pleasant manners and possessed of considerable beauty. There is no particular interest attached to her life. The inmates of her house are characterized for their beauty and accomplishments. The establishment is also noted for being patronized by men of high position and authority in the city's and nation's affairs.

The house of Mrs. ——, in East Fourteenth street, is also of brick, but is large and imposing in appearance, standing a little back from the street. It is the resort of the Southerners, or was before the war, and is at present the favorite resort of the "gentlemen from Hingland." The proprietress is a small, old, ugly, bloated-looking woman, who dresses very flashily and drives out in her carriage on Broadway on pleasant afternoons. She formerly kept in Eighth street, but was compelled to leave, owing to the complaints of the neighbors. Persons living near her in Fourteenth street also took legal measures some time ago to compel her to leave, but they failed. Madam —— proved that she had not disturbed the public peace, and as she owned the house in which she lived, had a right to live in it and do what she chose. And the court sustained her. The case might have been decided differently outside of New York.

On Fifth, Madison and Lexington avenues, each, there are three or four houses. They are kept very private, indeed, and entrance can only be had on the strength of a personal introduction. The inmates are about the same, however, as elsewhere, and the houses also, with the exception that they are more imposing in appearance and furnished with greater richness. In West Fifteenth street is a noted resort for the men of quiet tastes. The house is one of a row of plain brown-stone mansions. It is elegantly furnished, and the young ladies are noted for being not only very beautiful, but very intelligent. Madam ——, the proprietress, is a large, fine-looking

woman, intelligent and interesting in a conversation, and naturally of a quiet disposition. This is the most quiet house of this character in the city.

In striking contrast to the last named is a large establishment in Eighth street, and perhaps the best known in the city. It has been kept for years by the well-known Mrs. ——, and has witnessed many a scene of dissipation and mad revelry. The fast men and the aristocratic young bloods of the period patronize it principally. Here are about twenty inmates. They are not remarkable for good looks, and still less for good manners. Some years ago the party were quite intelligent and ladylike, but changes have been made since then, and at present the girls are very ordinary in every particular. Dissipation here rules supreme. More wine and other liquors are consumed than by any other two houses of prostitution in the city. The poor women are consequently nearly always sick. They were once all in the habit of using chloroform to induce sleep. One of their number, a few months since (May, 1869), took too large a dose and died from its effects. Frightened by this accident, since that time the use of the article has been discontinued.

The "madam" who keeps the institution has a history. She was born in New Haven, Connecticut, and about fifteen years ago came to New York and opened a house in the lower part of the city. She sold out after two or three years and removed to Eighth street, where she has kept ever since. She was a servant-girl in New Haven: now she is worth considerable property. She

is handsome, but seldom mingles in the company that visits her place, preferring to remain in the privacy of her own room.

Some women who have kept these houses in former years have retired from the business, having made a fortune. There are several instances of this character. A widow who, ten years ago, kept in the vicinity of the Metropolitan Police Headquarters in Mulberry street, retired after she had made a fortune, married a gentleman of position, and is now living a virtuous life. The case of two sisters, who openly acknowledged to their friends that they went into the business to make money enough to purchase back their old home in Western New York, may be familiar to many New Yorkers. They finally succeeded in acquiring a fortune of twenty thousand dollars, which they devoted to the purpose named, and are now living on their ancestral domains. Other instances might be given did space permit.

Many of the fashionable women-of-the-town gamble to make money and pass the time away. There is a gambling-saloon on Broadway largely patronized by them, though the principal one is in the upper part of the city. It is in Twenty-third street, near Madison avenue, and patronized exclusively by females. We will visit it. It is a modest, unpretending-looking house, the entrance scrupulously clean, and presenting no difference externally to those adjoining, save that the blinds are all tightly closed. Ringing the bell, we are admitted by a gorgeously-appareled woman, who acts as janitress. On one side of the hall is a superb painting of Leda and

the Swan; on the opposite side is another painting, equally good, of Venus rising from the sea.

Ascending the stairs, we are ushered into the parlors on the first floor. They are elegantly, even luxuriously, furnished. The person who fitted up these rooms must have had exquisite taste. The paintings hanging on the walls are rare and valuable, but the most conspicuous, and the one that first strikes the eye and rivets the attention, is that by Ary Scheffer, of the gambling-scene from Bulwer's play of "Money," and for which, it is stated, August Belmont offered $25,000 and was refused. Seated around the room and at the gambling-table are a number of ladies, all of whom are dressed in the height of fashion. The players are flushed with excitement, but the dealer, in her Pompadour waist, half revealing, half concealing, her ample bust, sits calm and collected, and rakes in the "chips" with the utmost *sang froid.* Ever and anon some player, when a heavy bet is lost, calls for wine, which is speedily supplied by an attentive and demure-looking Hebe. Demure—yes, but it is the demureness of a cat. Offend her, and she will quickly show you that she has claws.

That lady at the centre of the table was once the wife of one of our most wealthy merchants, but separated from him, and is now one of the *demi-monde.* We could tell you her name, but tales must never be told out of school. Observe that young lady with a bonnet no longer than a cockle-shell and Bismarck brown ribbons—the one who is now taking off her diamond ring to stake, and which she will certainly lose: she is one of the noted belles of

the under-world. Ah, our wealthy merchant's wife is a loser; see, she rises from the table, biting her lips till the blood comes to conceal her emotion. Come, let us away. Such scenes do not make our opinion of poor, weak human nature the more exalted. Respectable, wealthy women, who crave for more money, sometimes visit this house, it being in a fashionable and unsuspicious quarter of the city. When we think of this fact, is it any wonder that we so frequently see rewards offered for lost diamond rings, bracelets and necklaces? If we had the power of Asmodeus, we would see these "lost" articles in the safe of some gentleman who has for his sign the old Lombardy emblem of three balls. The thirst for gambling will be satisfied and money must be obtained. Hamlet was right: there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

Thus have we endeavored to give the reader some idea of the aristocratic and select portion of the so-called gay world of the great metropolis. But the term "gay" is a misnomer, for there is no gayety but on the outside. To the observer, coming for the first time into one of these fashionable houses of vice, everything appears agreeable and every one happy. But if the truth were known, quite a different state of affairs would be revealed. Many of these same women, who appear so free from care, and make you feel so self-possessed by their pleasing conversation and lively manners, have their thoughts directed far away. Many of them have only a few months before been seduced and taken from pleasant homes, and they think of the happy, virtuous life they might have led

but for their betrayers. They crave for an honest spiritual love which they can never get; they have many a day-dream of wives and mothers with pretty children clambering round their skirts—of kind husbands and indulgent fathers—of the good homes they might have had, and the happiness and self-respectful feeling that might have been theirs; visions of what their lives might have been continually come up before them; and when they compare these same visions with their present positions—scorned by society and really loved by none—they rush still more madly into dissipation, that they may not think of the past or the future that could have been theirs.

It remains to be said, in parting with these butterflies, that in character before long they are as bad as the rest of their class. True, there are good women among them—women who have not lost all their womanliness, who are kind of heart and take care of their companions when ill, and love little children. But these specimens are rare. The fashionable *demi-monde* soon lose conscience, and are as dead to its value as to the value of virtue. Let them lead their gay lives while they may, they will eventually go down. Their beauty will fade; the color from the cheek, the sparkle from the eye, the animation and life which were their principal attraction, will all pass away. To-day, they may shine in brilliant parlors; before many months you may see them in a den in Greene or Mercer street. To-day, they wear the finest and most costly apparel; it will not be long before it will find its way to the pawnbroker's, and they will

clothe themselves in plainer raiment. To-day, they eat the best of food and drink the most expensive wines; a year will not pass before they may want a crust of bread. To-day, they ride in a gilded coach to Central Park; the time may not be far distant when they will ride to Blackwell's Island in the "Black Maria."

CHAPTER XXI.

PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES OF THE BELLES OF THE UNDER-WORLD.

IT is a rather remarkable fact in human nature that every one, without exception, is interested in any gossip in regard to the women of pleasure of New York. No matter how moral or religious a man may be, items of personal interest relating to well-known Anonymas are received with avidity. Men in high standing in respectable society—clergymen, Sabbath-school teachers, moral and religious reformers and tract distributors—all stop to look at the beautiful frail one as she passes down Broadway, and all will equally listen to any information in regard to her history. There will be no excuse, therefore, for the following pen-and-ink sketches of some of the best-known denizens of the under-world. For obvious reasons the names of the parties are not given.

Mary Nathalie B—— is a feature of Saturday matinées at the theatre and of Fifth avenue on Sunday afternoons. She resides in one of the most elegant brown-stone palaces on Madison avenue, and is, perhaps, the most exclusive woman of the under-world. She has been known to decline an introduction to a millionaire, in which precedent she has had no teacher and but few

MARY NATHALIE B——.

pupils. Strange to record, though extravagant in every variety of expenditure, she cares very little for money where her heart is concerned; and that she has a heart has been often demonstrated. Her liberality to those whom she has proved her friends is as remarkable as her indifference to and distrust of mere acquaintances or flatterers. Her beauty is of the German order, full and blonde; her eye is large and bright, and utterly indescribable in expression, as it varies with every mood of its fair mistress; her education would qualify her for any station; her connections are of the highest respectability in Baltimore; her history is simply that of a woman who, having before her the choice of being a wife of dull, severe, Puritan respectability, or spending a short life of unrestrained gayety, deliberately decided in favor of the latter, and has cheerfully abided the consequences.

Mrs. Henry —— is a woman of imposing presence, of medium stature, with semi-pale, semi-dark complexion, and a face which, though not beautiful, is irresistibly attractive. Her style of dress is fashionable and adapted to her physique. She has been for several seasons a visitor at Long Branch. She generally takes the air in a handsome, one-horse coupé, accompanied invariably by children. Her education is limited, but she has a fund of common sense sufficient to cover her mental deficiencies.

Miss Lizzie ——, of Twelfth street, is a celebrated creature of "everywhere," and has fluctuated for some years between New York and Philadelphia. Her parents

are respectable people, living in New Jersey. At an early age she left her home, commenced the life of a Bohemian, then studied for the stage, then abandoned the attempt, then essayed the rôle of a lady of fashion, then scribbled for the Philadelphia newspapers, subsequently became a perambulating feature of Broadway, and at last determined to seek her fortune in New Orleans, securing her passage by the Evening Star, but, fortunately for herself, arriving at the wharf too late to sail in the ill-fated vessel. What further phases she has yet to pass through are only known to herself and Providence. She is a rather tall, slight, pale-faced woman, with a wild eye, a quick gait and a peculiarly shrill voice. This last possession is her most prominent characteristic. In dress she fluctuates greatly. Ever and anon she will be seen in apparently the last stages of dilapidation, while a week after she will promenade Broadway attired in the height of the fashion. She is also possessed of a great facility in changing her admirers.

Carrie ——, of West Twenty-fifth street, is a native of New England. In her deportment a lady, she is utterly free from provincialism, is educated and refined, reserved in her manners, and tasteful to a degree in matters of dress, affecting sober colors and the utmost modesty. Her figure is slight, but graceful; and her face, though by no means strikingly handsome, is one of those rare countenances that improve upon acquaintance; at first one would pronounce it almost plain, but would end by calling it beautiful. Her eyes are expressive, and her voice musical. Her stock of jewelry is

small, but select. Her history is understood to be romantic, but she never alludes to it or herself.

Miss Frankie——, of West Twenty-sixth street, is a very beautiful and interesting creature—a blonde, of slender figure and graceful form, exquisitely proportioned; her hair is dark and curly; her eyes of a deep blue, dreamy and languid; her hands and feet are especially noticeable, being as small as such appendages can well be to be of any use, while at the same time they are of the neatest possible shape; her face possesses a pleasant and piquant expression; her voice, though somewhat shrill, is musical; her manners are retiring, yet coquettish; altogether, she is decidedly attractive; she dresses richly in outré styles and strong colors, yet does not positively overstep the bounds of taste; she affects in the house red and white satin gowns, while for the street she attires herself in green, pink and gorgeously-trimmed drab short dresses. She is a general favorite, and has become one of the features of her locality.

Miss Gertrude —— is one of the most charming and at the same time most bizarre of her sex. Her appearance would indicate a woman of feeling and refinement; her features are cast in a thoughtful mould; there is an air of melancholy about her countenance which excites in the beholder an undefinable interest. But this is surface-show only. In reality, she is one of the most dashing women in the metropolis—prone to revelry as though it were a second nature—the life of late suppers, the soul of merriment, extravagant in expenditure and showy in dress. In person she is slender, graceful, of

medium stature, mixed complexion, large eyes and dark hair. Her limbs are especially beautiful; her arm is exquisitely shaped, tapering to the wrist. Her favorite color is green. Her taste in head-dresses is poetical and true. Her life has been a series of romantic incidents.

Mrs. Ellen ——, of East Twenty-eighth street, is decidedly one of the handsomest women in the metropolis; though somewhat *passé*, she is still superb. She is of more than average height, and also of more than average width—if we may be allowed the expression. But her figure is so finely proportioned that it leaves naught to be desired. Her complexion is dark, her eyes piercing, her forehead arched, her mouth exquisitely rosy; her manner is dignified, though when she deigns to please her smile is bewitching. Her voice is musical, and her taste in dress is not surpassed by any woman in the metropolis. About once every month she alters her whole attire, changing alike its color and style as fashion may dictate or as her womanly whim may suggest. She promenades Broadway every pleasant afternoon, and has become a feature, as it were, of that thoroughfare. She is a lady in susceptibility; is fond of the drama, and, though not educated or accomplished herself, appreciates accomplishments and education in others. She is alike shrewd and sentimental.

Miss Sallie ——, of West Twenty-fifth street, is a celebrated woman, having a reputation co-extensive with the cities of Philadelphia and New York. She is a native of the former place, and was born of respectable parents, who were Quakers, well connected and highly

esteemed—the family including a Quaker preacher. She evinced a decided disinclination for the habits and pursuits of young ladydom, and at the early age of seventeen left the paternal roof. Being of an ambitious disposition and expensive tastes, she, with the assistance of two or three prominent Philadelphians, opened an elegant establishment in the City of Brotherly Love, which soon became one of the features of its life about town. It was located on Sansom street, and was patronized by the *crême de la crême* of the Quaker aristocracy. She then removed to New York, and has for some years presided over a hospitable resort. Miss —— is a slight, tall, elegantly-shaped, fair brunette, with fine dark hair, expressive black eyes, a small, sweet mouth, a low, musical voice, and a winning address. Her manner, perhaps, is, after all, her chief attraction. Not a lady in the land can be more refined and polished than Miss Sallie —— when so inclined. In her dress she evinces good taste, preferring richness of material to display. She almost invariably affects high-necked dresses and plain colors, generally appearing in black; her bonnets are plain, and she never wears a jockey. Though possessed of a large and choice collection of diamonds, she seldom wears them, contenting herself with a red coral set, very costly, but unobtrusive. She is addicted to pets—lap-dogs are her special weakness. She is kindly in her treatment of animals, being a member of Bergh's society, and always preserves a dignity which is impressive, though she can be the soul of merriment among her intimates. Her house is a great resort for Philadelphians, her parties

being known as "Quaker reunions." Her health has been for some time poor, and it is said that she proposes to retire from public life.

Miss Fannie ——, of West Sixteenth street, is in certain circles an acknowledged queen. In person she is very tall and very slender, with a figure elegantly proportioned. Her face is rather expressive than handsome, while her mouth is remarkably beautiful. Her eyes are large, of a peculiar variable shade and full of character. Her waist is small, her fingers long and tapering and her foot aristocratic. Her favorite specialty is dress; on this point she has few equals and acknowledges no superior. Her attire is marked by an artistic attention to detail; every article of her apparel has a certain reference in form, color and material to some other portion; while in the items of gloves, laces and boots she is as tasteful as she is extravagant. One of her opera-dresses is fashioned after a style worn by the royal *Eugénie*, consisting of a long or Empress skirt, and a basque attached, elaborately embroidered in silk and gold, the material being of the richest black satin. The lady's diamonds are estimated at ten thousand dollars. The sensation excited by her appearance at Saratoga one or two seasons ago is still fresh, doubtless, in the minds of many persons who were present at the time. Her conversational powers are excellent and her manners refined. Though she is as cool-headed as any strong-minded woman in existence, taken altogether she is a characteristic type of her class.

Miss Sarah ——, of West Twenty-second street, claims

to be connected with a leading family in Ohio; is a tall, stately, well-formed brunette, specially noticeable for her taste in dress. Her fashions are always of the latest, or rather of the earliest, preceding those of the modistes themselves. Her favorite color is red—not of a vulgar tint, however, but subdued, and admirably relieved by other colors. Her judgment in bonnets is specially correct, and her arrangement of her hair is unsurpassed in the effect produced.

Miss Rose ——, recently residing at a Broadway hotel, formerly achieved a success in California, winning fame and fortune in the earlier days of that illustrious State. In person she is a dark brunette, tall and of commanding presence, with a very handsome face, full of life and animation. In demeanor she is remarkably refined and ladylike; is accomplished and intelligent. She is also noted for her benevolence of disposition, and she has given away large sums in charity. Notwithstanding her good heart, she possesses a shrewd head and a thorough knowledge of human nature, by which she has acquired a comfortable competence, estimated at twenty thousand dollars, well invested.

Miss Nellie —— is a tall, handsome, finely-formed woman, of remarkably lovely and delicate complexion, of an indescribable shade between blonde and brunette. She recently leased a magnificent house on the Avenue, between Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets, near the celebrated Café Louvre, and refurnished it in the most sumptuous style, although she rented the residence, nominally furnished, from its original proprietress—a fashion-

able leader known as the Countess—and paid for the lease the enormous sum of one thousand dollars per month. Her pleasing manners, combined with her great native shrewdness, rendered her popular; but she has lately retired alike from the Avenue and from the world.

Mrs. Charles —— is the widow of an army officer; a beautiful woman, a slender, petit brunette, who attires herself in the most récherché and costly of black dresses, elegantly trimmed, and so cut as to display to the utmost her graceful figure. She has resided at the St. Nicholas and Fifth Avenue Hotels, and is one of the most accomplished of her class, and a charitable and kind-hearted woman.

Miss Ida ——, of West Twenty-fifth street, is a remarkably handsome young creature; tall, stately, majestic, when she chooses, yet at the same time slender and graceful as a fawn. Her figure is full and superbly rounded. Her features are regular; her forehead is finely arched; her eyebrows delicately penciled; her eyes are large, light and expressive; her hair luxuriant; and her mouth full, yet delicate in outline. Physically, she closely approaches perfection. Her voice is sweet and her manner pleasant. She converses fluently, and sings and performs upon the piano creditably. She appears to be retiring in disposition, and would, at first sight, in her favorite drab dress, be taken for a demure Quakeress. But in reality she is one of the gayest, wildest, maddest and most reckless of her class, and is a striking illustration of how little appearances are to be trusted, especially where the fair sex is concerned. She

also presents a forcible example of the power of training, for in this great city and age of ours women are trained into grace and fashionable seeming and superficial refinement, precisely as men are trained into medicine, law, politics or trade.

Fannie ——, of Seventeenth street, known as "ye gentle savage," is a dark brunette, of very peculiar appearance—like a girl of Indian origin. In fact, it is reported that her original progenitors belonged to the Sioux tribe. However this may be, this young lady has lost all the primeval habits of her tribe, and now adorns herself not with beads and wampum, but with the richest and most tasteful silks and satins, the neatest gloves and the gayest bonnets.

Miss Josie ——, of Eighth street, has for some time held a prominent place among the leaders of the underworld. Her history possesses a certain degree of romantic interest. She visits the watering-places, keeps a carriage and horses, and owns a very choice assortment of diamonds, which are deposited in a down-town establishment for safe-keeping. In person she is prepossessing—a graceful, elegantly-formed woman; though no longer young, still decidedly attractive. She is reserved to those under her authority, but is said to be kind-hearted and exceedingly liberal, and is a lady of extraordinary refinement.

Miss Athena ——, of Thompson street, is a fair young coquette. Her person, her character and her history are alike peculiar. She was born in Athens, Greece, from which circumstance her favorite name is derived. At

an early age she was brought to this country, and with her parents settled in the neat but noisy town of Boston. Here she attracted the attention of a tragedian, who, marking her youthful precocity of talent, offered to educate her at his own expense for the stage. This offer was accepted, and the child developed herself into an admirable actress. But in the course of years, as the young Athena expanded into a beautiful woman, as she increased in stature and statuesque loveliness, the teacher became the pupil and wooed and won her early affections. Athena was of a temperament that permitted her to do nothing by halves, so she surrendered her whole heart and soul to her master-lover; became the most ardent of his worshipers and the leading lady in his company. This status continued for several years, but at length a coldness came between the tragedian and his inamorata. Of the cause of this break the advocates of the lady give one version and the adherents of the actor another. But whatever may have been the cause, the result was disastrous to the woman. She lost her professional position and neutralized all her personal claims. For the first time in her life she was literally alone in the world; and as misfortune never comes single, so at this evil time sickness seized upon her. While confined to her bed, deeply in debt, and each day becoming more and more involved in difficulties, a woman connected with one of the leading theatres was made cognizant of her condition, and introduced a female friend who attended to the poor girl during her illness. But on the girl's recovery this kindness was ascertained to have been the

reverse of disinterested. In person Athena is tall, graceful, majestic, with a magnificent bust. Her face is Grecian, superbly classical, her eyes are souls, her mouth, rich, rounded, chiseled, full of expression, her hands and feet are models for a sculptor, her hair is long, rich, dark and glossy, her voice, soft and low, her manner the perfection of impulsive dignity.

Her accomplishments are varied. She speaks French fluently, Italian poetically and Spanish musically. She is also versed in her native Greek. She performs brilliantly upon the piano and harp, sings with feeling and dances superbly. Has a retentive memory, recites dramatically; is fond of poetry, writes poetry herself and is full of nobility of feeling.

Miss Nellie ——, West Thirty-first street, is a woman who merits more than a passing notice. She is a blonde with red hair, petite, and possessing a good figure; decidedly pleasing. She is one of the smartest, shrewdest, most practical women in the metropolis, has saved money, and it is understood owns considerable real estate. Being of humble birth and uneducated, she determined to avail herself of the opportunity afforded by the possession of means for the pursuit of knowledge, and accordingly, having acquired a competence, she departed to the interior and attended school, rendering herself, in a short time, thoroughly familiar with the English branches. A woman of a stamp like this should have been a man.

Miss Minnie ——, recently of West Fourteenth street, now of West Twenty-sixth street, is a woman whose

character and history well deserve statement and study. She is a blonde, pale, ladylike, spirituelle, with large, expressive eyes, full of poetry and feeling, possessing a wonderful faculty of concentrating the attention of the beholder; her teeth superb, her voice musical, her face intellectual and expressive to a high degree. Her mouth is large, but rich and beautiful. Her manner is that of a thoroughbred lady of culture and refinement; her slightest motion is grace itself. She dresses in black or white—in these two colors only—each of which becomes her admirably. Her figure is full, rounded, elegantly formed, neither tall nor petite—a happy mean between two extremes. Her hand is large, but very finely formed, and her foot small. In character she is retiring, avoiding noise, ostentation and all vulgarity. She possesses a varied round of accomplishments, sings artistically and performs upon the piano with a skill and touch that would be remarkable even in a professional musician. Her taste in literature evinces alike judgment and feeling, her four favorite authors being Shakespeare, Byron, Shelly and Bailey, whose "Festus" she particularly admires. From each of these authors she quotes with discretion, ability and sentiment. There are few professional readers who can surpass her in these respects. As a woman, she is gifted with naturally lofty and pure instincts, and nervously shuns all that is unsuited to her sex. There are few in any metropolis who are her equals. She was born in a country town in Virginia, was carefully reared, was married to a well-known Yankee Radical, was abandoned by him, married again a Con-

ON AN EXCURSION.

federate captain, who died during the fearful Seven Days' Battle. After his death, served as a Southern spy, then opened an elegant establishment in Richmond, and then finally came North.

Miss Gertrude ——, of Marion street, is a brunette, with a splendidly expressive eye and a speaking face. A countenance seemingly full of soul and a graceful and impressive manner. To gaze at her for the first time, one would imagine her to be the very essence of the romantic and the sentimental, but in reality she is the reverse. Her whole existence is a feverish whirl of excitement, her only object in life being, it seems, to avoid thought; her only watchword being that of hundreds—"Anything but reflection."

Miss May —— is a brunette, very tall, very slender, yet graceful and well-proportioned. This lady is passionately devoted to music, and is herself an accomplished performer. Having a taste for the bizarre in her composition, she has lately studied the banjo, and performs alike comically and creditably. She is a versed linguist, speaking fluently French, German and Spanish. She is by birth a New Yorker, of German descent, and is said to have resided for some time in California, where she was connected with a minstrel troupe. Her dresses are numerous and fashionable. Her manners pleasing.

Miss Margaret ——, of Neilson Place, is a beautiful blonde, of graceful figure and attractive mien, remarkable both for distingué appearance and manner, and dresses with charming taste—not gaudily, but always richly and in the latest fashion. She is a native of

Providence, Rhode Island, and is now in the twenty-fourth year of her age, and is thoroughly educated, having graduated from one of the leading ladies' seminaries of New England. She speaks French as fluently as English, and is accomplished in music. She is not only elegant and refined in her manners, but possesses conversational powers and mental culture that would fit her for any sphere.

Madam C——, known as the Cuban sylph, is a Spanish widow, the relict of a painter, who bequeathed to her the bulk of his property. She removed with her slaves to New Orleans just prior to the commencement of the late war, lost property during the conflict, and then settled in this city, still being worth about one hundred thousand dollars, to which sum she has since added considerable by her own attractions. She is tall, slender and stately. This stateliness, combined with a shrewd head and a kind heart, is peculiarly characteristic. She is seldom on Broadway, but frequents the Park in a pony phaeton. She is also mistress of an elegant assortment of jewelry and diamonds, comprising a superb solitaire diamond brooch and a set of red coral. She is also addicted to dogs—so fond of them, in fact, that she has them copied in all sorts of positions in marble, and places their effigies outside as well as inside her doors. Madam has recently purchased a large, brown-stone dwelling in an aristocratic portion of Twenty-sixth street, and has furnished it throughout in the most luxurious style, especially in the items of paintings and statuettes. One apartment is known as the gold-room,

and is a very different structure from the down-town institution of the same name. It is a moderate-sized second-story room, with all its furniture and appointments of the finest and of the yellowest—the walls are papered with yellow, the carpet and curtains are of a yellow hue, ditto the tables and chairs, while the toilet-cases and all the paraphernalia of a bed-room are of the same tint. The cost of this singular but strikingly handsome apartment has already exceeded two thousand dollars. Madam C—— is a woman of some education, popular alike with her own sex and the other, and is an ardent worshiper of Morpheus.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOUSES OF ASSIGNATION.

IT is very probable that houses for the purpose of assignations, or meetings, have always existed in New York. Human nature, the philosophers tell us, is the same in all times and among all people, and our old English and Dutch ancestors were doubtless frequently guilty of intrigues and improprieties the same as their descendants. But the evil has of course grown, until now it has assumed almost colossal proportions, and the all-important question of how to remedy it may well puzzle the heads of the wisest men of the day.

Like everything else, houses of assignation, as civilization has "progressed," have changed for the better—so far, at least, as their appearance and general appointments are concerned. The arts have been patronized by their proprietresses, and money has been freely used to make them beautiful. The road to vice is easy in the great city, and is made as agreeable as taste can make it.

Assignation-houses, unlike houses of prostitution, exist in all parts of the city. Houses of the latter class are confined to certain districts, while those of the former may be found in many unlooked-for and unsuspected neighborhoods.

The most fashionable house of assignation in New York is in Twelfth street, not far from the aristocratic and select Fifth avenue. It is presided over by a very ladylike woman, who frequently tells her customers that she scorns the business, but is in it to make money. Near it is a public school, largely attended by young ladies of the best families in the city. They pass the door of this house every day in crowds, little knowing how near there is a trap set for them and all of their sex. There is another house in Twelfth street, near the Third avenue, which is resorted to very much by married women. In the shady precincts of University Place, near the Fifth avenue, there is another, chiefly patronized by the aristocracy, both male and female. In Thirty-ninth street, near the Sixth avenue, is another; in Bleecker street, near the Bowery, is a noted institution; in Eleventh street, near Fourth avenue, is one well known for being very retired. There is a house in Houston street, of the existence of which very few persons are aware. It is a great resort for unfaithful married women. The front windows are fitted up as if for a store. A display is made at the windows of ladies' white clothing and children's apparel. The married lady whom some one seeks to entice into a house of this character prefers to go to this particular one, from the fact that, as it looks like a store, she will thereby avoid being suspected. Even the neighbors, and many members of the police force, do not know the character of this house, so quietly is it conducted and so well does the "blind" work. It is kept by a Southern woman, tall, dark-complexioned, not very

handsome, but of great business talent and remarkably good judgment. She formerly was the wife of a well-known lawyer of New Orleans, but, from some reason, separated from him. She then opened a house of assignation in Chicago, and would have made money, but for the fact that she became dissipated and did not attend to her business. She finally removed to New York and opened the house in question, abandoned her habits of drinking, and is now on the road to fortune. The building is a three-story brick, is modest-looking in itself, though made noticeable by large awnings at the windows. It is furnished in good taste, though plainly.

There is nothing remarkable in the outside appearance of an assignation-house. It is plain, quiet, almost Quaker-looking in appearance. Not a slat of a single blind is open. How the rooms ever get aired is a mystery; maybe they go without air. The hall door shuts to of itself when you open it. On going up stairs you see no one. There are two or three doors open. The rooms are neatly furnished—better than those of many a hotel at which you have stopped. Seeing no one, hearing no one, you might think the house is uninhabited, but never believe it. The watchful eye of a woman is already on you; she is peeping through one of the doors, which is open on a crack. Soon she comes out and greets you. You are surprised at her ladylike manners, her gentleness, her suavity. Yes, she *is* a very agreeable person, but don't arouse her, or you might change your good opinion of her. One or two colored servants pass you and go up stairs. You see no white servants, no ladies (unless you express a desire

for an introduction to one, when a female will be brought), there is no noise, no sound of revelry or undue mirth. The madam has a soft, low voice—"an excellent thing in woman," as Shakespeare says—and you would scarce believe that this was one of the numerous "gates of hell" in the great city.

In conducting houses of this character the great thing observed is secresy. As a general rule, the houses are located in out-of-the-way streets, though occasionally one may be found on a prominent avenue or largely-traveled street. They look like any respectable private residence, with the exception that the blinds are always tightly closed. There is seldom any disturbance in one of these resorts. A person might live next door to one for years and hardly know its character. There is no noise, no loud singing or talking, and very few "descents" are made by the police.

The rooms in the best class of the assignation-houses are elegantly furnished. There are two little private parlors in some of them, where interviews are had, and ladies, married or single, wait for their lovers or friends. Some of the houses are patronized almost wholly by women-of-the-town, who induce men to accompany them; others are noted as the resorts of unfaithful wives and derelict husbands; others again for the gentlemanly *roués* who take there and seduce virtuous young women.

These houses bring a large rent. They are nearly always owned by "respectable" persons, who give them out to agents, who, in turn, let them to persons in this

business at a high figure. The proprietors ask no questions of the agents, but pocket their rent; the agents ask no questions of the rentees, but receive the rent promptly on each quarter-day and pocket their commission. Church-goers, deacons and men high in the moral estimation of the community, let their houses in this way (always through agents, however), and in the mean time subscribe to Magdalen asylums and contribute their funds in aid of various places of reform for the "fallen." It very often happens that the money paid by the women-of-the-town to the madam finds its way to the agent, thence to the owner of the house, and finally is given by him in aid of Christianizing and "saving" the very women who once had the money.

The money made by the "madams" is enormous. Some of them take in only twenty-five dollars in a night—others fifty, others a hundred, and others still a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars. They contain a great or small number of rooms, according, of course, to the size of the building. The principal assignation-houses of the city may be said to be hotels on a small scale; the rooms are numbered. Some houses have only ten rooms, others twenty, while some of the largest houses have as many as fifty rooms. Those of the latter class are generally two houses in one or a large corner house or "double" house. The most private houses in the city are on the east side, among the poor, where the old aristocracy of New York once resided. These are visited mostly by married women and their lovers. Only one or two rooms may

be to let in the house, and no one outside of its keeper and a few visitors know its character.

The better class of assignation-houses are beautifully furnished. The carpets, the furniture and everything connected with them are of the richest description. A well-known actor (a comedian) formerly kept an establishment of this character in a quiet street near Broadway. It was magnificently furnished, the walls of the various rooms being covered with paintings of the best American and European artists, and all the appointments being of the most *recherché* description.

The women who keep houses of this character have arisen from the "depths," for it is considered more respectable to keep an assignation-house than to be a woman-of-the-town. They have nearly all of them been prostitutes, but have possessed more sense and better judgment than the majority of this class of women. They have seen how other women made money from their sex, and they determined to go and do likewise. Keepers of houses of assignation are women who have seen much of the world; they have seen that the world's people are divided into two classes—those who do all the work and those who reap all the benefits, and they have determined to be one of the reapers rather than the workers. They see it takes a clear head for their business, and so they never indulge in strong drink. They see it takes good health, and so they respect their bodies and obey the sanitary laws. They see that men who are successful mind their own business, and they do the same, trusting no one and telling no one of

their affairs. They see that to be pecuniarily successful one must be grasping, selfish and shrewd, and so they are all three, and a great deal more besides. They have fine heads for business, fine minds for thinking, good judgment in most things and no conscience in anything. They seldom are kind-hearted, like some of the "madams" of the houses of prostitution. They are the misers of the wicked women in New York. They enter the business purely for the purpose of making money, and all other considerations but that one are thrust aside. They will do anything and everything for money; they are the female gamblers of the underworld.

A divorced wife is the proprietress of one of the most fashionable houses of this class in New York. She moved, at one time, in the very best of metropolitan society, but, on being divorced, opened in this business. She has kept it a secret. Her husband and friends think she is in Europe. She is a woman of beauty and much culture. She has fine literary taste, and spends most of the day-time in reading. Poetry is her delight, and she is a poetess of no mean pretensions herself. She is silent, ladylike, but cold in her manners—has no friends and wants none. An English lady, once one of the lowest of the women-of-the-town, is the keeper of another of these houses. Her name, years ago, often figured in the police reports of the daily papers, when she was arrested for drunkenness. Her progress, contrary to the usual rule, has been upward, not downward. From being a common woman of pleasure, she entered a fashionable

parlor-house. There it was she determined to reform altogether and abandon her mode of life. She was ambitious and desirous of making fifty thousand dollars wherewith to purchase a summer residence, thus gratifying a dream of her youth. She made considerable money, saved all she could, and ere long opened a house of assignation in Eleventh street. She has now a fortune of fifty thousand dollars, besides a country-house worth the same amount, and situated back of Fordham on the banks of the Harlem river.

Many women of this class have retired, having, for a wonder, become satisfied with the fortunes they have made. The residents of the fashionable Murray Hill little think that they have three "widows" in their midst who were once the keepers of assignation-houses, and yet such is the fact. These women, who are not at all related to each other, and who live apart, have each made independent fortunes, own their houses, live alone, are very "select" and move in the best of metropolitan society. They attend a neighboring church on "the Avenue," contribute largely to the various charitable and religious enterprises, and, to all outward appearances, are the same as any of their respectable neighbors. Other instances of this sort might be given, but these must suffice.

Quiet, respectable, popularly-believed-to-be-virtuous men are the principal patrons of the assignation-houses. Everything is so secret, quiet and safe. You meet no one but the "madam" and a colored servant or two. You are asked no questions and ask none. The best men in the city can be occasionally seen here. One of the

Twelfth street establishments is favored with the visits of some notabilities. A certain lawyer, in high standing in the community, pays the house a visit once a week. He comes in his carriage, and regularly supports a young woman. His wife is a leader of the *ton* and a belle at the various fashionable balls of the season. Bankers, whom one would think, from their continued conversation about business, thought only of making money, find time "oft in the stilly night" to repair to these houses. Family physicians, who to the world look very solemn and learned, occasionally cast off their solemnity and forget their learning, and meet their lady friends at these places. Plodding lawyers, shrewd brokers, quiet merchants, respectable tradesmen, sharp speculators, enterprising book-publishers, men of the world and men about town—all are occasional patrons of these establishments.

Married ladies, who, to the world, bear an unsullied reputation, visit them—generally in the day-time, very seldom in the evening. "Appointments" are made by the guilty parties to meet at a specified house of assignation at a certain time. The lady is on hand at the hour named and meets her friend, or, if he has not arrived, waits his coming in a private parlor. The unfaithful wife has intimated at home that she was going out "shopping," or "to the picture-gallery," or for a "promenade." Married women residing in villages and towns adjacent to New York are largely guilty of assignations, and meet their gentlemen friends in this way. The love of the romantic doubtless leads many women to commit these gross and horrible improprieties. The play of "East

Lynne"—a favorite dramatic composition among the female sex, in which a wife proves unfaithful to her husband—has doubtless led many a wife who has seen the drama to commit the same crime. That same play is called a "moral and emotional play," but, if the truth were known, it is probable that most women see only the emotional part in it, not the moral.

To many of these houses virtuous young women of high social standing are taken, and there seduced. The destroyers of their happiness take them to these places, representing the house as the residence of a friend, and only until the poor girls are in the house do they know its bad character. This method of secret sinning—the more dangerous as it is the more secret—is largely increasing in New York. Assignation-houses were never so abundant as at present, never so largely patronized, especially by married men and unfaithful wives. The police do not "descend" upon them—indeed, cannot make a descent unless a complaint is made, and this is seldom done, for really there is nothing that may be said to be a nuisance to complain of. The houses are kept very quiet, women are seldom seen near them, and the buildings do not differ openly from any ordinary private residence.

For years their doors have been opened and shut; for years virtuous young women have been led into these pitfalls of hell without knowing where they were going, and finding out too late that they had lost their good name for ever, and, for years hence, these same things will probably go on, unless government directs its attention to

the remedying of these evils instead of winking at them and acting as if they did not exist. The present times, in this particular, at least, are indeed "out of joint."

The really safe and secret way in which assignation-houses are conducted renders them peculiarly successful. Married women are constantly seen in them. Cases, too, have been known where a husband has entered one door while his wife was just leaving by the other. Beautiful and innocent young women are led here by base and designing men, and coaxed or forced to gratify their libidinous desires.

If these houses could only tell their story, what a sad and painful romance would it be? It would speak of faithless wives assuming, in good society, the virtue they had not; of intrigues, jealousies, suspicions, sometimes murders within their walls; of fair young girls, once full of high hopes and noble aspirations, taking the first false step which so surely leads them down to the deepest hell; of black-hearted, deep-dyed scoundrels, who prey on innocence and make a jest of virtue. Through all the year these crimes go on—through winter, when the pure snow falls on a sinful world; through all the autumn, spring and summer-time, when birds sing praises to their Maker and God's bright sunshine makes the old Earth look beautiful and glad. Would that that same sunshine could make the world look good as well as bright; would that it could shine so brightly on these places of sin that all the world could see the awful truth, and be horrified for once; and more than all, would that it could shed a ray of light,

QUEEN OF THE BALLET.

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though ever so small, in the hearts and consciences of those morally depraved persons, and make them turn from their wicked ways and sin no more. Day by day is Pandemonium in New York growing larger, greater and stronger, and vice becoming more general, and out of the depths all good and true men and women cry out, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

"PRIVATE" SUPPER-ROOMS.

WHAT are commonly called "private" supper-rooms are principally resorted to by the *demi-monde*—married and single women of easy virtue. They are a modern institution. In 1812 there were no private supper-rooms in New York, in 1840 there were a dozen or more, and in 1850 they could be found in many parts of the city. At the present time they abound more than ever before, and the supply far exceeds the demand for them.

These supper-rooms are distinguished, as their name implies, for being "private," and also, as their name does not imply, for being very high-priced. They exist everywhere—no particular portion of the city is noted for them. You can find them on Fifth avenue and Baxter street, on the cosmopolitan Broadway and the "Cheapside" of the metropolis, the Bowery; quiet, out-of-the-way streets contain them, and there is not an avenue in the city that has not a score or more of them. Although they are very abundant at the present time, it may be proper to state that all of them do not make much money; there are so many that opposition is felt.

The private supper-room, so far as outward appear-

ances go, at least, looks about the same as any other ordinary supper-room. It may be in a basement or level with the sidewalk, or in what was once a private building; it may be large and capable of accommodating a very large number, or it may be small in dimensions and decidedly select in character. Most generally the private supper-rooms are attached to an ordinary restaurant or oyster-cellar. There is one entrance to the main restaurant, while a little farther on an illuminated sign bears the inscription:

PRIVATE SUPPER-ROOMS.

The metropolitan mind, being prone to evil, knows fully the import of these mysterious words; whereas the rural mind might pause and ponder some time and then be not fully convinced why supper-rooms should be private at all. As we have already intimated, one great distinguishing feature of this private and exclusive supper-room is that double the ordinary price is charged for food and drink. If you enter the ordinary restaurant door, you can get a good meal for quite a reasonable sum; if you enter the "private" door, you can get the same good meal, but will be compelled to pay a very unreasonable and highly-exorbitant sum. The restaurant proper makes money in a thoroughly legitimate and honest way; the "private" restaurant improper thrives on enormous profits, and grows rich before its time from the pockets of the foolish people who feed in it.

Ordinarily, you pay at a bar fifteen cents for wine; in

the private supper-rooms it is twenty-five cents. For plain liquors you pay thirty or forty cents; for mixed and fancy drinks, forty and fifty cents; for lemon soda, which costs about five cents, twenty cents, and in that proportion for all the other liquids. As to food, the prices are beyond all reason, and beyond all belief to those who have not been posted on the subject. Roast beef, sixty cents (ordinarily thirty-five or forty cents); roast lamb, seventy-five; roast turkey, $1.25; roast goose, $1.50; roast spring-chicken, $2; lobster, $1; frogs, $1; coffee and tea, forty cents, and dried toast, forty; partridges, squabs, pigeons and other delicacies cost what would be a small sized fortune to a pea-nut dealer or honest old apple-woman.

The interiors of these very peculiar institutions deserve to be noticed. We will enter a well-known private supper-room, on the corner of —— street and Broadway. On each side of the entrance is a sign hung on the railing, bearing the words, "Private supper-rooms for ladies and gentlemen." Over the door, on a glass shade, is painted, "Private supper-rooms." We go down a pair of steps and find ourselves in front of a door, the upper panels of which consist of fancy glass. We no sooner stand in front of it than it is opened by a colored gentleman. We have a lady, or could not gain an entrance to this inner *sanctum sanctorum* of the eating-house. The colored man calls another waiter, who, with many bows and a broad grin on his black face, shows us to the private supper-room of which we have heard so much. An ordinary room has simply been divided up into small rooms—very

small rooms, by the way; and that is all. There is no spare room. A table is all ready spread with a not over-white table-cloth, and there is a lounge on one side of the room. The place is not quiet by any means. You can hear the clinking of glasses, the sound of revelry and laughter. You can hear conversation in the distance—loud talk, low talk, sweet talk and half-angry and drunken talk. Any one can go to an ordinary supper-room if he has money enough. Waiters are rushing to and fro, bells are continually ringing, and an occasional "pop" of a champagne cork can be heard..

These supper-rooms are open all night. Business begins about nine o'clock, and is carried on until daylight breaks, and then throughout the day. You can get a plate of pork and beans at twelve o'clock at night, or a mutton chop at one or two o'clock in the morning, and when the clock strikes three or four, you can find people in these rooms, consuming fish balls with all the vegetables (and drinks) in season, or indulging in a plate of pickled salmon or sour eels.

There are, of course, all grades of private supper-rooms. The one we have just described is not one of the highest class, but may be called next to the highest. In prices, nearly all, except those on the East side, are high, and alike in that respect. In Greene street, the quarters are not so fine, the waiters not so attentive, the company exceedingly boisterous and rough. In the Bowery and the streets adjacent it is even worse. Style is not thought much of there, the denizens of that quarter taking out their money's worth in eating.

The fashionable supper-rooms are furnished in the most expensive and richest manner possible. One near Broadway, on a certain quiet street, attracts attention of the stranger. It is a corner building, and was once a private dwelling-house. The windows are hung with the richest of lace curtains. The open front-door shows the stairs to be carpeted with tapestry. Velvet carpets are on the floors of the various rooms, and the furniture is the costliest and best that money can procure. There are no signs on this house. The private entrance, on the side street, leads to the private rooms, the front door to the general restaurant. The private rooms are on the third and fourth floors, the general dining-room on the second floor.

A word as to the locality of these places. The most fashionable and select resort down town, on the West side, we have just given. On the East side, the most stylish is located on Third avenue, in the neighborhood of St. Mark's Place. On Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets, there are two or three, patronized by women-of-the-town of all grades. In Houston street, there is one quite stylish in appearance, and noted for the elegant manner of doing things. In Thirteenth street, is a well-known French supper-room, much resorted to by the French ballet-girls during the recent reign of Opera Bouffe. In Twenty-fifth street, on the West side, is the principal up-town private supper-room, and on Sixth avenue and Broadway, above the Fifth Avenue Hotel, there are several, largely patronized.

As may be naturally supposed from the figures we

have previously given, the proprietors of these establishments make considerable money. There is a supper-room on Broadway which has had nearly a dozen proprietors within the last few years, each one of whom has been able to retire from the business wealthy.

These places are much resorted to by men who aim to seduce young girls. A pure and innocent young woman, of course, has no idea of the bad character of these places, and, on being invited to take supper in one of them, generally accepts the invitation. Two or three fashionable institutions in the upper part of the city are very much used by monsters in the shape of men for this base purpose. On Sixth avenue is one kept by a Frenchman, which is a pest-house and a disgrace to civilization. Off of each supper-room is a door leading into a bed-room. Many a young girl has fallen in this place, and found out, alas! too late, that she was lost for ever.

As a last word on this subject, we may say that the private supper-rooms are one of the very worst features connected with the social evil. They are, in reality, nothing more than places for assignations. When we think of the many pure and virtuous females who are brought to ruin within their walls—of the dissipation which goes on night after night, we may well pause, and hope for a time to come when they can be reformed to a very great extent, or, possibly by legal enactment, done away with for ever.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ROMANCE IN THE "UNDER-WORLD."

THE goddess of poetry and romance holds great sway over this strange and wonderful under-world of which we have been speaking. It was from too great a devotion to this same goddess that many of the denizens of this world came to their low estate, and were cast out of the pale of good society for ever. Love lured them on in their mad career, and the romantic in scenery and situation surrounded them when they lost their good name. Under green leaves, across the meadows, by rippling brooks which daily seem to sing cheery songs, in the woods with the sunshine casting shadows of good and evil all about, along quiet and unobscured walks shaded by great oaks, and in the pale moonlight and starlight on quiet country roads, have most of these women walked, listening to vows of constancy and love, and found, too late, how false was man and how foolish it was to trust him. These women lived on romance in their early youth. Not one but what had her dream, not one but looked forward to meeting some ideal man, to living in some ideal house, to journeying on through life such as few of the common sort journey; not one whose dream was not far too good for this world,

and did far greater credit to human nature than it deserved. The imaginative, the ideal, the unreal at one time predominated in the minds of these women of pleasure. They did not see life as it was—a struggle to live rightly and resist temptation, and "a daily round of common tasks." They thought with the poet,

"Things are not what they seem."

Life to them, before they fell, was what it ought to be, not what it really is. They believed, with Pyrrho the philosopher, that existence was a dream. A bright, beautiful dream it seemed to be at first to these young hearts; all was happiness before them. But the reality, alas! how different! How many days and nights, in their after life, have they looked back into the past and witnessed over and over again, in their mind's eye, the many scenes of sin and sorrow they had passed through! How many fitful changes from good to bad, from happiness to misery, from wealth to poverty, from "lively to severe," came to them! They have indeed been

"A pipe for Fortune's finger,
To sound what stop she please."

How often and often, when going down lower and lower in their sinful and unhappy career, have they looked back to the days of their happy past—far back it seems to them—when they were virtuous and lived good lives! They see the home in the country—the low farm-house, surrounded by stately trees; they hear the sound of birds; they see the men working in

the field; they remember the scene at the family-table—father, mother, brothers and sisters at the noonday meal; they dream of some early love, an attachment to some country swain—plain, perhaps awkward, but honest and good withal; the country church, the village school-house, where they pursued their early studies; the picnics in the summer, the parties in the winter,—all these are things which continually come before the minds of these poor women, without exception, because their rank, station and the character of their homes have nearly all been the same. How often their thoughts turn back to these things, God only knows; or how often they resolve to strive and lead a better life, and try and become discouraged in their attempt; how many times in their own hearts they long for death to release them from the bondage of sin, and in their wild dissipations have thoughts of a "purer, surer, sweeter life than this,"—all these things are known to no man, but remain secrets with them for ever.

We give below a few of the histories of some of the more prominent women of the metropolis of the class of which we have been writing. Some of them have been the very best of their class, while others have not moved in such good circles. Whatever they have been, their histories, which are all true—the name being of course omitted—will probably possess interest to many. A book twice the size of this one might be filled with the stories of the lives of the *demi-monde*, but the present rather lengthy chapter is all the space we can afford on this interesting topic.

At the very best, women are queer beings. There is no accounting for their various moods. They appear to be creatures of impulse and governed by passion. They are incomprehensible. They are April and December; clouds and sunshine; torrid or frigid. Where they love, they sacrifice all; and where they hate, they hate to the bitter end. But in whatever category they may be placed, they are necessary to man's happiness, and it is therefore his duty to protect and cherish them, and at all times to elevate rather than debase them.

There are many causes combined to crush women and throw them "on the town" for support. Of these it is only necessary to mention a few. Pride is one, love of dress is another, a desire to live a life of ease another, and passion is another, while in some instances poverty may be another. But no matter what may be the cause of woman's fall, reaction is sure to come, and the poor weary creature seeks rest—sometimes in the grave. This suggests the important question, "Is there no escape for women who have made a misstep?" Yes, when Christian men and women will take the erring sisterhood by the hand and lead them to reform.

A case came up before one of the New York police courts some time ago that bears out the assertion just made. A respectable-looking woman, twenty-eight years of age, with good features—round, regularly-moulded and prepossessing—but who bore upon her countenance unmistakable signs of dissipation, stepped up to the judge and desired that he would send her to Blackwell's Island. She stated that she was sick, but, with

the exception of that expression of countenance that indicated the sickness of the mind, she appeared to be in good health. The judge looked at her surprised, and referred her to his clerk, whom he instructed to make out the necessary certificate. The clerk asked her if she really was sick, to which she made answer in a manner that carried conviction with it.

"Yes, yes, I am sick," she said bitterly—"sick and weary of leading the life of a fallen woman; commit me to prison. Do anything with me. Send me anywhere, but, O my God! do not let me go back upon the town to lead a life of shame."

Her request was complied with, and she afterward related the following story:

"Ten years ago, I was a reigning belle of Washington, much sought after and much courted and flattered by hosts of admirers. My parents were pure-minded, good, religious people, whose hearts were so far from evil that they could not suspect others of committing crime. Thus it was that the serpent-destroyer was permitted to entwine itself around my innocent heart before my devoted parents suspected wrong."

The beautiful Martha (Martha G—— was her real name) was courted and finally seduced by a Western Congressman. Their *liaison* continued for a long time without the parents suspecting any wrong. When at length suspicion began to rest upon her, she quitted the home of her girlhood, youth and innocence, and became the mistress of her seducer. Three years sufficed to sate his unholy love; then Martha held the same place in the

affections of a Philadelphia merchant for two years longer. She finally deserted him for a well-dressed, good-looking adventurer whom she met while on a summer visit to Saratoga.

This fellow proved to be a gambler, who soon squandered all the money she had, and that was considerable. He then took her to Baltimore, and left her in one of the gilded *maisons de joie* of that city. Here she reigned a belle, as she had in good society, and it was here she commenced the downward career in the lower phases of immorality that places her in the position she occupies to-day. Drunken dissipation commanded force which her vital energies could not provide, and she concluded to come to New York, where she could proceed with more ease on the road she had chosen.

Accompanied by another lover she reached this city, where the same *rôle* was enacted, and although at one time ranking as one of the queens of the *demi-monde* of New York, the contraction of bad habits, which even her sense of right could not control, led her to descend, step by step, the scale of immorality, until, at length, she found herself an inmate of a Wooster street den. Here she resolved to mend her ways, and, if possible, retrieve many of the errors of the past by atonement in the future. Hence her application to the court.

Nellie T——, a lost girl, and formerly an inmate of a house of ill-repute on Crosby street, committed suicide a short time since by taking a dose of arsenic. There are circumstances attending the life and death of this unhappy girl which single her out from a crowd of her

companions, and give her history such a coloring as is seldom found in the career of women of this class.

Nellie T—— (an assumed name) was born of respectable parents, in Cayuga county, New York, and at the time of her death was not quite nineteen years old. She was unusually talented, and, having received a good education, was destined by Nature for a place of honor and respectability above the common order. About three years and a half ago she became acquainted with a man, one of whose many aliases is P——, and who, it appears, was a desperate and disreputable character. This man called to see her at her home in Cayuga county, and by his wiles and intrigues soon gained her confidence and love. Her parents, who doubtless had heard of the bad character of the visitor, forbade her receiving his visits; but when one night they found her on the point of eloping with him, they consented to her marriage. He soon revealed to her his real character, and its influence was ruinous for ever, for he changed her very nature, and from an artless, impulsive girl, she became a guilty wretch. She seemed to have forgotten everything of good that she had ever known, and to have acquired a wild, ungovernable fury, allowing every passion full play without restraint of any kind. When she found it was an outlaw and a villain she had married, and heard that he had another wife living, that her companions were only thieves and disreputable characters, she sank in despair and abandoned every thought of virtue.

She lived for a while with her husband, in Elmira, New York. The officers of the law were after him, and

once she fired at a man who was attempting to arrest him. For this she was arrested and sent to the penitentiary for two years, and served out her time. She soon after went to Albany and entered upon a life of sin. She grew to hate, with an intense hatred, the man whom she had married, and after her release did not live with him again. She is reported to have twice attempted the taking of his life.

Among her associates she was well liked. They describe her as a girl of few words, retired in her manners, but with a revengeful thought always lurking within her. She spent most of her time reading, writing and composing poetry, and in her trunk were found about two hundred of her letters and many scraps of poetry, all of which show that she was well read and carefully educated.

The following letter is a fair specimen of her ability, and contains not only a sketch of her life, but also a moral that should impress all whom thoughtlessness may allow to play with temptation:

"SUNDAY, *May* ——.

"MY DARLING GEORGE:

"How glad, very glad, I was to receive your loving letter. Now, George, we will just drop all foolishness and sin no more. . . . So you thought me too good for such a life; ah, pet, that time was, but is no more. I've striven hard to crush an accusing conscience and attain my present eminence. I can now laugh at verdancy with the best of you. My only besetting

weakness at present is my devotion to yourself, and on your account I have taken up my habitation in G street. My other quarters got too warm for me; am I not of a sacrificing temperament? And most lovers would get tired of me, and so will you in time. Ah, George, I am inclined to think you are putting too much value upon yourself. Let that be as it may; only think enough of yourself, and me, too, hereafter. You will find me a faithful servant, if you are rather dismayed at my attachment to cold steel, as you term it.

"The cold steel will never go back on you, nor interfere with your domestic bliss in the least; so don't distress yourself, I beg of you. I will try to visit you again soon, if I could only be certain that my visits were as agreeable to you as you pretend they are. Have you any idea in the least when your fate and mine is to be decided? It seems to me your trial is unnecessarily long; be it long or short, you will always find your humble servant anxious and rejoiced to see you.

"—— won't trouble us again, anyways soon; he thinks Jim too much for him. My curses follow him as continually and constantly as my blessings and love hover around you, dear George. Why has he made me the thing I am?

"When I look back upon the various changes of my existence, and behold the wreck of what was once pure and good—when I think of the time, only three short years ago, when my life's young blood ran high—when I was happy, so happy, in loving and believing myself beloved by a man who had it in his power to advance

my future interest and make me a woman of truth and virtue—one to be loved and respected! But how has he used his power? By making me the guilty thing I am. He dashed my fond hopes to the ground; thrust me in the midst of vice and infamy; led me where I shuddered to walk; placed the wine-cup to my lips and bade me drink. I was then but sixteen years old. He called me green, foolish—a child, and said he would educate me; which he has done—yes, which he has done—and at what a cost have I served him! I have sold my hopes of heaven for a share of hell. I have made my life a curse to me; oh I have drained the cup of bitterness to the dregs, and now behold the consequence! You see in the reckless Nell a proof of what might have been, and then blame her. But I will have my revenge. What care I though confidence be betrayed through me? So have mine suffered; though hearts may ache, so mine has ached; though lives may one day be wrecked, so has mine been seared and chilled. Some one shall pay for my lost happiness. Why not the world? Must I, who have such a keen appreciation of the good and beautiful—such a perfect sense of what is pure and lofty—see others revel in their midst and myself an outcast? No, never! I will yet enjoy all this, though it has lost me my honor, and may eventually cost me my life. Darling George, please write again soon, very soon, to your own loving

"NELL."

On the evening of her suicide she was sitting in the parlor of the house at which she was stopping—a "par-

lor-house" on Houston street. She was unusually quiet and thoughtful. Suddenly, without a word or a moment's warning, she fell on the floor and commenced writhing in agony. It was a dramatic scene. The poor, abandoned women of the house were for the moment shocked into solemnity. They gathered about her, and with wide-open eyes looked on the awful scene. Fright was depicted on every lineament of their countenances, and they thought of the awful eternity and the world beyond.

For once there was quiet and solemnity in this temple of sin, for the old reaper Death had entered and carried a soul away.

Suicide is quite common among this class of women. Very lately one of the New York papers contained a notice of the death of a young girl who had taken poison and died under rather peculiar circumstances. She was found in a Fulton-ferry stage at the ferry, apparently in a fit, and was taken by an officer to the Beeckman-street police-station. On her person was found a glass, which seemed to have in it a mixture of Paris green. Though able to speak, she refused to say anything about herself, and was taken to the hospital, where she died at about nine the next evening.

The career of this girl is more than ordinarily noteworthy. She called herself Mary Ella R——, but confessed once that that was not her true name. She was born near New Bedford, and there became acquainted with a young man named Mr. H——, who was afterward a member of the police force in New York. She was brought into disgrace by this man, and then he persuaded

her to come to the great metropolis and enter a Catholic institution in Westchester county. After having been there a short time as a novice, she left and went to live with Policeman H——. In time she appeared at the "Midnight Mission," and was sent to Bellevue Hospital, where she gave birth to a child.

She then went to Connecticut as a nurse, returned and became an attendant in a hospital, where she remained a short time. But before long she suddenly disappeared. Not many weeks passed, however, when she again applied to the "Midnight Mission" and promised to reform. But becoming discontented, she went on the town; then stayed a while in the House of the Good Shepherd—a reformatory institution for fallen women—but conducted herself most unaccountably by wandering from place to place. Finally, she went home to her sister's, in Massachusetts. While there, she received a letter from a notorious woman in New York, offering her inducements to return to the metropolis. Accordingly, she left her sister's, and in a very singular way. It seems that one day she and some of her friends went off to skate. They stopped at the depôt and amused themselves by jumping on and off the cars, to see who could keep on the longest while the cars were in motion. Ella joined in the frolic, and the last time she jumped stayed on, and was whirled away to her old haunts in New York.

Thereafter, for a year longer, she became literally an abandoned woman. She was frequently found intoxicated on the streets, and once, in despair, she attempted to hang herself in the Jefferson Market Prison. On one

occasion she said she was going home again, and asked a policeman to get her clothes from the house in which she was boarding. But no sooner had she got them than she went to another place in the city. She used to say to her companions that she was lost and going to destruction, and that it was not her fault. Whose was it?

It is frequently the case that married women, for some real or fancied injury, leave their husbands and become members of the *demi-monde*. Then again, in these latter days, a wife will take the notion in her head that her husband does not provide well enough for his family. The result is a separation. She, being gay, is bound to wear good clothes. If her husband cannot buy them, she knows how they can be got. At first, she does not intend to be a really bad woman. She proposes to work "on the sly," but soon she sees that she is on the inclined plane, and it will not be long before we meet her among the outcasts.

An interesting, and, at the same time, sad instance of this character recently came to light.

Some nine years ago, Mr. —— and Mary S——, of Providence, Rhode Island, were united in marriage, with fond hopes, no doubt, of matrimonial happiness. A minister of the Gospel blessed them and asked the God of all to smile upon and guide them along the path of life. The omens of their wedding-day presaged not the coming of their future troubles and sorrows, and all seemed well. Time rolled on, until two children—a boy and a girl—were the offspring of the marriage, who should have been two strong links to bind the young

couple to a strict observance of their holy vows, solemnly made to each other "in the presence of God and these witnesses," upon their wedding-day. But war's clarion trumpet called the husband from his home, and donning the blue and shouldering his musket, he marched under the banner of the stars and stripes "to brave exposure in the tented field and dangers upon the battle's crested front." The wife remained at home to pray for the hour of his safe return and nurse the little babe sleeping in her cradle or smiling in her loving arms.

But alas for woman's frailty! Time and her husband's absence taught the wife and mother to cease to love her husband, her woman's virtue and her chastity, and in an evil hour she fell, and sin and shame held dominion over her.

When "grim-visaged War had smoothed his wrinkled front," and gentle Peace spread her white pinions to the breeze, the husband returned to his wife whom he had promised in the honesty of his heart to love all the days of his life. But how changed was she! How terrible were the tidings that reached his ears! She had been false to her vows, and the finger of public scorn and indignation pointed at her as a faithless wife and fallen woman. Then came the separation. Mrs. S——, after separating from her husband, removed to New York, and there opened a notorious house of prostitution on Greene street, not far from Bleecker.

Swiftly she traveled down the road that leads to the deepest, vilest depths of infamy and shame. Each step of her progress was marked with disgrace and odium,

until she was despised even by her own class. Her house had become the chosen dwelling-place of sin and prostitution, where degradation set its ebon seal upon feminine character: female virtue, chastity and loveliness were lost sight of in her den of iniquity. She became the reproach and disgrace of the neighborhood in which she lived. For some reason, she did not succeed in business and was obliged to move. Shelterless and almost penniless, Mary went to the home of her mother in the country, where she was ready to seek new adventures and notoriety. Nothing turned up until her patience was threadbare, and she was under the necessity of whipping her poor old mother and driving her away from home, that she might again create a sensation. She soon tired of living in a quiet country place, and finally left it for a Western city, where, at last accounts, her habits of life were of the most deplorable character.

From this history it will be seen how low a woman may fall when she has once taken the first false step.

A very singular and painful case, which affords a remarkable illustration of the condition of morals in New York, and which shows what an opportunity there is for women anxious for a mission "to go about doing good," came up before one of the justices of Jefferson Market Police Court not long since.

Delia D——, a young girl eighteen years of age, very beautiful and peculiarly interesting, was brought up before the justice by her two aunts, who charged that she ran away from the home of the latter in Boston, for some cause that did not appear, and on arriving in New

York, friendless and destitute, was entrapped by a colored woman, a keeper of a house in Sixth avenue, where whites and blacks met together for improper purposes, and had in consequence been leading a life of shame. The poor girl seemed to realize to the fullest her terrible position, and could scarcely render herself intelligible to the justice through the violence of her grief. Her father and mother died when she and her younger sister were yet children. Surrounded by temptation and pinched by poverty, the two girls early learned the business of artificial flower-making, and earned a scanty subsistence in their native town of C——, Massachusetts. Deprived of the protection of their natural guardians, and wanting intelligent and kindly supervision, they were foredoomed. Both were remarkably beautiful, and intellectual gifts of no common order enabled them to take full advantage of the little instruction they had leisure to receive. A wealthy merchant of New York, with a family of several children, became enamored of Delia, and in due time she yielded and was abandoned to despair. About the same period Nellie was deceived by another as heartless as the New Yorker, and both the unfortunate ones found that they were bankrupt in name and virtue. They at once left for Boston and took up their abode with their aunt, Mrs. S——. Nellie soon after got engaged as a lady's maid, and has since filled that position to the entire satisfaction of her employer; but Delia was unable to procure a situation, and was compelled to remain with her aunt. It did not appear that she was contented. One night Delia stole out of her aunt's house

and fled to New York, to her other aunt, Mrs. B——. Failing to find her on her arrival, she wandered about the streets, friendless and alone, the sport of the midnight bacchanal and the eyesore of women without pity or compassion. At length she encountered the colored woman who offered her a home and protection. She accepted, of course, but, as she affirmed, without knowing the character of the place into which she was brought by the designing woman. Here she remained, subject to the infamous people who controlled her, until one of her aunts, happening to see her one day at the door, caused her arrest. The aunts begged the justice to commit her to the House of the Good Shepherd, which was accordingly done. When leaving the court the poor girl cried as if her heart would break.

We have thus given the truthful histories of a few of the women of pleasure of the great city. The reader will see that there is an air of sameness about them, but that cannot of course be helped. It would be the same did we give a thousand stories of the lives of these women, instead of a dozen. They have nearly all passed through the same experiences and lived the same sort of lives. They were born and reared in quiet country homes or in the city. They early felt a desire to love and be loved in a holy and pure manner. And then the tempter came; nearly always he was handsome; sometimes intellectual, often possessed of some good qualities, but always without honor or conscience. The girl, believing his promise that he would marry her, fell. And then her lover left her and she heard no more of him.

A FEMALE GAMBLING HOUSE ON BROADWAY.

Heartsick and utterly miserable, she left her home and entered on a life of sin in the metropolis. At first she was happy. She made plenty of money and gratified a long-cherished ambition to dress well. The gay society she was in pleased her. She started in a fine house of the better class, and enjoyed luxuries such as she had only dreamt of before. But soon the taste for all these things began to fail. They were found not to be self-satisfying; they did not, nor will they ever as long as time shall last, meet the desire of the human heart; there was a great want, a great longing to be satisfied with something —with what?

These women have felt this same longing—some sooner, others later, but felt it they always have and always will.

And not knowing what this want was, she plunged wildly into dissipation, and was soon compelled to leave the luxurious resort for a humbler one. And then she went down rapidly. All self-respect was lost. She was found drunk in the street, and taken to the station-house and sent to the island.

And last scene of all, that ends the sad, eventful story of the woman-of-the-town, the burial in Potter's Field. A sad ending to what might have been a brilliant and good career. One or two followers to the grave—a hasty service or possibly none at all—the burial with no show of feeling—the turf thrown on the grave.

After all this, who can tell to what sphere her spirit goes?—whether above, below, beyond; whether it remains here, or is taken by the good Father of All; or

descends into hell, or dwells a time in Purgatory, or remains until the last day. All this we know not, but may hope, at least, that the poor, unhappy creature will meet with better treatment hereafter than she met in this unhappy world.

CHAPTER XXV.

NYMPHS DU PAVE.

OUT of doors, on the streets of New York, under the light of the gas-lamps, the denizens of the under-world may be seen in even greater numbers than in the fine houses, elegant parlors and popular resorts of which we have been speaking in the last few chapters. There is a lower world even in the under-world —a world within two worlds; a plebeian order of cyprians who are looked down upon by their sisters who dress finer, make more money and live in more stylish houses. This poorer class of women-of-the-town are numbered by the thousands—the better, and more aristocratic and select classes, only by the hundreds. The higher class may possess some culture, always a certain amount of refinement and self-respect; the other class have got to the lower rounds of the ladder of vice—have little or no refinement and still less self-respect. The one class may have hope of bettering their position, of abandoning their mode of life and of retiring with a balance in the bank; the other know that their tendency is downward, not upward, and that one day the poor-house may contain them; and as for bank accounts or thoughts of saving for the future rainy day which comes to all in life, they

take no thought, and are content if they can see only one meal ahead. This lower order of women are utterly reckless and careless alike for their health, their doings and their ultimate destiny. They are the Bohemians of the under-world, using that much abused term in its lowest sense. They have reached despair in their career, and have abandoned themselves, soul and body, to the fate that controls them. They have no thought for the future and try to forget the past. They taste vice in its lowest forms and spend their time in dissipation. They are unsettled and wanderers. One city is as good to them as another; they have no choice; they would as soon live in one place as another, and are led by the force of circumstances or the weakness of their own wills to doing anything that may be proposed to be done, going anywhere, and caring naught whether they live or die, survive or perish.

These would seem to be some of the characteristics of this class of unhappy women—so far, at least, as conversation with some of them would show.

They differ from other classes in being what is called "street-walkers," or "cruisers." They are "on the town," walk on its streets and live off of its resident and visiting population. Broadway is their favorite resort—their principal time of going out, at night. The gas-lights are no sooner lighted than they come forth. It is fit that they should walk on Broadway. The street is broad, and on its pavements how many thousands have been led to destruction God only knows. It is a too gay and bright place during all but six or eight hours of the

twenty-four. In the day, crowded with residents of the great city, visitors from the North, the South, the East, the West, the dwellers of England and all Europe, including, doubtless, representatives from Mesopotamia. One meets every one he knows on Broadway in the course of a year, and the women of pleasure always. By day they walk under the pure sunlight, by night under the flickering gas. But they may always be seen on the great avenue; day after day, night after night, on broiling hot summer days, on cool, pleasant evenings in the spring-time, or in the depth of winter, when the snow covers the ground and the sound of merry sleigh-bells greet the ear. At all times of the day and night they may be seen. In the morning, shopping or on the tramp; in the afternoon, promenading and on the watch for victims; in the early evening, at midnight, at one, two, three, and even four o'clock in the early morning, they walk the streets and ply their avocation. By day, they look pale and sickly, unhappy, dissipated, worn out and forlorn. By night, they appear to be beautiful, with smiling faces, light and buoyant step, and apparently the possessors of happy hearts. The gas-light is a good friend of theirs, it hides so many defects.

Broadway, being a cosmopolitan street, has street-walkers of all degrees and grades. A few of them are beautiful, many are ugly; some finely dressed, others poorly attired; some are modest and retired in their manners, others bold and making no display of modesty; some walk at a brisk pace, others move along slowly; some are graceful and queenly in their carriage, others

careless. There are old and young, small and large, lively and quiet, poetical, sentimental, matter-of-fact, thoughtful, thoughtless, gay and sober; all sorts compose this Broadway squad, or rather army, of frail femininity, as they troop along with the same thought that fills the brains of men by day—to make money.

And just as there is a difference between men in the capacity to make money, so there is in regard to these women. Some are more shrewd than others, and are capable and succeed in making more money than their companions. But it makes little difference, after all. Even this latter class spend their earnings as fast as made in reckless extravagance or wild dissipation.

But there are other streets in which they may be seen. Mercer, the first street running parallel with and west of Broadway, has many of them at night. It is a quiet thoroughfare after dark. Most of the buildings are devoted to business purposes, with here and there an assignation-house or lager-beer saloon. The girls find this the favorite haunt of quiet, respectable elderly gentlemen and married men, who desire the society of frail ones. More of these two classes of men are "caught" by these women on the two streets mentioned than on any other two in the city. Crosby street, the first street parallel with and east of Broadway, is also much frequented at night by this class of women. On it are many houses of prostitution, and one or two resorts for assignation purposes. Wooster, Greene, Thompson, West Broadway, Canal, Hudson, Houston, Prince, Spring, Broome, Amity—in fact all the side streets from Amity

to Canal street are overrun with the *nymphs du pave* by night.

Greene street, two streets to the west of Broadway and running parallel with it, is one of the most noted streets in the city for houses of prostitution and a place for street-walkers. In it are establishments of all grades except the extremely fashionable. It is eight o'clock at night: let us walk through the street and see what we can. We turn from the noisy din of Broadway into Amity street, and are soon in Greene street, notorious the United States over. You will notice that there are many young women who pass us, but you must not judge them too quickly; they are all virtuous—at least the most of them we see now. They are working-girls returning home from their work. There are sewing-girls, workers in parasols, milliners, mantua-makers, girls employed in hoop-skirt manufactories and establishments of various kinds situated on Canal, Broome, Prince, Spring and other streets lower down in the city. They are dressed plainly in calicoes or some cheap stuff, and walk quickly by. They go to garret-rooms or have bed-rooms far up town—some living alone, while others support aged parents or sickly brothers or sisters.

On walking down the street a few blocks, we see houses on both sides which bear outward signs of being of bad character. Over the doorway of nearly every house is a large lamp—as large as the one at the street-corner, and generally of some bright-colored glass. The hall-door stands wide open. The place looks clean and neat, though the building is of brick and looks aged. The

shutters are all closed, though in the parlor and in one or two of the upper rooms a light may be seen peeping through. On the fan-light over the doors of many of these places are the names of the keepers in large characters. There are "Lizzies," and "Floras," the "Black Crook," the "Gem," the "Forget-me-not," "Sinbad the Sailor" and (more than) "Forty Thieves." The sound of pianos wretchedly out of tune proceeds from each house. The performer executes some of the many popular songs of the day—"Champagne Charlie," "Not for Joe," "La Grande Duchesse," the letter-song in "La Perichole," or whatever the musical sensation of the day may be. There may be two or three men standing on the stoop. They look as if they felt at home, and probably they are. They live at the house, or are the "pals" or "lovers" of some of the women connected with it. Some of the girls you will also see on the steps. Women are continually walking past you dressed gaudily, though they are ugly in face. They are bold and openly solicit you, calling every one Johnny, and if encouraged in the least will open a conversation with you. To avoid them you say nothing and walk on.

And that is Greene street all through. As it gets later at night, there is more life and hilarity. It is a street where orgies and midnight carousals hold full sway. At twelve or one o'clock in the morning, pianos are in full blast, men and women singing in the parlors, the street filled with men and women, obscene talk and swearing greet the ear at every step, and revelry reigns supreme. The houses are open all night. At three

o'clock in the morning women sit at the windows waiting for chance visitors; and as the workingman goes to his task in the early dawn he will meet on Greene street half-tipsy men, who have come from its bagnios and are returning to their homes. We should say a word as to the more stylish of the *nymphs du pave* who walk on Broadway and Fifth avenue every evening—past the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the St. James and the Hoffman House. This is a favorite walk of this class of women, and they succeed in making considerable money. They are distinguished from ordinary *nymphs* by dressing very finely —always after the very latest fashion. During the rage for blonde hair many of them wore false hair of that color. The most beautiful woman of this particular class walks nightly past these hotels. She is a panel-thief, and succeeds in making an immense amount of money. There are many rich merchants from other cities charmed by these nymphs. While picking their teeth on the steps of the hotel a brazen girl, apparently beautiful, picks them up. Only a short time since a beautiful "blonde" girl (blonde by art, but not by nature) "caught" a New Orleans merchant, who was so enchanted with her that he furnished her money to open an assignation-house, which is in full blast on Sixth avenue.

The city parks and squares are favorite resorts for these characters. In Madison Square, on most pleasant evenings during the summer, the seats are occupied by women of easy virtue and their lovers or friends. Union Square has long been noted as a resort for harlots, especially toward evening. At that particular time these

women seat themselves on the benches, and make overtures toward acquaintanceship to business men as they come up town. The City Hall Park (a park only in name) is the worst resort in the city for loose characters. The denizens of the concert-saloons and low dance-houses of Chatham and William streets are in the habit of coming to it at all hours of the night, displaying themselves to the gaze of respectable persons, and oftentimes conducting themselves in the most indecent manner. There are various parks kept by private individuals on the outskirts of the city, where immoralities of the grossest and most heinous character are practiced, and where orgies of the most bacchanalian description are carried out at all hours of the night. Even the Central Park itself is very much resorted to by these women and their male acquaintances during the night, but the police keep a watchful eye on them.

Washington Parade Ground, however, is probably the favorite park of these women. Its location partly leads them to come to it, being very near houses of illrepute of all degrees of decency. Women of loose character may be seen here during the day, and at all hours of the night, sitting on the benches alone, on the "pick up," or conversing with men whom they have lured to their side. Around Washington Square they walk until almost the gray of morning appears. They are the only bright feature to that dark and lonely spot, where few respectable persons are ever seen to walk after dark.

These women who walk the streets are not all "professionals." There are many girls who work for their

daily bread during the day, but parade the streets by night for improper purposes. The vast army of sewing-girls of the metropolis are doubtless a hard-working, industrious and worthy class, but there are black sheep among them. So with the artificial-flower makers, hoop-skirt makers, seamstresses, female clerks, and, in fact, women in all the various industrial branches in New York. Many will do certain things for money which they ought not to do. The love of dress, and the scanty pay afforded them for their work, doubtless lead many to enter into a life of shame. And not only working-women, but married women, are guilty of these indiscretions. To be sure, they do not walk the streets by night really and ostensibly for this purpose, but still they are willing to be led astray. Married women who are unhappy with their husbands—who have ceased to love them—grass widows and real widows, make up a large number of unfaithful wives. Really and truly, they may be on the street for the purpose of making a purchase, doing some shopping, or, the poorest excuse, taking an evening walk. If a gentleman, good-looking and apparently with money, should speak to one of these women, however, he would find she would not regard it in the light of an insult—only an innocent "flirtation," which ultimately and always leads to a loss of good name. Servant-girls do the same thing on the sly, and young women from the country, who have been seduced and who have strength of will enough not to go into a regular house of prostitution, occasionally, on their visits to the city, take part in the same kind of "innocent flirtations."

Most of the particular class of the women of which we are speaking reside in poor neighborhoods and wretched-looking houses. There is no particular street which is noted for being populated by them. Their residences are in all parts of the city. Many of them prefer a central location, and consequently the majority reside within two or three blocks of Broadway or the Bowery, somewhere above Canal street. The house is sometimes a tenement, though not necessarily such. Very often proprietors of houses let them out in "furnished rooms." The price for these rooms averages about six dollars and a half a week. Some women pay higher, but few can afford it. A decent furnished room cannot be had for less than five dollars a week. Bleecker street is filled with houses devoted to the letting out of furnished rooms; also Amity, which is a favorite street with the *nymphs du pave*. On Broadway there are a few large buildings the rooms of which are let out to these women. On nearly all these houses there is placed a bill:

"FURNISHED ROOMS
TO LET.
INQUIRE, ETC."

—Very few words, but they mean a great deal.

The apartments are furnished comfortably, and bear the appearance of any other ordinary room. Some girls have ornaments for the mantelpiece and bureau, but very few evince any taste in this direction. There may be a photograph, however, of some lover in the good days

long since past, of their husband, if they happened to be married, or of the man to whom they owed all the misery that comes from being "on the town." On the bureau are articles for the toilette, plenty of powder and rouge, stray hair-pins, a waterfall and many female contrivances which belong alike to the virtuous as well as the vicious. Some girls are naturally neat, and so their rooms are kept pleasant and have an inviting look; others care nothing for looks, and consequently untidiness and even disorder prevail everywhere through their apartments.

A singular and somewhat amusing mistake occurred not long since in regard to "furnished rooms."

A young couple, who had been married but a short time, came to New York from the "rural districts." They put up at one of the Broadway hotels, but finding that their expenses were more than their income would warrant, they determined to take furnished rooms and live *à la Bohemien*. Accordingly, they did what hundreds of persons do during the "merry month of May"—that is, searched the papers for advertisements of "furnished rooms." They found plenty, and some that promised to suit. They therefore went together to look at some of them, but saw none to their liking. The next morning at breakfast the husband said, looking up from his paper, "My dear, have you anything special to do to-day; if not, I wish you would answer these advertisements, and see if you can find anything to suit us. You can do it as well as I, and I shall be busy. You might take Mrs. G——" (mentioning the name of

a friend) "with you; she is more acquainted with the city than you are."

"Certainly, Harry, I can as well as not," replied the young and therefore dutiful wife.

She called on Mrs. G——, and they started together.

The first place they tried was a large, stylish-looking house in Waverly Place. The door was opened by a female, quiet and ladylike in her manners, who was dressed in deep mourning. They asked if there were rooms to rent, and being answered in the affirmative, followed her up stairs to look at them. They were on the third floor—two airy, light, beautiful rooms, opening one out of the other, and beautifully furnished.

"Mrs. Harry" was charmed, and went into ecstasies of delight. They were "just what she wanted"—weren't they beautiful?"—"she knew they would just suit Harry. How much were they?"

"Fifty dollars a week."

"What!" exclaimed both ladies together.

"Fifty dollars a week," repeated the proprietress.

The ladies looked at one another in amazement, and then the truth of the case began to dawn upon Mrs. G——'s mind. She tried to whisper to Mrs. Harry that they were in a house of assignation, but the younger lady was too intent on the business in hand to notice.

"But my husband could never pay such a rent as that," she said.

The woman slightly raised her eyebrows at the words, and said:

"I never rent my rooms to any but *single* ladies."

Then Mrs. Harry began to comprehend, and was as anxious to get away as her friend. Indeed, she was in such haste, and cared so little to conceal it, that the woman smiled and said:

"You need have no fear, ladies—no one shall harm you," and quietly and politely bowed them out.

The *nymphs du pave*, of course, are not on the tramp all the time at night. They take occasional respites, long or short, as feeling, circumstance or their will determines. There is some good feeling (it can hardly be called friendship) in them, and they are anxious to gossip to each other about their affairs the same as the virtuous world. At night they may be seen in groups of three, four or half a dozen, standing on certain corners and holding friendly chat as to their affairs. A few of them patronize the "private supper-rooms" on their own account, but this is not often done; they are treated quite often enough by their admirers to suppers. The coffee-and-cake saloons receive large patronage from them. They have no regular hours for eating: breakfast, dinner and supper may all be taken during the twelve hours of darkness. The coffee-and-cake saloons are very reasonable in their prices—one always gets the worth of his money in them.

The more dissolute and dissipated of these *nymphs du pave* prefer the liquor-store for a resting and refreshing place. They meet at these places in large numbers. Certain stores are known places of resort, and answer to the women all the purposes that a club does to men. Here liquor is drunk in large quantities, gin being the

favorite beverage—wines, lemonades, sodas, etc., being utterly discarded for liquors of a stronger quality.

A word should be said as to the *demi-monde* of the east side of the city. The principal difference between them and their sisters of the west side is the fact that they are of a lower order, not so good-looking, and attire themselves in a very gaudy and showy manner in order to attract the attention of the passer-by. The "Bowery style," as it is called, is a very "loud" style, and well calculated to cause one to gaze—not always, possibly never, with admiration, but still to gaze. There are many foreign girls on the east side—the Germans and the Irish predominating. They live in the streets on the east of the Bowery, in large tenements. There are very few decent houses of prostitution in that part of the city, and not one of the fashionable order. The east-side women attract to their side boatmen, seamen, mechanics, workingmen, fourth-rate actors and the Bowery b'hoys, who are physically great and very healthy, though they have no visible means of support.

We have given, in a previous page, some of the histories of women of pleasure who have moved in the better circles. We will close the present chapter with the histories of three women-of-the-town who became *nymphs du pave*, and whose tendency was downward.

In a house on Crosby street lived, a short time since, two sisters, both under eighteen years of age. The story they told was sad enough. Whether it was in all respects truthful, is another question. They had been seduced, both of them under a promise of marriage, and,

as if to render the crime more shocking, they had been betrayed by the same person. Life at home—they lived in one of the interior towns of the State—became speedily insupportable, for their disgrace got to be soon apparent, and the two poor girls decided at last to hide themselves and their shame in the great city.

Soon after their arrival there was a child born to each, but neither infant lived long. Whether the "mothers, yet not wives," added to the burden they were bearing the crime of infanticide, there are no means of determining. Each denied the commission of the deed. But it is one of the worst results of a fall from virtue that all confidence in even the most solemn asseverations of innocence is shaken, and one doubts even when he would gladly believe.

After the birth and death of their children the two sought work. They went to many places in the city where they thought it would be found, but failed everywhere. The ranks of sewing-girls were full, and into no man's house as hired servants could they enter. Starvation stared them in the face. Their wardrobes began to need replenishing. What could they do? Into one life they could enter and find present relief. One house was always standing with an open door—one refuge was ever awaiting them. Let him who casts the first stone first remember their temptation—first remember the awful strait in which they were placed. Perhaps he will then cast that stone with some gentleness, or perhaps he will refrain altogether from casting it.

One day they entered the house in Crosby street.

They were dismayed, they said, by the horrors of the life in which they found themselves. They stood terrified and speechless in the presence of its fearful realities. Their only resort was—this is the story they told the officers—to fall on their knees and pray to Christ and the mother of Christ, the Holy Virgin, for protection and deliverance.

What money they could save they did, looking forward to the time when they could return home. But their savings did not amount to much, for they had to pay the landlady of the house sixteen dollars per week, besides giving her half of all they earned. Truly were they finding the wages of sin to be death. Four weeks they spent together, when at last they had succeeded by the most rigid economy in saving money enough to take *one* home. How these two sisters decided the question of life and death we are not told. But the fact that the choice fell at last on the younger seems to tell that over her sister the elder one watched with something of a mother's love and yearning tenderness.

Fortunately—it seems almost like romance—two officers came to the house the very day that had been set for the journey home. A few questions, a few answers, and the long, hard life was ended—ended, let us hope, for ever. Both were taken away and were kindly cared for, and finally returned to their friends.

Mary E—— was the daughter of a wealthy, influential merchant residing in the small town of L——, in Wisconsin. All her life she had been attended with the most affectionate care. A loving mother and indulgent

father watched over their only child, and perhaps passed too leniently over her greatest fault—a tendency to invest any object of her affection with the glories of her poetic imagination. When Mary was about eighteen, a stranger came to the place, and by means of letters and credentials from men of standing in New York obtained an introduction to our heroine. He was a man of very ordinary appearance—in fact, would have been mean-looking if he had not been well dressed—but he had what is vulgarly called the "gift of gab," and almost immediately made an impression on the impulsive girl. She told her father what a delightful man she had met, and he invited him to the house. The intimacy ripened: Mary loved him, and he, like the designing villain that he was, saw it and took advantage of her young innocence. He professed to be highly romantic, and despised the ordinary mode of marriage; so one day, when they were walking together, he persuaded her to go with him to the house of a minister and get married. She consented and they were united. Her father was displeased, but, as it could not be helped, he gave them his blessing, and they came to New York. He fitted up a house in fine style for her, and for about two years they lived together happily. At the end of that time he began to tire of her, and one day startled her with the announcement that the marriage had been a false one, and that now she must shift for herself. She was a young, friendless girl, alone in the great city, unprotected and uncared for. He left her, and she tried for a while to support herself by sewing, but that failed, and she saw starvation staring her

in the face. She saw no way out of her trouble but one —prostitution; so she became a *nymph du pave.* As she was pretty, it was not long before she found a lover who wanted her all to himself—was wealthy and furnished a house for her. She lived with him for a while, he being very liberal to her, making her handsome presents—among others a beautiful diamond cross.

One morning, after they had lived together about three months, he came to the house in a state of mind which she found difficult to understand. He seemed excited and nervous, and withal in a remarkably bad temper. After he had been gone some time, she missed her diamond cross, which had been sticking on the cushion in the room. She immediately searched for it, but failing to find it, went down to his place of business, intending to tell him of her loss. When she arrived, she saw him fingering the cross and trying to pick out the stones.

"Oh," she said, starting forward, "I am so glad you have it! I thought it was lost."

He started to his feet as if he had been struck.

"What the d—l do you want here?" he roughly inquired.

"I came to tell you I had lost my pin, but I see you have it; I'm so glad!"

He changed his manner and said: "I saw one of the stones was out, so I took it to have it replaced."

"You are very kind," she replied.

"By the way, Mary, can you do an errand for me?—I am very busy just now."

"Certainly—I have nothing to do."

So he sent her on an errand that would take her two or three hours. When she got home, she found the door locked and no one to answer the bell. She knocked till she was tired, and then asked a woman, who put her head out of the next-door house, what was the matter. She said that a gentleman had come there that afternoon, removed all the furniture, locked the house and given the key to the landlord, saying that he should not want it any longer.

Mary was perplexed, but she went back to the store, where she learned that her lover had sailed an hour before for Europe, leaving no word behind. Here was another blow: again she was alone—again she took refuge in a life of shame. She went on from bad to worse, until, at the present time, she is continually getting drunk, and every now and then is sent to the Island.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SUMMER SPORTS OF THE "DEMI-MONDE."

THE *demi-monde* of all grades like amusement, the same as the rest of humanity. It might be supposed that their continued round of dissipation by night was sufficient recreation, but this is a mistake. Nearly all of them look on their calling as a business, not as recreation. They smile and seem happy before their friends, but in reality they may be heavy-hearted. They outwardly appear to enjoy their various midnight revelries, but within their own hearts they care nothing for them. While pursuing their calling they wear a mask and seem what they are not. Among themselves, however, they are free from care, and honest—there is honor among harlots as well as among thieves.

It is during the summer-time that these women most enjoy themselves, and it is the pic-nic which possesses the greatest charms for them. The number of excursions, pic-nics, cotillion-parties and moonlight-excursions that leave the city of New York during the months of June, July and August, and the early part of September of each year, is almost beyond calculation. Fences and curbstones throughout the summer are filled with posters

announcing the projected excursion of this or that association, club or society to popular places of resort near the great city. All these places are sufficiently near New York to allow the party to go and return in a single day. The excursion is nearly always by water, a steamer being chartered for the occasion, or, which is more generally the case, a barge and steam-tug. On the boat there is an ample chance afforded to indulge in the bewildering whirr of the mazy dance; there is always dancing at these pic-nics—it is the chief feature of the affair. There is an immense crowd. The gentlemen are large, broad-shouldered, muscular-looking beings, dressed in broadcloth; from their looks one has reason to suspect their connection with the prize-ring. The number of young women is immense. The boat is completely filled with persons, and there is scarcely room to turn around. The females are very gaudily and showily dressed. Some of them are quite good-looking. They have evidently spent much time in perfecting their toilettes. Their dresses are short, moreover, and display feet delicately and beautifully small, and ankles of fair proportions—both of which parts of the human body they are not at all loth to exhibit.

The boat starts from the city at about eight or nine o'clock. The pic-nic has been advertised ahead by means of large posters. It may be the "Jolly Crows," "Gideon's Band" or the "Robinson Crusoe Club" which is to give the excursion, but from the name and general announcement the knowing ones will see that the *demi-monde* will be present. At nearly all of these

affairs, too, young women who are not members of this order may be seen—working-women and young women who don't work, but admire a boisterous time. Every one is exceedingly good-natured at starting. Crowds troop down to the dock, some of the men carrying baskets of provisions. On board the boat people soon become acquainted with each other; there is a decided disposition to be friendly. The boat has scarcely left the dock when dancing is begun and carried on in a very lively manner. The hilarity increases. Men talk in a loud voice, and the women indulge in an immoderate amount of laughter. On reaching the ground lunch or dinner is had. Every one has a sharp appetite. Both men and women drink whisky and gin. After lunch, there is dancing on a platform, swinging, loafing, talking, romping, smoking and walking. The afternoon is nearly gone when the boat takes the party home. The men, half intoxicated, are wonderfully merry—the women not much less so. Dancing is indulged in all the way to the city. When the party arrive in New York, they wearily take themselves to their homes.

Of late years the meanest of the pickpockets have patronized excursions and pic-nics, and taken their chances with the crowd of unsuspecting pleasure-seekers. Oftentimes an officer is detailed to accompany these excursions for the purpose of affording them protection, but even such precautions are not always successful.

There are many pic-nics (improperly called such, however) held in the evening, at which the *demi-monde* predominate. There are eight or ten gardens within the

limits of New York where these "pic-nics" are held. On the East River side, there is the Union Park, foot of Sixtieth street; Landmann's Hamilton Park, Sixty-eighth street and Third avenue; the Cremorne Gardens, almost opposite; Bellevue Garden, foot of Eightieth street; the East River Park, foot of Eighty-fourth street, which neighbors have several times tried to have indicted as a nuisance, together with several smaller gardens where lager beer is sold and music furnished. On the west side of the city, there are only three gardens of large magnitude—the Broadway Park, on Broadway, near Ninety-seventh street; Elm Park, on Broadway, near Ninetieth street; and Lion Park, on Eighth avenue, near One-hundred-and-tenth street.

The great majority of the public pic-nics of the present day are indecent. The *demi-monde* attend them all, and are expected to be present. This, of course, has a peculiarly bad effect on the few decent young women who are induced to go. The youth of both sexes are more or less demoralized, and the commonest observation proves that drunkenness, theft, lewdness and all kinds of dissipation are on the increase from their influence and example.

It may be well to look for a moment at those who constitute the majority of the pic-nics that hold their revels at these parks and gardens. There are in the city of New York alone, according to police estimation, nearly three hundred different societies who give one or more balls during the winter months, and who indulge in at least one pic-nic during the summer. Some of them are highly respectable German clubs and societies, which

maintain a good character in all they do, except occasionally getting somewhat convivial when under the influence of their national beverage. At the evening pic-nics of which we have been speaking a person may see the faces of the well-dressed corner loafers who hang about the avenues, in front of cigar and rum shops, and who make it their business to insult ladies as they pass along the street. Many of these evening pic-nics are almost wholly composed of these loafers and the lower order of the *demi-monde*. A dozen or more of them club together under some peculiar name, sometimes having a meeting-room, or sometimes using the street corners or an accommodating liquor saloon for business purposes. It is not at all unfrequent for professional thieves thus to band together and get up a crowd at their entertainments that they may pluck them. It is openly avowed that many of these clubs exist solely for what they can make from their gatherings. Each person composing the club disposes of a few tickets to a few male friends, women-about-town, together with a few young girls indifferently honest and indifferently virtuous.

Arriving at the gardens in the afternoon, the party find fresh air, a few tokens of verdure, a small supply of natural and a large amount of artificial shade. The better side of the picture is presented first. The heat and dust of the city are left behind, and a certain sense of *abandon* comes to every one. The dance is at once indulged in. While the breezes play with the holiday attire of the young women, the music commences and they float into the dance. The revel grows wilder, but

for a time is kept within decent bounds. The very air seems laden with hilarity. This, however, is only a preface to the real sport which the evening produces. When the lamps are lighted in the trees around the platform, in the arbors and among the shaded walks, a fresh company arrive after working hours and a livelier picture is presented. Rest and supper have rejuvenated those whom the dance has tired out. The newly-come party are of those who love night rather than day—those who seek pleasure and victims. But they are not all of this kind, any more than the afternoon party are all bad. Many unsophisticated ones of both sexes come from motives of curiosity or for a night's adventure. One of the most significant sights to be met with at these evening pic-nics is the large number of young working-girls that attend them. At the gate, during the fore part of the evening, may be seen dozens of these young creatures, lingering around with the hope of being asked in by some acquaintance or stranger. It is not an unusual sight to see them importune entire strangers to take them within the enclosure. What the fate of these girls must be we leave the reader to guess. They seldom have any amusement, and the sound of music, and their imagination heightened regarding the pleasure being enjoyed within, make them as intoxicated with desire as those within are with actual pleasure. Such girls are easily persuaded by rowdies to go inside, and the newness of the pleasure, with a few glasses of wine or beer, soon accomplishes their fall. Old and young rascals frequent these dances and then boast of the conquests they have made. There are

secluded walks and bowers; there are private supper-rooms and blind waiters; there are numerous adjuncts that lend their aid to the wiles of these base men; and the consequences are, the comparatively innocent are seduced, and those already fallen are made worse.

All this is going on amid the flow of music and the seemingly happy laugh; dazzling forms and brilliant lights lend their charms to the scene; and the bacchanalian revelry, as yet subdued, is throwing over all a gauze of innocent recreation. A stranger might enter one of these gardens at such a time, and, being attracted by the music and excitement on the dancing-floor, he might not see any of these scenes of which we speak. The music and the lights, the crowd and the sound of revelry, act as a blind to the enactments of debauchery. But if he glances around, he will see young girls seated at tables drinking beer and already under its influence. He will hear the wild laugh, the vulgar jest, and see the careless arrangement of drapery and the negligent attitude which suggests the heart's *abandon* and the mind's indecision.

The hours of evening wear away, and under the influence of the dance, the music and the frequent potations, the lurking devil throws down the mask of semi-decency, and unrestrained passions take possession of the hour and the scene. Young people of both sexes stagger about in reckless bewilderment, making senseless speeches, shouting slang phrases, or making coarse, indecent allusions and exposures. The dance becomes a general break-down, in which all hands take part, and

THE PICNIC WALK.

what may appear pleasure to those engaged in it becomes an uproarious burlesque to the sober observer and a nuisance to those who live in the neighborhood. The young women have ceased to drink lager beer, and now walk up to the bar and call for whisky and gin, as they might do in a brothel. Girls with hair and dresses crumpled respond to their partners' rude embrace, and whirl in wild disorder about the room, under the delusion that they are following the music of the dance. Here comes a verdant youth who has fallen into the hands of a fallen angel. He is quite drunk. She is one whose thought is ever to make money, and she marks him for her own. She is fresh and watchful, although pretending to join in his incoherent song. Still grasping a mug of beer and attempting to sing a ditty in its praise, she leads him artfully along and away from the crowd, followed by her companions in mischief. Their arms are locked, and he is happy in the thoughts of the "lark" he is helping to carry out. When slightly removed from observation, the "pal" of his companion thrusts her arm between them and relieves him of his watch and money. The work is done quickly and artistically. He is led back to a seat and told to remain until her return, which will be in a minute. His artful robbers quit the place, and he sleeps on until thrust from the place by the proprietor when the revel is over. Nor is this all. Some of the most beautiful of the *demi-monde* are often employed by pickpockets to rope in victims.

The pic-nics of the *demi-monde*, and the pic-nics principally patronized by them, have worked a serious evil

on the community. They have made more prostitutes and degraded more young girls than any other cause that can be named. They have encouraged thieving; brought the vicious into contact with some that were comparatively pure; made young men and women drunkards; propagated slang language and inoculated it into society; created brazen women and made unrefined men; made it seem that all women were alike and to be approached with vulgar familiarity; given an edge to rowdyism and a countenance to lewdness; and finally debauched society with their serpentine slime until it festers to its very core. For these reasons pic-nics of this particular class should either be abolished, or placed under such guard as to be shorn of their impurities.

The pic-nics of which we have been speaking, as we have intimated, are not composed wholly of the *demi-monde*, although that class of women largely predominate at them. Some of them go for the purpose of picking up victims, but it is fair to presume that the great majority go for the sake of having some pleasure. Those who go for the last purpose named are accompanied by their "lovers" or favorites. Occasionally, however, a number of the cyprians of the city and their friends go on a pic-nic by themselves. There are no semi-virtuous persons present—the whole company is fallen. A pic-nic of this character was recently had. It took place in the month of June of the current year, and was a decided sensation. It was of a regular society composed wholly of the *demi-monde* and their male friends. They hailed principally from Greene, Mercer, Amity, Prince,

Houston and Bleecker streets. The gathering was a very large one—two barges and a steam-tug were engaged for the occasion. The party was a very gay one. The women were attired in the gayest colors, their dresses being very short. The excursion left about nine o'clock and went to Dobbs' Ferry, a pleasant summer resort on the Hudson River, a short distance from New York. On the way up and coming home, as well as on the ground, dancing was of course indulged in. The terpsichorean amusement would have shocked the senses of our ancestors, accustomed to the stately *minuet* or old-fashioned quadrille. The dancing was decidedly French in its character, and very wild in execution. Plain dances could not satisfy these people. The *Can-Can* was performed over and over again according to the latest dates, and when waltzing, quadrilling or cotillioning was indulged in it was executed in a manner utterly unknown to the devotees of Terpsichore. The women threw themselves around in the most loose and reckless manner, exposing their persons outrageously and shamefully. The dancing was France outdone by Mercer and Greene streets — the *Can-can* out-Paris-ed in America.

It is very seldom that the fashionable *demi-monde* indulge in pic-nicking of the style we have alluded to. They probably take more amusement than do their sisters lower down on the ladder of vice, but in a very different way. The fashionable beauties of the under-world have many friends of wealth who, strange to say, take pride and pleasure in escorting them out. Drives in Central

Park, a season at Long Branch, Newport or Saratoga, sometimes a trip to Europe, afford some of the means of enjoyment of this class of women. Men of high position are not ashamed to be seen with these females. On a Sunday, at a hotel near Central Park, we have seen several of the City's officials, two or three lawyers of prominence and one or two legislators (all married men), enjoying themselves in company with beautiful but frail women. We have also seen a prominent comedian, noted for his wit and fine powers as a writer and actor, sit during a matinee performance in a private box with several of the fashionable *demi-monde*. But these are only solitary instances among many that might be named, and are chiefly noticeable on account of the high position of the parties.

The better class of the under-world, however, have ways of enjoying themselves alone. A number of them have formed themselves into a boat club, and every summer enjoy the sport of rowing on a little river in New Jersey, away from the vulgar gaze. They have a tasty uniform, fashioned so as to fully display their graceful and beautiful forms, and are said to be expert oarswomen. This certainly is the most sensible way we have yet heard of these women enjoying themselves.

The more wealthy of the frail women, who have due regard to their health, and who possess somewhat of the good sense and judgment of their Parisian sisters, prefer the watering-places in summer to being in the city. And thither they go—sometimes as the "wife" of some wealthy man, sometimes alone. You may jostle against them at

the Springs at Saratoga, you will see them at your side at Niagara Falls admiring the grandeur of the scene, or at Newport, Long Branch or Cape May they will be near you bathing in the surf, receiving the embraces of the "amorous ocean."

In the winter there is a surfeit of sport, for every one, going on in the city. The principal amusements of the *demi-monde* during the cold weather are balls. Some of these entertainments are gotten up by or solely for them. During the past one or two seasons some of the wealthiest young men in New York have had a hand in starting them. They differ from other balls in being characterized by a greater degree of *abandon;* the *Can-Can* is always indulged in. It makes but little difference, however, as to the good character of the ball or who are the originators of it—some of the *demi-monde* always attend. The most respectable public balls of the season are not free from their presence. The masquerade balls are their particular favorites. Here the revelry is of the wildest description, and almost all thoughts of decency are put aside. It was a fitting motto for one of these balls during a late season, "Let us live for to-day, distrustful of to-morrow."

Whatever may be the enjoyments or pleasures of the *demi-monde*, they soon tire of them. Having but little judgment, the majority of them drink deep from the well-spring of pleasure, and before long they sicken of it. Not content with taking a draught occasionally, they exhaust it all at once, or in a very short time, and the consequence is, become *blasé* and tired of everything.

Life soon becomes wearisome, and the once gay and happy creature who fluttered about for a time in the under-world, and whom some were foolish enough to envy, sinks into melancholy.

In the melancholy peculiar to fallen women there is an amount of suffering and disease that few of our readers have any conception of. It frequently partakes of the nature of insanity, and causes them to abandon themselves to every species of degraded excitement, or in some instances to seek relief in suicide. There are cases where females have successfully striven against this disease to outward appearance, but it invariably saps the fountain of life and speedily consigns them to an early grave, and hides them

> "From the general scorn
> That haunts and dogs them like an injured ghost,
> Implacable."

MARRIED WOMEN.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MATRIMONIAL INFELICITIES.

THERE is a great deal of unhappy married life which reaches the ear of the public through the courts and the newspapers; there is much which is talked of at tea-tables as neighborhood scandal; there is a vast amount of it which finds its way to the ears of the doctor and the clergyman; and we have every reason to believe that there is still more which never sees the light. The proportion of really happy marriages is exceedingly few—so few that if the truth were known publicly, it may well be imagined that many who now rush heedlessly into matrimony would hesitate upon the brink of its consummation. Other things being equal, it may be asserted without fear of contradiction that there are more unhappy marriages in the town than in the country. People who have a plenty of sunshine and fresh air, who take a daily amount of exercise and live on wholesome food, who own pretty cottages or small farms, and constantly come in contact with Nature, who is always pure and smiling, are surrounded by happy influences which tend to make them

contented with their lot, themselves and their companions. This is the hygienic view of the matter, and it has a stronger influence than many would suspect. When people are ambitious to live in high stoops, English basement, swell front, brownstone houses, on Thirty-fourth or Forty-seventh street, they will put up with many inconveniences, stretch a moral obligation or two if need be, and do many other things to accomplish their purpose. There never was a more truthful saying than that of the poet Cowper, that "God made the country, and man made the town."

The town is full of opportunities and temptations. Bad men and bad women concentrate there, even as bees flock to a hive. Each acts and reacts upon the other, and in the end the whole body social becomes demoralized. Respectable people do that in the town which they would never think of doing in the country. In a village of three or four thousand inhabitants there is a public opinion so strong that no one cares to run counter to it. The life and actions of each individual are known, and if they do not come up to the average standard, there is a village flutter at once. If Farmer Jones pays more attention than he ought to Mrs. Last. wife of the cobbler, the poor shoemaker would never hear the last of it, and it would be strange, indeed, if he did not give his wife a basting or a wax-end at least. We speak figuratively, of course, for it is not to be supposed that any husband is so brutal as to actually beat his wife, although we sometimes read of such things in the newspapers. Even if young Tom Woodman pays

his attentions to Anna Maria Cheesely, the moment of their engagement is known to the gossips of the village. Anna tells her intimate friend, Hannah; she tells her mother; her mother tells her husband; he tells his best male friend, and then the news takes the wings of the morning and flies all over the town.

In the city there is no public opinion. The one hundred thousand or million of people are too many to pay much attention to their neighbors' affairs, or to attempt to control the marriage relations. Every one is supposed to look out for himself. People go in sets, and seldom know anything which may be taking place in any other set. Only in their own families are they under any supervision whatever. The moment they step upon the street, that moment they are among strangers. It is possible for an old resident of New York to go the whole length of Broadway, meeting perhaps twenty thousand people, and not discovering one familiar face among them. So the people who live in town do what they please, come and go as they please, and nobody knows or cares anything about it. This gives great liberty and great license. It gives too much for some people, and they are very ready to take advantage of it.

Under this peculiar condition of things, perhaps, we should not be surprised if many wives proved unfaithful to their husbands, and *vice versâ*. In fact, the wife often discovers that the husband is unfaithful to her—that, for some reason or other, he keeps another woman with whom he divides his affections and attention. She soon comes

to the conclusion that what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose, and very soon she finds a dashing young man who is ready to make himself useful as well as ornamental. There are a thousand causes which tend to produce matrimonial infelicities in the city, and the wonder is that we do not have more of them. We have come to the decided conclusion that love does not always take flight from the window upon the approach of poverty; it seems to droop and languish in the palaces of the rich all the same. A very wealthy gentleman of forty or fifty falls in love with a pretty face, a fine figure and a dashing belle. She is as young as she is handsome, and marries the millionaire the first minute he mentions it. A splendid four-in-hand, a magnificent house, a retinue of servants, are not to be refused every day. So she takes him for better or worse. It is often worse in the end. As soon as the novelty of the situation has worn off, she longs for society and amusement. He, the old Blue Beard that he is, hopes to keep her shut up in his stone house while he is off on business. In short, he grows jealous, is supremely selfish, tells his wife what she may and what she may not do, who she may see and where she may go. He refuses to trust her, and she in her turn refuses to trust or be ruled by him. She is a woman of life and spirit, and as her husband has nothing attractive about him but his wealth, she soon comes to regard that as a burden. "What is the use of it all," she says, "if I cannot be happy? These fine carpets, laces, furniture, etc., do me no good; these servants are no company; I have driven over the Central

Park, and been shopping on Broadway, until I hate the sight of those places; I have been to the opera and theatre until I am tired of them; I am not fond of books or music or painting, and if I were I should not care to be mewed up in a studio or library all day."

The truth of the matter is, this wealthy, unhappy woman wants society, wants somebody to love and somebody to love her, wants to be appreciated, and possibly flattered. At last she disregards Mr. Moneybags, and goes into society. She plunges into it as a beautiful maiden does into the surf at Long Branch or Newport. Alas! the undertow or tide sometimes takes her out to sea, and she is lost!

There are always plenty of male sharks, redolent of Lubin, with oily tongues, curled hair, smiling lips, sparkling eyes, and all the arts and graces of the dancing-master, roaming about in society, seeking what small fish they may swallow. They had just as soon take down one of the Codfish aristocracy as a member of a Knickerbocker family; they would think nothing of feasting off of a country maiden, so she was pretty; and a dashing widow "who knows a thing or two" is just the thing for a dainty dish. Having no wife of their own, they are ready upon the shortest notice to play the part of husband to those unfortunate wives who have had a falling out with their rightful lords and masters. They meet our lady from the palace, who has plunged into society, and the result is a mutual admiration, which leads to a further intimacy within the circle, of which we do not need to treat. He is everywhere attendant upon her—

even at public balls and operas. As soon as Mr. Moneybags goes from home, he calls at the house with his carriage and the two drive off for a long ride. He is invited to the table of Mrs. Moneybags, and is made a welcome visitor at the house at all hours of the day, and we had almost said at all hours of the night. If she goes to the seaside or Springs for the summer, she informs him of the fact, and, as her husband returns to town on the Monday morning's boat, he starts from town on the evening boat of the same day. Sometimes this lover is a man in moderate circumstances. When this is the case, the woman who has accepted him supplies him with pocket-money.

Many women are easily susceptible to influence from the opposite sex if they are brought in contact with them and listen to their blandishments. And in a city like New York there are not wanting any number of men, from the age of twenty to fifty, who are constantly on the alert to induce some butterfly of fashion, *à la* the spider and the fly, to walk into their parlor. Almost before the woman knows it she is in the hands of the destroyer, and peace and happiness have fled from her household for ever. The blame is not to be all charged upon the men, however, for there be women who seek to entrap young men, and we fear very few Josephs are found among them. These women, we are charitable enough to suppose, are not always bad at heart. They are rather too often the victims of circumstances which they do not understand, and therefore are not capable of rising above. They tempt and are tempted. They go to

balls and parties; they dance and drink wine; they come in intimate contact with many persons of the opposite sex; they expose, according to the mandates of Fashion, the most charming portions of their persons; they indulge in luxurious and rich living; they attend exciting and unhealthy plays; they read rose-colored and stimulating romances in books and papers, and the result is, they fall. Woman is not naturally so passionate a creature as man, but she has a lively imagination; she dreams of bliss, she revels in delightful pictures of the fancy, and the life of dissipation she is living tends to give shape and direction to her thoughts. She at last longs for that which at first she only dreamt about, and although it lasts but for a moment, yet she is willing to stake everything upon that moment. So the first opportunity which presents is embraced.

This is a fair picture of city life in the higher walks, where ease, wealth and luxury reign supreme. It does not include all wealthy people, of course. Indeed, the proportion of good outnumbers the bad by far. But since thousands are able to resist temptation, there is no need on our part of pointing out to them the dangers to be avoided. From this sad picture we can draw but one conclusion—viz., that the farther people wander from a pure and simple method of living, the greater becomes the danger. Luxury brings license; the city is full of temptations because it is outside of the influence of restraint. Those who go to the town to live, be they men or women, should discard the hollow and artificial and keep their eyes open.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

THERE are women standing in the highest places in society who love to be constantly engaged in affairs of the heart. Their business seems to be that of making conquests. The excitement of the diversion—for it is hardly considered anything more—the romance, the danger of it, and oftentimes the encouragement they receive from the objects of their admiration, lead them on from field to field, to make new attacks and win new victories. Society is full of peccadilloes. These *petit péchés*, as the French call them, or small transgressions, as we polite Anglo-Saxons translate them, are winked at by many people as a matter of course. Has the Prince been down to the lodge to see the gardener's pretty daughter? Everybody admires somebody's pretty daughter. The Prince is a gallant. He must sow his wild oats, you know. What if he does pluck up a few, wee, modest daisies by the roots and scatter the leaves of a rose or two! There will be as many fresh and blooming next year as ever. But when the blue-eyed violets and the coquettish pinks make an attack on the Prince, how is he to resist it? Some do, but the most of them do not. Men, as a class, as we have

before had occasion to notice, are passionate, and care principally for the gratification of self. Women are fond of admiration, adulation and flattery; especially do they admire men if these lords of creation are lusty, robust, strong, handsome and well-formed. The stronger vessel at once contains or swallows up the weaker. The oak stretches out its arms to clasp the vine. And since the person of a woman is the great centre of attraction, each one of them does the best they can to make themselves attractive. Where is the harm? they argue—those, at least, who are in society. We are denied political influence; we must take all our wines on the sly and never get "gloriously high;" we cannot attend the races or drive fast horses; we are not allowed to travel over the world alone; we may not even set foot in a theatre without a man at our elbow; we have fine houses, with a full force of servants, and nothing to do at home: who wonders that we turn our attention to gentlemen, adorn ourselves, and do the best that we can to smash their hearts?

Such is the language of society in New York as read in the actions of many of its female members. But heart-smashing is a dangerous business: it leads to marriages of convenience or pleasure, which the priest, not the justice of the peace, is called in to witness. It ignores, for the time being, existing relations, and throws open the *boudoir* to those who otherwise would never set foot within its privacy. There is always this much to be said in favor of the "queens of fashion" who do such things: they are no worse than the kings. If the men were

always what they should be, there would be few complaints of wayward wives.

But many women have no husbands. They may be ladies of great wealth, and they do not care to tie themselves up to a man who perhaps marries them only for the purpose of spending their fortunes. So far as the world is concerned they are independent. There is no necessity for marrying for the sake of a home. And as for society, there will always be a plenty of that wherever there is money. Is it reasonable to suppose that these ladies are for ever and at all times stolidly indifferent to the joys of wedded life? Shall nocturnal isolation be their for ever habit? The proposition is absurd. They have active imaginations; they have read the poets and romancers understandingly, and are versed in mythology—in the story of Jupiter, of Venus and Adonis, of all the rest of them. They are mistresses of themselves and their own fortunes. This very independence gives them opportunities which the majority of womankind do not enjoy. All of these opportunities do not run to waste. One draught from the sweet cup of pleasure is followed by another and another, until one or both are satisfied. The great, thundering, church-going, toiling, commonplace, outside world knows nothing of all this. The consequences are accepted, and the results bring neither poverty nor crime to the state. It is simply an after-taste of what once was in Eden.

These cases do not form the rule in any society, as yet, in America, thank Heaven! New York is far from being as bad as Paris. There are too many cool, respectable,

strong-minded people to allow these small sins to become quite as common as the ordinary events of life. Some instances in New York society, however, are not unknown to the public, and it may not be out of place for us to suppose a few of them.

Many a wealthy old gentleman in New York, who was very "gay" when a young man, and went his mother never knew where, has a young and dashing wife, or a middle-aged companion, who regards her husband as the figure-head of the household, but of no earthly use save to settle bills, attend to business and shell out the cash. It would be nothing strange if Mr. Codger was just as indifferent to his wife. Having outgrown his love for women, he is tolerant and virtuous because the fires of youth have long ago expended themselves. There is nothing left for them to feed upon, and he sits among the coals and ashes of other days. The coals, aforesaid, are not red hot, however. This condition of things leaves the front door of the household wide open for very many improprieties, and they frequently troop in like masqueraders to a dance. Perhaps a page comes first, followed by a harlequin, then a knight, possibly a priest (like that plump one Browning tells about in his "Ring and the Book"), and lastly a baron, a lord or a king. Cases in point are not wanting, even in New York.

Manhattan Island has two ends to it—one of which contains many elegant private residences, some of which overlook the Hudson, while from the windows of others charming views of Long Island and the Sound can be obtained. Some of these mansions, embowered in trees

and surrounded by lawns and drives, are always pointed out to people who go sailing up or down either of the rivers which border the city. In one of these beautiful residences lives the dashing society lady, Madam Blank, the wife of a gentleman of considerable influence. She has the reputation of being exceedingly fond of the society of gentlemen, and, as she has a plenty of money at her disposal, she keeps "open house," as the phrase is, giving large dinner-parties, evening entertainments, etc., receiving the attentions of all those who have the opportunity of paying their respects to her. We are assured that it is positively dangerous for any pure-minded young man or woman to become a member of this circle of society. This madam, who is so fond of the flesh-pots of Egypt, indulges now and then in a little romantic excursion or doubtful amusement. She has been known to make an appointment, under the excuse of shopping—a by no means unfrequent occurrence among certain ladies of New York—to meet a gentleman at a dry-goods store on Broadway or some of the avenues. If there were hundreds of people in the same store at the same time, buying goods, so much the better for her plans. The very idea of a crowd often shields one from observation. It is as good as a country forest or the woods of England. Disguising herself in a deep black costume, with a heavy, nun-like veil over her face, she drives to the store at the appointed hour and commences to look at the goods. She may be at the lace, the silk, the glove, or the dress-goods counter; wherever it is, the gentleman expected finds his way to it as if by accident, and the two

soon pass out of the bazaar together, driving to a house mutually agreed upon. These things have been done more than once, but ofttimes the ladies' veils are too thin for the searching glances of the clerks in attendance, and their secrets are discovered.

All the actresses of New York are not so bad as some would like to have us believe, but every flock of sheep is supposed to have its black one. Some of these "soiled lambs," as they have been not inaptly described, are known to the public, and play even now at the popular theatres on Broadway. People applaud them when they appear before the foot-lights, and their names appear with approbation in all the newspapers of the city. Perhaps these poor girls have beauty in face, form and hair, and falling under the notice of wealthy gentlemen, they find it hard to escape their presence or resist their influence. We have in mind the case of one highly respectable gentleman, who became so infatuated with a pair of black eyes, rich flowing locks and round limbs that he was led by their possessor to the brink of destruction. This Venus would descend from the stage like a goddess perhaps, and taking her lover by the arm, after the play was over, urge him into her carriage, telling the driver to drive home—to some sort of a home, Heaven knows what. Many gentlemen of good society are frequent attendants at the theatres where these creatures play, and they do not hesitate to publicly applaud them. It is the common rumor of the town that they often live together as married people whenever they see fit to do so. Some of these men, to their shame be it said, have

wives and interesting families of sons and daughters. They may have married these wives when young men, and before they had become fortunate in place or business. Coming from the country to the city, for a few years, while struggling with poverty, they are faithful to their first loves. As young men they fancied the country girl and married her—possibly they loved her. With the flight of time they grew very rich; stood at the head of a large commercial house, or took the lead of a political party. But their wives were the same simple, unpretending women they were when first married. They could not shine brilliantly in society, not having received a brilliant education when young. So their husbands learned to love somebody else. They fell into the blonde meshes of the actresses, and were charmed; they accepted their devotions; and while keeping up the semblance of respectability at home, they formed a marriage *à la mode*—a marriage of convenience—which is just no marriage at all.

People who have once tasted luxury, and fallen from it, have such an intense desire to get back again that they will resort to fanciful marriages or something worse. There is living on one of the streets of New York a widow with her daughter. This woman was once the wife of a man well-to-do in the world, but he lost his property, or the most of it, at least, and died. Then the sorrowing one was obliged to step down several pegs in the social scale. Having had the supreme felicity of associating with the banker's wife, the undertaker's daughter, the merchant's son and the butcher's heir, she

longed to get back into the same society. But how to do it, how to "raise the wind," how to find the cash necessary to keep up appearances! The daughter was handsome and charming, and the mother encouraged the attentions of a young man who was willing to pay a good price for her virtue. This may seem impossible, but we believe it to be a fact. The daughter, to her honor be it said, refused the attentions of this gentleman, and he was too much of a man to press his suit. He turned away from her, saying, "Whenever you get tired of living in poverty, come to me and I will furnish you with money." And the mother continues to urge her daughter to tread the downward path. We fear that in the end poverty will conquer virtue.

Many married women in New York form very indiscreet acquaintances with clerks. So well is this fact known that some shopkeepers make it a rule to employ the finest-looking young men they can find to draw custom. And we predict that so long as women do the shopping, just so long will men stand behind the counter to wait upon them. It is a fact that most women had rather be attended by a polite, handsome man, who will smile upon them and say pretty things, than by the cleverest girls that can be found. So we expect that men will always be counter-jumpers, however certain books and newspapers may object to it or argue against it. It is but natural that a woman should admire a well-built man, and *vice versâ*. In the "dollar stores" of New York, which are mostly patronized by men, the clerks are all young ladies, the handsomest that can be found.

They are put there to draw, and they do draw at an astonishing rate, judging by the thousands who throng those bazaars.

This is one of the reasons why shopping becomes such a passion with the women, and is such a bore to the men. What fun or interest could there be for a man to purchase a dozen yards of silk from a man? But for a woman, the case is entirely different. The clerk from behind his moustaches smilingly tells her how well she would look in that "moonlight-on-the-lake," and asks her to walk into another room, where she can see it by gaslight. This gaslight is a sort of an artificial moonlight, you know, and sometimes it produces the same effects. The clerk turns it down or up to produce the different effects, and being ever on the alert, he takes advantage of the first opportunity to steal a kiss. Stolen fruit is always the sweetest. The acquaintance thus commenced ripens into a more intimate one, and at last the fortunate clerk rides out in my lady's carriage, goes to the theatre with her, and draws all his supply of pocket-money from her well-filled purse. The husband of this susceptible creature may be in Europe, or off on an excursion to California, or yachting, or it is possible she has no husband.

Other married women go even farther than this, if they do not fare worse. There is now living in New York a lady of considerable beauty, who was once known to the public. She had a husband, said to be a nice fellow and a good man. He took his wife to the Old World, and became attached to one of the most brilliant courts

of Europe. Here his wife basked in the sunshine of admiring glances, learned to speak French and became graceful and accomplished. She had sons by her husband—bright, promising boys. For some reason, never made known to the public, she decided to abandon him and his children, and whether or not she ever procured a divorce, she assumed another name and boldly appeared before the public. At the same time she formed a boarding-house acquaintance with a gentleman of no special note, and permitted him to pay his undivided attention to her. She appeared with him in public everywhere—at receptions, balls, on the promenade; she went to the watering-places with him, and even hobnobbed with the highest officials of the land and the generals of the army. With such a high hand did she carry on all these operations that the public mouth of rebuke was closed, and good society opened its doors to her.

These are but a few notable instances of fancy marriages well known in New York society. Many more might be given, but enough has been put on record to show the reader that "all is not gold that glitters," and that vice often assumes the garb of virtue, while even virtue will worship fashion and gold. The opportunities for doing all these things are so ample in the town that those who are ever tempted in this direction should be on guard every moment. Eternal vigilance is the price of virtue, as well as of liberty.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MARRIED INTRIGUES IN MIDDLE LIFE.

IT is chiefly the "middle classes" that are supposed to hold society together and prevent the utter disorganization of the body social. The middle classes are supposed to be the moral classes. All the virtues are centered in them, or, if not centered in them, they are commonly supposed to be more virtuous and moral than either the higher or the lower classes. The wicked fashionable and the wicked poor sin always, but the middle classes keep a medium in morality and goodness as they do in wealth, and, if guilty at all, are only guilty of occasional transgressions of the moral code. They are supposed to have the best sense in everything, to avoid all extremes in everything, and go through life in such a manner that at the end of the great drama of existence they can truly say the world was left better than when they entered it.

It is certainly a pleasant thing to think that this is the case—to know that there are some men and women in the community who scorn the frivolities and immoralities of the fashionable and the almost total depravity of the wretchedly poor; that there are some who pursue their daily round of common duties, finding enough pleasure

and excitement in them, and enough reward in virtue for the good lives they lead; who attend church, and gain much religious and moral instruction which they put in practice; who fulfill every duty that life imposes on the individual; who marry at the proper age, and rear children to live noble and good lives after they have gone; who, in fact, have conscience and heart and an earnest desire, which they carry out as best they know how, to follow the dictates of the church catechism, to lead "a godly, righteous and sober life." And doubtless there are many women in the great metropolis who lead these same lives, and are thus an honor to the city, the country and the world. But it is to be feared, and, indeed, is known to be the actual fact, that there are many married women among the middle classes who are guilty of the same improprieties and immoralities that their fashionable sisters are charged with.

The middle classes comprise many varieties of people. The wives of young mechanics, of workingmen who make more money than workingmen usually do, of merchants, and clerks, and storekeepers, and tradesmen, and young professional men whose incomes are not large, and who are not able to support their families in that degree of elegance and style that the fashionably wealthy are able to,—all these women are in the middle class, which class constitutes by far the largest number of any particular class of women in New York.

Every generation has been called "wicked and perverse" by those who have lived in it. Thus has it been since the world began, and thus probably will it be as

long as the world remains. Every one remembers the old times in New York, and how the people thought their times were bad; but how much superior was the state of society as it was then in New York, especially as regards the married relations, compared with what it is now! At that time there was a proper regard paid to morality, and religion was more than a mere system of forms or a dry formula of beliefs. Mothers gave a true womanly education to their daughters, and sought to make them an honor to themselves and the world. The introduction of the Greek Slave to New York some years ago doubtless had something, though not everything, to do with the decrease of public morality and the laxity in the moral sentiments in regard to marriage and the marriage relation. The contemplation of this nude statue, beautiful as it was as a work of art, did much to excite the baser passions of the male sex and blunt the modesty of females. Photography has also done much harm. Within the last few years colored pictures of the *demi-monde* of Paris, arrayed in gay colors and in suggestive attitudes, have been liberally displayed in the shop windows, and have unquestionably had a bad influence on the pure-minded women who have looked at them. Add to these the influence of the Opera Bouffe, with its immoral songs and lascivious *Can-Can*, and later still, the reign of the blondes in the metropolis, with their immodest actions and free-and-easy way on and off the stage, and it is but very fair to presume that many women of the middle classes, who nearly wholly support the metropolitan drama, should become utterly demoralized and

lose that modesty and goodness which all men look for in women.

The causes which induce married women of the middle class of society to indulge in improprieties are various. Probably the greater number of them do it for the presents and money they receive, for all women who do these things receive pecuniary profit directly or indirectly. Marriage was not the golden dream the young mechanic's, clerk's or workingman's wife thought it would be. It became very tiresome to sit in the house all day—only a room perchance in a tenement-house—and darn stockings, make puddings; at the same time, may be, keeping a cradle rocking. This was certainly not like the marriages Maria or Jane had read of in the weekly papers, where the wife had plenty of servants to wait on her, and everything she wanted in the way of eating, drinking or wearing apparel. While the wife is thus ruminating, sitting at her window, a handsome stranger flirts with her from the street. What harm can there be in flirting? Just once to revive the reminiscences of the past before she was married. And she flirts with the stranger. He is of course handsome—has plenty of money. He flirts for a purpose—the wife for amusement. They become acquainted—meet by chance on the street. The acquaintance finally ends in the loss by the wife of what she can never restore to her husband.

Such is the progress in this kind of sin with nearly all women of the middling classes. Some there may be whose husbands supply them with every reasonable want. They live in a comfortable, well-furnished house; their

clothes are not of the richest description, but are neat and pretty; they have no carriage in which to ride, but money enough to pay car fare; the luxuries of life are not theirs, but all the comforts of existence belong to them. And yet they are unsatisfied. The tempter comes to them; fine presents are offered and accepted, and ere long the wife, who was all to her husband, falls, and henceforth plays the hypocrite to the world, or goes lower down on the ladder of vice.

Instances in regard to this subject might be given without number. We were lately put in possession of a peculiarly sad case. There is an honest mechanic living on Eighth avenue, who earns only twenty dollars per week, but who is blessed with an extravagant wife. She can be seen on almost any Saturday afternoon at some matinée, robed in a six-hundred-dollar shawl and other articles of dress of proportionate value. She is very handsome, is the mother of four children, and receives her dresses from a merchant of Broadway, who is her second cousin, and who, her deluded husband is made to believe, gives these fine articles on account of their relationship!

In order to carry on their immoral practices the married women are guilty of assignations. The methods resorted to in appointing meetings are almost as numerous as those who meet. But the masks worn by the disloyal wives are many and intricate, the most popular one at present being what is known as the "children dodge;" that is, the woman takes a small child along with her—a little girl of five or six years—for the purpose of disarming suspicions which may be suggested by her move-

ments. Mothers may be seen every day with their little innocents on the way to make assignations, and unmindful of the consequences upon the child as much as upon themselves. And seeing how successful this piece of strategy is, the *demi-monde* have resorted to the same practice, by which, taken in connection with the garb of deep mourning which they put on, they can pass into any place unrecognized and unsuspected.

Assignations by married women are held in places where they would never for a moment be suspected—at the Cooper Institute, the Academy of Design, the various exhibition and art-galleries on Broadway and Fifth avenue, and in fact in all resorts where honest and virtuous women congregate. It would be hard to point to a place where the public are admitted, either in Brooklyn or New York, that these assignations are not held. They are arranged for at a fashionable church on Fifth avenue or a Brooklyn ferry-house. The clergymen themselves have denounced them. At the matinée, on the street corner, in the Central Park, the weekly prayer-meeting or even the auction sale, unfaithful wives may be seen waiting for their lovers or paramours.

The pedestrian, as he walks along the streets of New York, pondering on its greatness and wondering at its wickedness, may frequently have noticed chalk-marks on the sidewalks. They look innocent enough—much like the work of a childish hand who had been playing the game of "hop-scotch." The children do make the most of these marks, but not always. Men sometimes make them; they desire an assignation with the lady of the

establishment, and select this novel method of informing her of the time and place. A few uncouth figures, seemingly meaningless, can be placed upon the brown-stone steps, and as easily deciphered the next day by the lady within, who possesses the required "key."

There is a case at present before one of the courts of New York, wherein the adultery of the wife is sought to be proved. Suspicion was first aroused in the husband's mind by frequently finding this cabalistic sentence in letters of chalk on his front stoop: "C. A. 10." At first he attributed it to the boys in the neighborhood, and requested a policeman to watch for and arrest the culprits. But the officer was unable to find who placed the letters there, and so informed the gentleman.

This set the husband to thinking, and he resolved to watch, believing that there must be some meaning to the signs. About three o'clock one morning he saw a young man approach, and, after looking cautiously about, place the same sign upon the step. His suspicions were aroused. The next day he observed that his young and handsome wife took a trip to Jersey City, going at the hour of ten; also, on other occasions, at the hour designated by the figure placed on the step. The result was, that the husband tracked his wife to an assignation-house in Jersey City, where she was met by the young man who had marked the step with chalk at the unseasonable hour of three in the morning.

It would be supposed that church-people—that is, those persons who attend divine service regularly, and are very particular about always impressing on every one with

whom they come in contact the importance of spiritual teaching and living—would be the very last class of persons to transgress in any essential respect, much less commit so glaring and so universally denounced a crime as a violation of the seventh commandment. Such, however, is not the case, or, at least, as much so as it ought to be from the numerous professions which they make, and the holy horror with which they lift up their hands publicly whenever anything of the kind is mentioned.

There are several reasons why this is so; the principal of which is, the deterioration in the character of the preaching. Fifty years ago, preachers of the Gospel were earnest, high-souled—inspired, as it were, with the very Spirit of God. They spoke what they believed, carrying conviction to the hearts of their hearers. There were no lukewarm discourses then, to put people to sleep whether they would or not. All was fire, enthusiasm. Now what is it? In place of the rude eloquence we have the smooth, carefully-weighed sentences, perfectly correct as far as propriety of diction goes, in exact accordance with all the rules of rhetoric and grammar, but how inane, how lacking in all that goes to make up a soul-stirring, right-inspiring, wrong-hating sermon! Where now is the Luther with his rugged words, fresh chipped from the block of truth, which he hurled at a bigoted and superstitious people, careless of the wounds he might inflict? or the Melancthon, with his pure, ethereal life, a living, moving type of that sweet existence which he sought but to copy?

Perhaps another reason, just as influential, is the love of dress and fashion which seems to possess the women of this generation. Church-women are not excepted; it seems as if the plague spot came upon all alike—Jew and Gentile, Pharisee and Samaritan. This, of course, tends to cause inattention and indifference to religious matters; hence the stagnation of the Church now-a-days.

Another thing that greatly tends to undermine the virtue and morality of women, even those who are regular members and constant attendants of churches, is the growing spirit of liberality which is gaining ground every day in this country with regard to religious views and doctrines.

The old saying, that constant dropping will wear away a stone, is no less true of intellectual ideas than of physical substances, and there are men who are base enough to employ this wearing process upon the minds of women against whom they have evil designs. It may be it will commence in the Sunday-school room (for the devil takes all places for his theatre), by dropping some light, half-profane remark, which, perhaps, at the time, will shock the mind among whose rich, abundant wheat the tares may fall. But such things, unfortunately, never are lost. Where good, sound, orthodox doctrine falls on the ear unheeded, frivolous sayings remain in the mind and bring forth evil fruit "an hundred-fold."

The next step of the religious woman, after beginning to think lightly of religion, is to be less strict in the observance of its requirements. Then comes the theatre and dress, and all the thousand delightfully wicked things

which come with them. The present lewd state of theatrical representations has much to answer for in this respect. What modest, pure-minded woman but would be more or less contaminated, according to her temperament, at seeing, night after night, such scenes as are now put upon the stage? The very fact that they are now thought nothing of shows to what an alarming extent the contagion has spread.

Perhaps a gentleman introduces a friend, it may be his partner, into his family; his wife is young, ardent, slightly tinctured with the radicalism of the times. The stranger is handsome, a thorough man of the world, thinking nothing of committing improprieties of all kinds. He finds it an easy matter to persuade her to think that all old-time notions on this subject are prudish and ridiculous; so down goes the last defence of virtue, and the wife becomes a willing victim to the seducer. This is the history of hundreds of the married women of New York.

We have already intimated in another chapter that some of the assignation-houses of the city are kept by women belonging to churches. This is the fact, incredible as it may appear. We know of two—one in Twelfth street, kept by a woman who attends divine service at a fashionable church on Fifth avenue, and another in Waverley Place, whose mistress belongs to a prominent High-Church Episcopalian congregation down town, who always subscribes liberally to any charity, and is an officer on several church committees, one of which is for the reformation of fallen women.

A house of prostitution in Greene street is kept, through an agent, by a woman who is acting manager of an institution for the benefit of soldiers' widows, and who belongs to a strait-laced Scotch Presbyterian church in the upper part of the city.

And another woman, who is noted as a very successful tract distributor, is also known (to the detectives, at least) as a "house-keeper."

In contemplating this terrible state of the middle class of society—the class to which a city and a nation look to prevent anarchy and disunion breaking out in their midst—we are reminded that a remedy for the evils should be offered. But to do this is above and beyond our province. To the reformer, who devotes his days and nights to thought for the benefit of humanity, we must leave this problem of the reform of the married women of the present day. We raise the voice of warning boldly, fearlessly, and speak plainly of the subject with which we are dealing. It is for those wiser than we are to suggest reform. We sound the alarm—they must apply the remedy.

The broadest charity cannot overlook these sins in the married women, whom we expect to give us a good rather than an evil example. We cannot sing of them with the poet,

> "That if weak women went astray,
> Their stars were more in fault than they."

Though one through all his life had drunk deep draughts from the well-spring of charity, eaten of angels' food and

lived with the gods, he could not forgive or entirely overlook the deep, dark and damning sins of the married women of the period. They were tempted, but they knew better; they were offered great inducements, it may be, but they forsook tender husbands and helpless children. They were not young girls thrown out on a wicked world of which they knew nothing. Experience had been theirs; long years had passed over their heads, in which they saw the sure reward of virtue and the punishment of vice.

We can have charity for the woman-of-the-town; we can remember the trials and temptations she went through; her early innocence; her fall, accomplished by another; her isolation in the world, and her nomadic, strange, unhappy after-life. But what can we say of the woman who made solemn vows before Heaven that she would be chaste and pure?

Even before entering

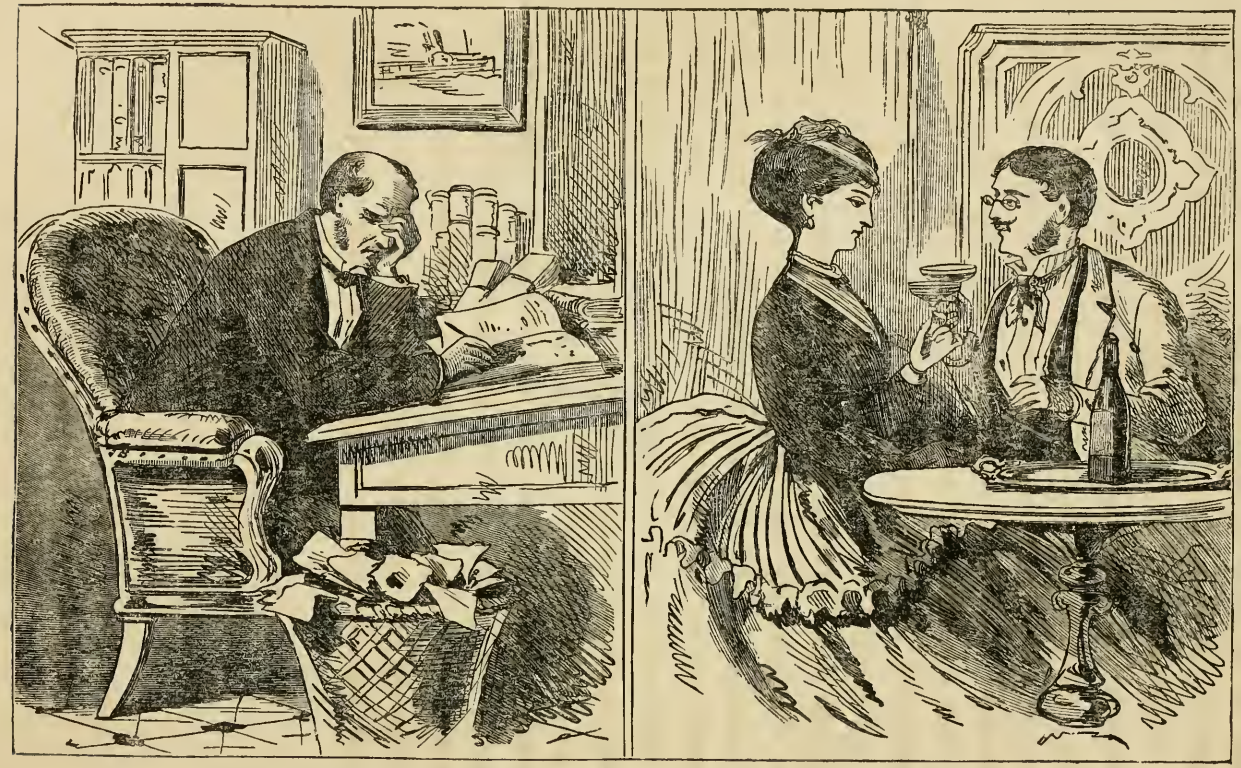
> "The dark portal,
> Goal of all mortal,"

she will suffer and repent of her sin. Her pleasant days will not last long, the sunshine will not always remain. Dark shadows will come o'er her life. The form of the good husband she wronged will continually haunt her, and the sweet, plaintive voices of her pure and innocent little children will continually ring a death-knell in her ears.

CHAPTER XXX.

MARRIED LIAISONS.

THERE are many married women in the great metropolis, as it has been shown in the last two or three chapters, who, to say the least, so far as propriety and goodness are concerned, are "very onsartain." Their ways are not the ways of the virtuous. They scorn the beautiful and good type of woman of a past period. Religion to them is either an outside form, or they do not believe in it at all, which is more like to be the case. If they are intellectual, they are skeptical philosophers, and if they are not, they are disbelievers in the principles of morality. Whatever they are, they are a bad, dangerous class of females, and exercise a terribly evil influence on the rising generation of both sexes in the great city. A lady once remarked to a gentleman friend that she did not much blame the married men of New York for their unfaithfulness in the marriage relation—that really they were not to blame—that the women led them on to commit the wrongs they did. This is doubtless very much, though not altogether, the case. The women of New York—the married women—to a very great extent, are responsible for an immense amount of the wickedness done in Gotham. Led on by their



THE HUSBAND

THE WIFE.

MARRIED LIFE IN NEW YORK.

great passions, they often induce men to forsake dutiful wives and lovely children; then to neglect business; then to gamble, to make up the deficient amount of money they could have made honestly; then to drink, and finally to die poor, neglected or miserable, or find refuge in suicide. There is no reason in these women. Once in love with another man, once having left their husband or ceased to love him, there is no thought in their minds but of dragging the man they love, or fancy they love (who is himself often married), down to the depths they eventually reach themselves.

It is very easy to see that these women have not been brought up and educated properly in early youth. When young girls they were allowed to "run wild," and had the disadvantage of having parents who were too lenient with them. They have been sent to boarding-schools at an early age. There the teachers were not strict. Novels were read, flirtations were indulged in. Their "first love" affairs may have been innocent enough so far as any criminal act was concerned, but did them no good and much harm. They neglected their education, and believed the only object in life was to have a "good time," and such a time they had. Leaving school with no taste for reading, with no thought of doing anything noble or good in life, time hung heavily on their hands at first, until they decided that marriage was woman's only ambition. They encouraged the advances of the first man who came along, irrespective of the fact whether they loved him or not. The man proposes, they accept; in a year, possibly sooner, tire of their husband.

But it is not long before they fall in love again with the first handsome whiskered friend of their better half, and so, in the end, become unfaithful wives, if, indeed, they ever had the right to be called by so sacred and holy a name.

It is thought to be a matter of sufficient interest to give to the reader several stories of the *liaisons* of certain married women of New York, in order that it may be seen how such affairs are conducted.

In August, 1864, Miss Fanny Maria R—— was united to Mr. Walter P. H——. The lady was a native of Montreal, Canada, and had *entree* to the very best of metropolitan society, the young gentleman intending soon to settle for business in New York. The courtship of the parties was a romance, they having met at Niagara Falls during the early part of the summer season. During their "love's young dream" at this delightful watering-place, time and space were annihilated, and the two lovers experienced the bliss of Eden when Creation was young. The importunities of pimps and swindlers, the manifold extortions of carriage-drivers, and the endless extortions of the horde of humans that affect the Falls, had lost their venom and become endurable. The trail of the serpent had vanished, and the youth and maid were frantically in love. The lanes and bowers and shady paths on either side of the Falls were musical with their cooings, and the services of the post-office were put in requisition by the young lady at least, to impart the tender secret to papa at Montreal, and to beseech his consent and parental benediction on the proposed union.

The result was, that the young couple were married, received the benedictions of their respective parents, and, for a wedding tour, sailed across the Atlantic to the city of luxury—Paris. There much dissipation and gayety were indulged in, and by and by Mr. H—— saw a tendency in his wife to flirtation. He tried some gentle remonstrance with her, but the newly-married spouse had a temper of her own, and the husband's well-meant reproof was productive of a domestic *fracas*, in which the wife came out with an assertion of her "woman's rights." This was not the only disagreement they had. There were many others, all relating to the same subject. The wife still flirted and the husband still waged a wordy war, which the lady treated with contempt. Mrs. H—— had become intimately acquainted with a certain Louis de Barron—an Adonis of Parisian fashionable society—and the allurements of this handsome and gallant gentleman had nearly turned the young wife's head. In all the nameless graces that win the heart of a female this man was an adept. It is not, therefore, altogether surprising that, in the progress of this unfortunate acquaintance, an awkward *contretemps* should occur, that sent a burning thrill of indignation to the husband's heart and mantled his cheek with honest shame. A *dénouement* between the foolish, erring wife and the fond but infuriated husband followed. Fierce invectives were interchanged, and a separation took place. And this was done only two short months after the couple had been united on a beautiful fall day at Niagara Falls.

The husband crossed the ocean a blighted, chapfallen

and miserably disappointed man, while the wife remained for some time in the gay city and sipped the intoxicating sweets of her new life. But it seems to be one of the wise ordinances of Divine Providence that lamentation, mourning and woe quickly come in the wake of the frivolous woman. Louis, the Adonis, whom the wife fancied the perfection of manhood, assumed the rôle of a fiend, and one day his paramour sold her effects and employed the money in securing a passage to New York, to which place her parents had removed. There she went to her home and spent some time in thoughtfulness, and looked back on the experience she had gone through in such a short space of time.

In the mean time the husband had established himself in business in New York, and, so far as pecuniary matters were concerned, was doing well. One evening, a few months after he had been in the city, he attended one of the theatres—Niblo's. While there his attention was particularly called to a beautiful woman in a private box on the opposite side of the theatre to which he was sitting. On closely inspecting her through his opera-glass, it proved to be his wife in the company of her parents. She looked so very beautiful that he at once wished for a reconciliation. He sought her presence, and the result was a happy meeting. The old love was again revived, and at an interview held the next day the husband and wife agreed to live together again. Mr. H—— purchased a fine brown-stone house on Thirty-third street, near Fifth avenue, and furnished it in the most elegant manner. At first it appeared that happiness

was going to dawn on this second edition of wedded life, but it was not to be. The wife was too much wedded to her idols, though the husband for a long time remained in ignorance of her infidelities. Finally, he began to suspect and decided to watch Mrs. H——. He one day told her he was going to his home in Buffalo for a few days, but did not. Toward evening he got in the rear of his house and eagerly surveyed the parlors through the blinds. He saw the bright fire in the back parlor, the little poodle on the hearthrug and the cat purring near by. His wife was alone, but seemed to look expectant. Before long the door-bell rang, a handsome strange gentleman entered the room, and Mrs. H—— was folded in his embrace. They sat upon the sofa and acted for all the world like lovers, even going much further than the broadest views of propriety would warrant.

This was enough to prove to the too good-natured husband that his wife was not the woman for him. He was spared the necessity of applying for a divorce, however, as Mrs. H—— very soon afterward left the city with her latest lover.

It is sometimes, though very seldom, the case that two married women may fall in love with a man and resort to desperate means in order to decide as to which has the greatest claim to him. We heard of a case of this character a short time since.

Two ladies, one day, during a certain summer, were scaling, at six o'clock in the morning, the Highlands of Neversink, near New York, at a few miles distance from

the little village of T——. Upon reaching the summit of a hill they stopped two women, and by means of a sum of money induced them to serve as witnesses in a very important operation, which they said they were about to execute. The two ladies next measured the ground. They faced each other at a distance of about twenty steps. Each of them drew a pistol from under her cloak. At the sight of the weapons the women witnesses uttered piercing screams, and advanced with uplifted arms to prevent the Amazons from firing upon each other. But two shots were discharged at the same moment. The ladies then reloaded, and took position in front of each other at a distance of fifteen steps. They were about to fire again, when a third witness made his appearance; it was a clergyman of the "muscular Christian school," who was taking his morning walk. He urged the two rivals to make up their quarrel, and succeeded in reconciling them.

Both of these ladies, who were married and moved in good society in the metropolis, were in love with a handsome young merchant of Cliff street. He paid attention to both of them, but they desired to decide in this novel way who should be his favorite. It is but proper to state that the duel was kept very secret, and until now an account of it has never been published.

In the instances which we have already given of the bad conduct of married women we have confined ourselves, though unintentionally, to the higher class of society. But, as we show in another chapter, the ladies in the middle classes of society are equally prone to unfaithful-

ness. It is not alone the wealthy—those who live at their ease and are a prey to *ennui*—who form the large number of women who indulge in *liaisons* when out of their husbands' sight. The respectable middle classes, whom we have heretofore looked to as being the bulwarks of society, its strength and stamina, are equally culpable in this regard. Let us relate an instance in point:

About five years ago, Mr. Mortimer B——, a respectable and highly promising young man, was united in marriage to Miss Clara G——, a young lady of what may be called the "middle classes." Neither of the parties was very young—the gentleman having passed his twenty-eighth year, the lady her twenty-third. The young wife's mother was a widow, once beautiful and still retaining a shadow of her good looks. For a time after the marriage everything went pleasant. The husband opened a gentlemen's furnishing store on one of the principal avenues of the city, and the wife at first took an uncommon interest in his business, staying for hours in the store, waiting on customers and endeavoring in every way to promote her husband's (and thereby her own) interests. But she soon tired of this sort of life. It was very quiet, to be sure, but would certainly have satisfied any good, homelike woman: at the store during the day (an attendant in the evening), at home at night reading or conversing, an occasional visit to the theatre and an excursion in the country on Sunday, and that was all. The wife thought in her own heart that she would like something different from this. She wanted more money. She wanted to dress finer, to attend the amuse-

ments oftener, to go to all the balls, and in fact pursue a round of pleasures and dissipations which would make it necessary for her husband to possess an income of at least ten thousand a year. She did not show her discontent before her husband, but broached the subject to her mother, who thoroughly sympathized in her desires, and, what was more, remarked that she often had the same desires herself. But nothing could be done for either but to mourn "in a quiet sort of way" and wish that things were or had been different.

Among the customers whom Mrs. B—— waited on one day was a large, fine-looking, broad-shouldered, keen-eyed gentleman. He was dressed in black broadcloth, and acted as if he had money. He was, moreover, very gentlemanly and pleasant in his manners to Mrs. B——. With a very sharp voice, he at the same time had a certain open manner that inspired respect and confidence. Mrs. B—— liked his looks. She, too, was pleasant in return. This pleasantness on both sides made conversation very easy, and ere long an acquaintance was struck up. The gentleman informed her that he was a publisher, doing business in the lower part of the city, incidentally remarked that he was unmarried, and took occasion to say that he might call again for some neckties. Mrs. B—— counted the days until he came, which was about a week afterward, when he made his purchases, and after more pleasant conversation proposed an evening walk. She said she could not (not "would not"), but would meet him the next day for a promenade. The proposition was agreed to, and the next day the two met and

walked in Washington Parade Ground. This was only one of a series of many meetings that were had—meetings that did not consist of innocent walks and conversation, but, before long, of criminal acts. The publisher made Mrs. B—— some fine presents, "loaned" her money sometimes, and played the gallant in all ways. Not only this, the wife, who made her mother a confidant in everything, told her of the new fortune that had come to her in the shape of the newly-found "friend." Finally, at his own request, he was introduced to the mother, made love to her and became her "friend" and helper, though all the time unbeknown to the daughter. And so matters continued, and are now at the present writing. The husband, being one of the most innocent and trustful men imaginable, and one who would do no wrong himself, never suspects any impropriety on the part of his wife. Practice in assignations has made her shrewd, and she conducts herself in such an apparently faithful manner when near her husband that he would never believe her capable of unfaithfulness, much less guilty of it.

Another sad case of swindling and desertion on the part of a wife toward her husband and family was developed a short time since, the circumstances concerning which are as follows: May L——, the wife of a well-to-do merchant of Broad street, New York, had been a married woman for some eight years. Until the fall of 1868 she seemed to be a loving and devoted wife, but afterward did not prove herself the upright, honest woman that a fond husband supposed her to be. During the fall just

passed May paid a visit to Newark, New Jersey, remaining away from her family for several weeks. After her return home, her husband thought that her conduct had changed toward him, and, though believing that she no longer loved him, he tried to make her home a happy one. One day, when she was overhauling some letters, a photograph of a handsome man fell to the floor and was picked up by her little boy, who asked his mother who it was. The little fellow was informed that it was the picture of a cousin. Mr. L—— obtained possession of the photograph, and was at once satisfied that it was no relative of theirs. To make it more suspicious to his jealous mind, the back of the card denoted that it had been made in Newark. After that he felt certain that she was no longer a faithful wife, but with great kindness forgave her, on promise of good behavior. Some months after this discovery, Mr. L—— sold out his business in New York and decided to remove to St. Louis, partly because he believed business would be better there, and partly to get away from the city where he had first experienced his marital unhappiness. The family went on board a Western-bound train. On arriving at Cincinnati, as the baggage had not yet come, Mrs. L—— volunteered to remain behind and see that it was properly cared for. Since then she has not been seen by her husband and little son. To make matters still worse, Mr. L—— says he is certain that she had in her possession sixteen thousand dollars. Of this large amount, three thousand dollars was her own private property. Thinking that his wife would soon follow, he remained on the

train and was conveyed to Indianapolis, where he waited the arrival of Mrs. L——, but all in vain. Determined to ascertain, if possible, the reason of her long absence, he returned to Cincinnati. He at once reported the above facts at the central police station to a detective, who, aided by experienced help, was sent to unravel the mystery connected with the wife's absence.

Certainly, the most curious case of marital infelicity, ending in elopement, was developed in Brooklyn, the particulars of which are, that a married woman had for some time frequently visited New York, under pretence of seeing her sister. One day, on returning from one of these visits, she brought a lady with her, who was introduced to her husband as Mrs. ——, an old schoolmate of the wife, who wished to stay with the family for a few days. The generous husband acquiesced in everything his good wife wished, and no objection was made. The visitor was very timid and not used to the noise of the city, and was afraid to sleep alone; so the wife retired with her to the room assigned her, while the husband slept with his children. This programme continued for several weeks, when the visitor, who had exceedingly enjoyed her visit to her friend and neighbor, departed for home. On election day the wife took advantage of her spouse remaining at home to have him assist her in getting up carpets and shaking of the same, preparatory to cleaning house for the winter. The house was in confusion. On the husband's return in the evening, he found his wife, family and household articles all gone. The next day developed the fact that the wife had

shipped the children to Norwalk, Connecticut, to her husband's sister, and she took tickets for a train Westward with the above-mentioned Mrs. ——, who turned out to be a young man of effeminate characteristics. One of the children remarked, on Mrs. —— entering the house, that she acted something "like a man," but it was not remarked. The furniture, money and valuables taken amounted to nearly four thousand dollars. The family enjoyed a good reputation, and this unlooked-for incident considerably shocked the sensibilities of the quiet, respectable and genteel neighborhood in which they lived.

But there is an amusing side even to matrimonial infelicities and the violations of one of God's most holy ordinances.

A rich joke concerning a couple of lovers, an unfaithful wife whose husband was absent from the city, and her paramour, both of Brooklyn, came to light within the last two or three months. At the close of one of the hottest days of last July, this couple might have been seen seated upon the roof of a certain cottage in Brooklyn owned by the gentleman, and which at that time was occupied by himself alone. The roof was flat and covered with gravel and pitch.

There they sat

> "Through the few hours, the happy moments few:
> So warm with heat, so rich with love they flew,
> That their full souls forgot the will to roam,
> And rested there as in a dream at home."

The sun during the day had been very warm, and thus

they met to spend the fleeting hours of twilight, enjoying the pleasant breeze that floated up from the garden beneath and the sea beyond. As the evening grew cooler they "hitched" up nearer to each other and gently pressed each other's hands, and all passed quietly and lovingly until the bell tolled midnight.

"None but the loving and beloved
Should be awake at this sweet hour."

The tolling of the bell reminded them that

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

was requisite for lovers as well as the rest of humanity and the brute creation. Still, seated near each other, kisses were exchanged again and again, like

"Linked sweetness, long drawn out."

At length, after many vain attempts to sever these pleasant pleasures, the transported pair found that they were bound together by more sticking bonds than they imagined—even tighter than the marriage noose, out of which the unfaithful wife would have been glad to slip her head.

The hot sun had melted the pitch, and after sitting so long, and the night air having cooled the resinous matter, they found they were both fast. The gentleman first attempted to disengage himself, but found, like

"Aunt Jemima's plaster,
The more you tried to pull it off,
The more it stuck the faster."

The lady then attempted to get up, which she did,

after many struggles, minus the skirt of her dress. In this plight she attempted to relieve her disconsolate partner, but it was of no use—he couldn't come. After much parley, he came to the conclusion that he could manage it by slipping off his pants. Accordingly, he asked of his companion to descend into the house and bring up a new pair of his indispensable "inexpressibles." The lady went down stairs, but the key of the wardrobe could not be found, though a long search was made for it. With this information the gentleman stripped off his boots, and loosening his suspenders, drew himself out of his pants as easily as possible, and the couple took themselves down stairs.

The number of instances of married *liaisons* which we have given will suffice to show the manner in which such improprieties are carried on. The cases which we have mentioned are all authentic, and did we give the names of the parties connected with some of them, no small sensation would be produced.

It is strange to see women of culture, and with a certain amount—very often a very high degree—of refinement, engage in the gross immoralities which we have endeavored faithfully to depict. And yet, strange as it may seem, the fact remains that it is actually the case. When we see authoresses and actresses, poetesses and women of high intellectual gifts, engage in amours away from their husbands' sight, we may indeed shudder at the awful condition of metropolitan society; when mothers leave their children and fly away with men they think they love, it is surely a time for reformers to raise a

SEWING GIRLS TAKING HOME THEIR WORK.

warning voice as to the ultimate consequences of such conduct, and the ultimate destiny of a country if such practices are not soon for ever abolished.

Ample work is here offered for those who would reform humanity. No place that needs so much reforming in all things as the great metropolis; and no class of people, whether high or low, rich or poor, who so much need the doctrines of sound morality and true Christianity thundered into their ears as the married women of New York. For young women to be guilty of improprieties of the character of which we have been speaking is indeed bad, but thrice, nay, a thousand times, worse is it in those married women who have vowed to love, honor and cherish but one man throughout their lives. It is in the keeping of this holy and sacred bond of matrimony pure and free from contamination that we chiefly expect to keep society together. What will many mothers of New York be if this form of wickedness continues? and what will be the character of the rising generation of children if wives and mothers do not quickly cease to do evil and learn to do well?

Strong need is there of earnest preaching on the part of the clergy of all sects on the moral duties in life, especially on the holiness and sacredness of the married relation; strong need of help from all who love the beautiful and good and hope one day to see the world better than it is; strong need of all women in New York, who have not fallen, to watch and pray that they enter not into temptation, and keep others as well from losing their honor, virtue and self-respect.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"SEPARATION" AND DIVORCE IN NEW YORK.

AS regards the institution of marriage, New York is fast getting to be like the gay and dissolute city of Paris. There are a great number of people who get married, but the number who separate after marriage is almost equally as large. The relation of husband and wife is looked on as a very holy and pleasant relation when the husband and wife happen to be congenial to each other and do not form new attachments after they are united; but when the case is otherwise, the parties to the contract seek a separation as soon as possible. The marriage tie is considered a fit and proper tie, but neither so fit nor proper that it cannot be cut as convenience or circumstances may dictate

There has never been a time in the history of the great metropolis when there have been so many divorces as during the last few years. For some unexplainable reason, the number of disagreements between married people has increased to an enormous extent, many of them of such a serious nature as to warrant the parties in seeking a divorce from each other. So many are the differences and misunderstandings between married people in New York that several lawyers advertise

themselves in the papers as paying particular attention to this branch of their profession. The advertisement reads somewhat as follows:

"ABSOLUTE DIVORCES LEGALLY OBTAINED in any State. No publicity; no charge until divorce obtained. Success guaranteed. Advice free. —— No., Nassau street.

This of course reads very temptingly to parties who are tired of the marriage relation, and who desire to get out of it. Success is guaranteed; there will be no publicity. As to pecuniary matters, there will be no charge until the divorce is obtained, and, more than all, advice on the subject is free. The last straw broke the camel's back, and the last statement in this artfully-worded advertisement generally leads the unhappily-married reader to consult the man of Coke and Blackstone in regard to disuniting the couple of which he or she forms one of the parties.

The reasons which cause married persons to seek a divorce in New York are often very slight indeed. In most cases, the plain fact is simply that one of the parties is tired of the other's society, and desires to live alone or seek some more congenial companion. But there are real divorces and real causes for the same. There are many cases in which adultery is the cause; a still larger number where incompatibility is the reason; and others, again, where the parties disagree on nearly every point, or in the bringing-up of children, or in the expenditure of money, or a thousand other little and apparently trifling things that might be named (and remedied), but which all go to make up the "being, end and aim"—

happiness. Occasionally the cause is cruelty—as recently a wife was found to be addicted to the habit of throwing camp-stools and chairs at her husband, which case was certainly quite as heartrending as that of the unhappy husband whose "better half" amused herself with combing her lord's hair with a three-legged stool.

We will give the reader a few instances of divorce in New York which seem to possess more than ordinary interest, and may be looked on as the eccentricities of marital infelicities.

Mrs. Laura M—— was a widow, possessed of a large fortune from her first husband. As a natural consequence, she was courted by many, possibly loved by all who made matrimonial advances to her. At any rate, she accepted an offer of marriage, and became united to a man of no pecuniary worth, but, she trusted, a man of sense and honor, who could take care of her and her property. But such did not prove to be the case. For a year or so, matters went along very smoothly, but at the end of that time her husband lost interest in her, though he kept up a decided personal interest in the property. All the money he could get from his wealthy wife he spent in dissipation, and became utterly demoralized and useless generally. The wife, being a woman of sense, and not relishing the idea of this sort of proceeding, took her own course. As her husband cared nothing for her, she thought she was under no obligation or necessity to care for her husband. She formed new attachments. Becoming acquainted with an actor of one of the Broadway theatres, she formed a decided friendship for him,

rode in the Park with him, promenaded Broadway, and in fact, conducted herself toward him as affectionately as a woman could toward a man. Her husband being of no use or pleasure to her, and daily growing worse instead of better, she one day very coolly made this proposition to him: He was to apply for a divorce from her on the ground of *her* unfaithfulness, in consideration for doing which she would pay him five thousand dollars! The husband agreed to the proposition. He applied for a divorce, receiving one thousand dollars from his wife as soon as she received his complaint. The trial was had, the wife furnishing her husband proofs of her own guilt, and the divorce granted. At the conclusion of the litigation the husband received the four thousand dollars balance due him, in payments of five hundred dollars a week.

This desire of wives to separate themselves from their husbands on slight grounds, or no grounds at all, is felt and seen in all classes of society. Even the wives of stage-drivers crave separation as well as persons moving in better society, as this somewhat curious case will show: A stage-driver was one day arrested in New York on the charge of poisoning his wife. He had been married to her about two years, supporting her as well as he was able from his scanty earnings. One morning she was taken suddenly sick, having severe pains in the head. The husband said he would give her something to stop the pain, and administered to her a dose of chloroform from a small vial. She, suspecting foul play, spit the liquid out of her mouth and called for the police. The

police entered the house and arrested the man on the charge, preferred by his wife, of attempting to poison her. Failing to find one thousand dollars bail, the husband was locked up. It turned out on the trial that, instead of the husband attempting to get rid of his wife, she desired to get rid of her husband, and with this view trumped up the charge against him of attempting to poison!

In one of the most exquisite of the many little palaces on Fifth avenue occurred, a short time since, a domestic *emeute* in which a mother and daughter and a stepfather were concerned. The mother was a faded beauty, but when "made up" looked exceedingly well. At night her rouge hid her wrinkles, and bismuth paste effaced the cruel crows' feet. She had an interesting daughter of about twenty summers, a brunette, tall and handsome. The mother married a wealthy diamond broker of Broadway, and at the outset it looked as if the proverbially "merry marriage-bell" would tinkle and be merry for many years to come. Mother, husband and stepdaughter lived together in the Fifth avenue residence, in spite of the old axiom that "two's company and three's a crowd." It soon came to light, however, that the wife became enamored of a young broker, who, strange to say, took an uncommon liking to her and held improper intercourse with her. The consequence was, that the father sued for and obtained a divorce. There had always been much affection existing between him and the stepdaughter—affection, too, not at all Platonic, but of an improper character; so the two agreed to live with each other as

man and wife. The strangest thing is, that the aged wife and mother visited and received visits from her former husband and daughter, and a very pleasant understanding seemed to exist between the parties.

There is underlying even what is called "good society" a stratum of crime and evil-doing that, if the half of it were known, would greatly shock the moral sense of the community.

A quiet, unpretending house in Fifteenth street was the scene of a domestic drama, the principal actors in which were persons in good standing and of highly respectable antecedents.

Mr. and Mrs. C—— had been married about seventeen years, and their two children were away at school in the country. Thus the wife's time was not filled with all those multitudinous cares which come with motherhood, and perhaps that was the reason that, according to the old rhyme, "Satan found some mischief still for idle hands to do." The mischief in this case came in the shape of a handsome stranger introduced by the husband and cordially welcomed by the wife. He was a Cuban officer, who had come to the North to raise volunteers, and Mr. C. invited him to make his house his home during his stay.

Never very happy with her husband, the plain, practical man of business, Mrs. C——, a silly, romantic woman, turned with delight to the fulsome flatteries and honeyed compliments that were poured into her ear by the dark-eyed, smooth-tongued son of the South, and yielded to the seductive fascinations of his presence. Music was

a common ground on which they could meet, and night after night, while the husband was engrossed with the rise and fall of stocks behind his newspaper, or dozed over the items of city interest, the wife was "singing her soul away" and giving herself up to the absorbing passion of an unholy love.

Every morning, on her dressing-table, lay an exquisite bouquet, with a slip of card attached on which was written "Carlos;" and every evening, richly dressed, her face all wreathed with smiles and some lovely flower in her hair or on her bosom, she descended to the parlor to meet him. No wonder that Mr. C—— finally began to open his eyes and look about him, and what he saw did not please him. The result of his investigations was, that "Carlos" removed himself and baggage to a hotel, and Mrs. C—— had the "sulks."

But there are more ways than one to accomplish one's objects, and scarcely a morning passed that did not bring the Cuban to the house—always, however, after the master had gone down town. Sometimes he would come in a carriage to take her out riding; sometimes they would saunter out, arm in arm, and take long walks together, every moment riveting faster the chain between the unfortunate woman and her unprincipled paramour.

At last the husband found this out by the scandal that was afloat, and now, fairly furious, threatened the rascal with the law and his wife with imprisonment if it was not stopped.

For a while they kept very quiet and did nothing to occasion any remark, but they were quietly making their

preparations, and one dark night they "made a flitting," and the "place that once knew them knew them no more." In other words, when the officer decided to go to Cuba, Mrs. C—— said she would go with him, and went. And since then nothing has been heard of either.

For shrewdness and a general knowledge as to the weaknesses of human nature, as they exist in the male portion of humanity, commend us to the New York widow. Shrewd by the experience she has had, she is made more so by the fact that she lives in the great metropolis, where sharpers of both sexes most abound, and where, if one would succeed in anything in life, he must keep his eyes uncommonly wide open. It is strange what fascination there is about the young widow which makes her so much courted and admired, but certain it is that when the best-laid schemes of married and single women

"Gang aft a gley,"

the wonderful widow appears on the scene, and goes off successful in whatever the affair may be.

A year or two since a young widow was married to an estimable young gentleman employed in one of the leading express offices of New York. Before her marriage they met at a fashionable watering-place and became acquainted. The acquaintance ripened into a sincere and warm attachment on the part of the gentleman. The lady represented herself as a widow, whose husband had been dead about two years, and who had left his wife very wealthy at his death. Charming and rich, she had many admirers, but of them all she favored our

young friend the most. They were always together, walking or riding, and their intimacy began to be talked about in their circle of friends.

At last she promised to marry him, and they were united with due form and ceremony. After the marriage they came to New York, and the bride conducted her new-made husband to a palatial residence which she said was hers. It was an elegant house, with the most luxurious and tasteful appointments. The most expensive and rare paintings and articles of *virtu* adorned the spacious rooms; the most lovely flowers blossomed in the fragrant parterres of the garden, and a shady bower stood at one side entirely covered with climbing roses and honeysuckles, where the newly-wedded pair lisped their words of love and dreamed their dream of future bliss. Obsequious servants were ready to answer to every call, and the first few days of the honeymoon passed off in peace and harmony.

But some important business called the husband away from his bride. He counted the moments that he was absent from her. They seemed leaden-winged, and with his business quickly despatched he hurried back, expecting a fond welcome. He mounted the steps—the door was locked. He rang the bell, and a servant came to the door. He started to go in, but the man barred the door. He inquired for his wife, and was informed that she had not been there since he had been absent. What was to be done? Mournfully he turned away and hastened to a sister of his wife. She had not seen her during his absence, so she said. Half-distracted, he went to a mer-

chant whom his wife had represented as her uncle, and heard that she "had left his office but half an hour before." Completely nonplussed, the young man replied that he had been to her house and been told that she had not been seen for some time. Imagine his astonishment when this merchant millionaire answered, "Young man, you have been badly sold. This woman, whom you so foolishly married, is and has been my companion for the last five years. The house and furniture which she said was hers are mine, and my advice to you is to keep away from my property."

For many days the disappointed husband lingered in New York, not daring to visit his wife's residence, and vainly seeking to obtain an interview. One day a happy thought struck him. He had taken a watch of hers to be mended; he secured it, and solaced himself with the reflection that at least he had obtained some slight recompense for the expense he had incurred.

In a few days, however, he was astonished to receive a polite note from "the uncle," requesting him to return the watch. After reflection he concluded to do so, and remains to-day "a sadder and a wiser man."

The divorce business has grown to immense proportions during the last few years. Several of the lawyers who make this their specialty have become very wealthy, live in magnificent mansions and enjoy all the comforts and luxuries that wealth can bring. Their offices are fitted up in the most inviting manner. Paintings grace the walls, and statuettes of Venus, the goddess of love, who has made all the havoc which these legal gentlemen

are trying to set right, adorn the niches of the room. Gentlemanly, well-dressed clerks usher in the unhappy stranger longing to be again the free man he once was, and the head of the establishment is all suavity and attention. Private rooms invite private consultation and an open confession of the woes of the unhappily wedded. Detectives are connected with the office, whose especial qualifications render them fit to discover marital infidelities, whether they exist or not.

There certainly needs to be a reform in regard to the manner and method of divorce. A republic can never long exist where the family tie, with all the sweet associations of husband, wife and children, is not sustained and upheld. When the married soon seek separation after being united, it certainly shows a laxity in the moral condition of society which is as wicked as it is deplorable.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"FAST" WOMEN.

PEOPLE are in the habit of talking very glibly about a man being fast, but very few have a distinct idea as to what a "fast man" really is. The city of New York abounds in fast men of all grades of refinement, intelligence, wealth and social position. You meet them on the street corners, in the public bar-rooms, lounging on hotel-steps, in the concert-hall, at the theatre, sometimes at church, very often in the billiard-saloon, or promenading on Broadway. The fast man is an "institution" of New York. New York thrives out of him, and he in turn, by some unseen and miraculous means, thrives out of New York. A fast man may be said to be an individual or human being who has no visible means of support, who has plenty of time, who seems to be idle all the day and sometimes all the night, who has a good supply of money, which he spends liberally, and who disdains the "neat not gaudy" style in raiment. He attends the races, plays billiards immoderately, drinks more or less, as his good sense or judgment dictates, or, if he has neither of these qualities, drinks over-much, attends the theatre, bets, owns a fast horse and indulges in all the sports of the period,

whatever they may happen to be, always provided they do not call for an over amount of physical exertion, which is the horror of all fast men. This is the fast man of New York; but there are fast women also.

These women possess very much the same characteristics as the fast man; that is, as far as a female can possibly possess these attributes. They indulge in all the "manly sports" which it is possible for women to indulge in, and their philosophy or belief, if they have either, is to eat, drink and be merry. They are of the world, worldly, and prefer to live and enjoy the present, distrustful of what the future may bring forth. Spirituality, the imaginative, the artistic, in its highest sense, or intellectual traits, they have not, and think nothing of.

The number of these fast women in New York is perfectly astounding to persons who really have a chance to know. There are, of course, a great many good women in New York who are not fast, but it would seem sometimes as if those of an opposite character far outnumbered them. Fast women are not necessarily bad—they may be virtuous, they may scorn or pity the cyprian—but whatever they may be in that respect they are "fast," and lead an exceedingly rapid though short life.

Who are they? They are young widows of gay proclivities; they are wives who are tired of the married relation and who crave for excitement; they are young girls who are more or less addicted to reading sporting novels and the flash papers of the day, and who possess a large amount of masculinity in their natures; they are women of every and any age, who have a large amount

of vital and physical energy, and who in their early youth were known as being "wild," and whose wildness has not been tamed or curbed by the advance of years or the varied experiences of life. Women of weak minds without an object in life; haters of work and effort of any kind; no lovers of literature, unless it be of the flashiest, spiciest and liveliest kind, and with but few of the sweet, tender and good qualities which go to make up the true woman.

The young women of the period form a large number of this class of females. There are hundreds of girls who are ruined every year in New York: it may not be in character, but at least as far as all practical good is concerned. They have had the misfortune to possess parents who knew little or nothing as to the bringing up of children—who allowed their offspring to take their own course, and the consequence was that the children learnt to do evil rather than good. Many girls of New York, who have been sent to seminaries out of the city, have there received an immense amount of harm and learned no good. Meeting there other young women who were well versed in the wicked ways of the wicked world, they became wild and unruly, neglected their studies, lived only for fun and enjoyment, and lost all desire to live a quiet and peaceable life. The country soon becomes irksome and a "bore" to such girls. The sound of the birds possesses no charm for them. They will go into ecstasies over the beauty of a horse, but not of a sunset; and the last Opera Bouffe, or the latest edition of the Can-Can from Paris, is of more interest to them

than the sweet poems of Tennyson. Reading novels of a peculiar kind, which have become popular in England and been brought thence to this country, has doubtless had much to do with forming the character of this class of females. The sporting novel, a peculiar and very popular kind of fiction in England, wherein the heroine always talks "slang," thinks much of horse-flesh, leaps five-barred gates, talks horse (and possibly eats it) and possesses masculine characteristics generally. Owing to the different manner in which the turf and sports generally are conducted in the old country, it is doubtful if books of this character have a very bad tendency on the women of England. But when they are imported to America, it is natural that the young female American should overdo the imitation of these heroines, as she overdoes almost everything else.

But the great majority of the fast women of New York, after all, are fast by nature. Books and reading, the example of fathers, brothers and husbands, have contributed but little to make them what they are. It is natural for them to be fast, and possibly they fill their destiny for some wise but certainly inscrutable purpose.

The fast women of New York are very fond of the turf. Jerome Park or the Fashion Course on Long Island presents a gay appearance on the day of a race. Fully one-third of the vast audience is composed of ladies. They are attired in dresses of many colors and after the latest fashion. The race is a good place to see the latest *mode* or get a view of the coming monstrosity in female attire or female habit. It was at the Saratoga

A COURAGEOUS WOMAN.

races that the "Grecian Bend" first made its appearance. A great interest is taken in the race by the ladies. They appear to eye the horses with as much keenness and pleasure as their male companions. They are posted as to the various racing terms, and can in a five minutes' conversation astonish a countryman with their knowledge of horse-flesh. They bet sometimes in gloves, dresses, shawls or hats, but quite as often in money.

Just before the race comes off the excitement is intense, and as the horses run around the course an almost deathless stillness reigns until they are on the "quarter-stretch," when the excitement is of the wildest and most intense character. The women stand on the seats of the amphitheatre, waving their handkerchiefs, gesticulating, forgetting their modesty, and, for the moment, completely lose their senses, in their great desire to see which animal will be the winner.

A great deal of female gambling is done in the city. The passion of some women to make money quickly and without work is just as great as it is in man. Fine dresses have to be bought and large establishments have to be sustained. Mrs. A. does not like to see Mrs. B. outdo her in expensive furniture, wearing apparel or the beauty of her carriage. Money has to be procured in one way or another. Paterfamilias is bending every nerve and sinew, but cannot, with all his efforts, make enough money to supply the extravagant wants of his expensive wife. So she determines to supply them herself. She has no knowledge of any business or avocation suited to women, and if she had, the returns from it

would be insufficient for her purpose; so she gambles, quietly and without the knowledge of her husband or any of her friends. Perhaps, however, her most intimate friend may be her companion in the pursuit, but that is all.

There are several female gambling-saloons in New York. There is one on Broadway, not very far from Prince street. It is on the first floor over a large store, where ladies are frequently in the habit of making purchases during the day. There are two large rooms—a front and a back room—fitted up in the most elegant manner. Chairs and sofas of the richest and most costly description temptingly induce the wearied one to rest. Elegant French mirrors reflect beautiful forms and lovely faces, and over the soft velvet carpet many a proud woman has trod with her dainty feet. Women of position have been here. A senator's wife has just left the room we enter, and over there in the corner, sitting in that large, easy, softly-cushioned arm-chair, is a quiet-looking lady, whom you would scarcely think would be guilty of "bucking the tiger." She is an authoress, or, rather, was once. Not succeeding in her profession, and making but a scanty living from it, and failing, also, in acquiring that degree of fame which she thought she was entitled to, she became desperate and invested all her spare cash in gaming.

A large table is placed in the centre of the front room, on which the gambling is done, the rear apartment being used for the purposes of sociality and friendly conversation. The establishment is carried on by a lady, the

divorced wife of a wealthy retired New York banker, who has for many years sojourned in Europe, and will probably remain there all the rest of his life.

We have mentioned and described in a former part of this work a female gambling-saloon in Twenty-third street. Another very stylish saloon of this character is situated in Thirty-fourth street, not far from Fifth avenue. It is a plain brown-stone house, not at all distinguishable from the row of which it is a part. The gaming is carried on in the parlors. The furniture and general appointments of the house differ very little from those of the Broadway establishment we have just referred to. There is the same degree of elegance, the same air of wealth and taste. Very high sums are lost in this resort. As high as twenty thousand dollars have been lost in a single hour by the fair player, and frequently five thousand dollars, and sums ranging from that to one thousand dollars, are lost or won. We might mention many other saloons in various parts of the city, some in very retired quarters, where they would be least suspected, and others on the prominent avenues and streets of the city, but it would be only wearying the reader. In describing one, we have described all. The games are always conducted throughout the day, the busiest time being from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. These are the shopping-hours in New York, and it is very convenient for the female gambler to give out word to her servants or friends at home that she has gone out "shopping." Very much surprised and shocked would the friends and servants be did they know the

very singular "shop" at which madam spent most of her time.

We have mentioned that many women gamble for the purpose of making money to supply their extravagant wants, but it is fair to say that the great majority of female gamblers indulge in the game for excitement and pleasure. It is only now and then that the husband of a wealthy woman cannot furnish enough money to supply even the most extravagant demands. It is the fast women—the class of which we speak particularly in this chapter—who spend most of their time at the gambling-saloon. They do so because they crave excitement like men, and as there is very little, if any, risk of being detected, the practice can be followed with impunity.

The fast woman like the fast man likewise indulges in drink. In "good society" she only takes a glass of wine or possibly nothing at all, but she likes and craves for liquids of a much stronger kind. For the convenience and comfort of this class of females there are private sample-rooms or "cabinets," as they are called, "for ladies only." They are conducted in the most secret manner, and always under cover of some legitimate business. There are at the present time about a dozen of these sample-rooms for females in New York. The principal one in the city is on Broadway. There is a large hoop-skirt store not many blocks from an up-town street. Thither fair women repair in large numbers every day —ostensibly, of course—to purchase the necessary and graceful article of female apparel which the establishment deals in, but really for a very different purpose.

In the rear of the store is a partition running across the room, in the middle of which is seen a small door marked "private." It is within this mysterious enclosure that the cup that cheers and too often inebriates is dispensed. There is no bar, as in the ordinary sample-room where men most do congregate, but an elegant black walnut bookcase, in which are decanters containing wines, brandies, gins, whiskies.

Some of the ladies who patronize this particular place only partake of wine; others indulge in gin, and a very great number call for whisky.

On "Opening Day" in New York nearly all the milliners in the city treat their lady friends to wine and cake. It has got to be a general practice. The milliners discover that the practice remunerates them, and it is found that the ladies do not object to being treated. Some of the fair and fast ones are guilty of imbibing too much on these occasions, and go home in a state at least bordering on intoxication. Preachers have been known to discourse on this subject from the pulpit, and deprecate the custom of having an "Opening Day" at all, for the reason of the excesses in drinking which we have alluded to.

Fast females are also addicted to the habit of playing billiards, in which game there is certainly much less harm than in other of their games and pastimes. One of the floors of a private house in a side street in the upper part of the city is devoted to the purposes of a billiard-room. There are ten tables, which are in use nearly all day—from nine o'clock in the morning until

five in the afternoon. Wines and liquors of various kinds can be procured for the necessary consideration. Not only females who are entitled to be called "fast" are to be found in this place, but ladies who would shun very many of the other pleasures and dissipations of the world occasionally drop in here to have a quiet game.

In depicting female extravagance and female dissipation in New York the pen grows weary and the heart sickens. It would seem sometimes as if civilization was not entitled to make the boast it does, and that a return to savage life, with all its rude simplicity and rough but purer ways of living, would be preferable to the present mode. The fast females continue to increase in numbers rather than diminish. The new novels, the latest plays, the examples of fathers and brothers, and the immense numbers of the finely-dressed *demi-monde* of the great metropolis, all seem to urge women on toward a dissipated and unnatural career. Only by the earnest work of the reformer, a sound morality preached from the pulpit, and, more than all, by the good example of those noble women who strive to and succeed in living holy and good lives, can we hope to see a change in this unhappy state of affairs.

WICKED WOMEN.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

INFANTICIDE IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

PROBABLY there is no class of persons in New York, who manage a criminal business, adroitly escape their deserved punishment so often, and make so much money, as the abortionists. The fact that the law requires proof positive of the crime, and undeniable evidence that an accused person does commit or attempt to commit an abortion, is really the ladder of their escape, and, in fact, their only safety. Their business, transacted, as it is in almost every case, between themselves and their patient (often their victim), and without the intervention of a third person, is a sufficient guarantee to them that their crime will be unknown. A patient very rarely visits an abortionist unless it is to hide her shame and dishonor. When she undergoes such risks to conceal her guilt, it is obviously plain that she will not reveal it to any other person. The abortionists also know full well the danger that threatens them. Having a long term in State prison in view should they inadvertently act without caution, they invariably transact their business with the utmost secresy and discrimi-

nation. The unfortunate woman or girl who has been deceived is fearful of the consequences of her foolish attachment for some thoroughly heartless scoundrel. She often meditates suicide, and has even brought herself to look upon poison or the muddy waters of a river as a relief from her existence, until by some means or other she happens to see such an advertisement as the following:

"A Cure for Ladies immediately. Madam ——'s Female Antidote. The only reliable medicine that can be procured; certain to have the desired effect in twenty-four hours, without any injurious results."

The advertisement probably states further that the female physician cures ladies at one interview, without any inconvenience or danger. A little farther down the column she sees an announcement something similar to the following:

"Sure Cure for Ladies in Trouble. No injurious medicines or instruments used. Consultation and advice free."

She reads this and sees a chance of avoiding the inevitable disgrace that must ensue to herself and relations should her guilt become known. She forthwith avails herself of it, and, deciding which doctor she will go to, she pays him a visit, and, after having her purse drained and her health shattered, she may escape the dreaded results.

Under the head of abortionists it must be understood there are different classes. First, there is the one whose advertisements, under the head of "Dr.," are conspicuous in almost every paper which will print them. Next comes the female abortionists, the richer class of whom also advertise largely; and lastly, the midwives, who,

when it pays them to do so, will in some cases consent to earn money by the commission of this fearful crime.

First in order, then, the doctor, who styles himself the "ladies' friend," which appellation would be more truthful if the second letter were omitted from that word of endearment. He is, as a rule, either a man who has studied for a diploma and failed to pass his examination, or one who, though he is really an M. D., because it pays better, devotes his time to this particular branch of his profession, and advertises largely to that effect; while, in nine cases out of ten, if he attended to a legitimate branch of his vocation, he would prove worthless and inefficient. There are many abortionists in New York to-day who live in first-class style, attend to nothing but "first-class" cases, receive nothing but first-class fees, and are accepted in society as first-class members.

These men, some of them at least, are received into first-class society, not because of their gentlemanly or engaging manners, nor even yet on account of their money, but from the fact that they exercise a certain amount of influence and are possessed of a vast deal of audacity. They are cognizant of many a family secret that comes under the jurisdiction of their peculiar vocation; and this fact enables them successfully, if they like, to dare these parties to treat them any other than respectfully. There is a skeleton in every house, a secret in every family; and too often the doctor, midwife and accoucheur have to be treated publicly, socially and pecuniarily in accordance with this fact. It is such men as these who, by their nefarious practices, have been en-

abled to accumulate a large amount of money, that are the proprietors of private hospitals or lying-in asylums, where the better class of women who have fallen from the path of virtue may, under a pretence of a prolonged visit to some distant friends, become inmates, and, after all traces of their guilt have been successfully hidden, can unblushingly return to their friends, and be regarded in their social circles as models of chastity and perfections of virtue.

Next come the female abortionists, who in some cases transact a larger and more profitable business than the doctors. There are several reasons for this, the principal of which is, that a female would, under the peculiar circumstances in which she is placed, reveal her condition to one of her own sex rather than to a man. The number of female abortionists in New York city is a disgrace and a ridicule upon the laws for the prevention of such inhuman proceedings. True, the majority of them are of the poorer class, but there are many who are literally rolling in wealth, the result of their illegal and unnatural pursuits. The names of many could be mentioned. One, however, will be sufficient, and, although she has been the most successful of her contemporaries, yet her card is a good criterion for the rest of her class. Her name, Madame ——, is well known, and needs no comment. Most of the better and most successful of her kind are in the habit of receiving no less than one hundred or one hundred and fifty dollars for each case, and often as much as five hundred or one thousand dollars. The less successful of the female abortionists, whose practice or business is limited, to some extent, through lack of funds

to advertise the same, are content with considerably less sums for their services. Cases have been known where as low as five dollars has been received, and very rarely do they get a chance to make more than fifty or sixty dollars, which is considered a first-rate fee.

The female abortionists in New York are mostly of foreign birth or extraction, and have generally risen to their present position from being first-class nurses—in Germany, especially, there being medicine schools or colleges in which they graduate after a course of probably six or nine months' study as nurses. The object for which these colleges were established is entirely ignored by the woman, who, from the smattering of medical knowledge she obtains there, seeks to perfect herself as an abortionist. Yet so it is; and this fact is antagonistic to the scriptural assertion that "of good, can no evil be produced."

The midwife comes next. As a rule (there are exceptions, of course, to all rules, but as a rule), the midwife is a woman whose knowledge of medicine is infinitely less than that of the regular abortionist, although her experience practically may be as good. To aid the midwife in the consummation of her intents, she, not unfrequently, has to bring the whole force of her wits to her assistance. Not being thoroughly versed in all the ins and outs, or, as they may be not inappropriately termed, the "side issues" of her professed calling, she is now and then completely cornered by some unusual and unexpected difficulty arising on the part of the patient. In such cases her only refuge is, as has been stated, her ready wit,

and a friendly druggist upon whom she can rely to help her out of her difficulty. If he should fail to do so, her reputation as a midwife, should anything serious accrue to her patient, would be considerably lessened. For instance, the sickness of a patient under her care assumes a new and to her unknown turn; the patient becomes worse, and is, perhaps, in danger of losing her life. Patient's friends look to the midwife to bring her round; midwife not knowing how to act, yet knowing full well that her actions are all noted, is careful not to betray her ignorance. With smiling countenance she assures the anxious friends that their "dear friend" is all right, yet under all this she carefully notes each new feature and every symptom of the patient. Suddenly she remembers that there is some particular herb or medicine that is essentially necessary, and to get which her personal presence at the drug store is equally as essential; and in a hurry she starts to the druggist she is in the habit of patronizing. To him she explains her case, and generally he advises her how to act pretty correctly, and following his directions her patient recovers, and she is looked upon as a miracle of perfection in her art.

If, on the other hand, she fails to be enlightened on the subject at her friendly druggist's, she often loses her fee and reputation at once. The midwife often resorts to the practice of producing abortion, but, as a rule, her limited knowledge happily precludes the possibility of her taking dangerous cases in hand; therefore, she seldom meddles with that branch of the business unless she is pretty certain of safe results.

The medicines used to produce abortions are far from being as certain as it is generally believed. The surest of these, if it can be said there is any certainty in any of them, is the oil of savine. This oil is distilled in England, and is a stimulant, actively rubefacient, and an emmenagogue. Savine is an evergreen shrub, a native of the south of Europe and of the Levant. It is also found growing wild on the borders of the north-western lakes of this country.

The dose is from two to five drops, though such a dose would not be sufficient to cause an abortion. This oil ought not to be, by law, obtained from a druggist unless ordered by a physician, but it is an undeniable fact that it is sold to persons who, the seller knows perfectly well, will use it illegally. The next is the oil of pennyroyal, which is also often used by abortionists. Legitimately, it is employed as a domestic remedy in amenorrhœa, the dose being from two to ten drops.

Then again there are preparations of ergot, and several others, but the above are by far the more powerful and the most dangerous, and supposed to be the most efficient. Oil of savine is rarely used, even by the experts, unless the case is very urgent, and generally, though not always, the patient is notified of the probable results. Many and many a death has resulted from the use of these drugs, from the simple reason that their action is so violent that it generally shatters the system of those who take them, and the result is death.

Sometimes the decease of the patient may not occur immediately after the abortion is produced, but it is a

dangerous and hazardous experiment to prescribe such medicines.

The prostration, after the dose has been taken by the patient, has been known to be so great that the unfortunate woman has breathed her last within a few hours after the oil had been received into her system. The reader must not suppose that abortions are produced by this means alone. On the other hand, both savine and pennyroyal, from their rank smell, are easily detected in case of a *post-mortem* examination, and for this reason they are seldom used unless the patient positively refuses to submit to an instrumental operation.

It is the instruments that are used to effect the desired results that so often cause the death of both mother and child. A woman who visits an abortionist for the purpose of getting rid of her offspring, and consents to submit to the use of instruments, may, in nine cases out of ten, be fatally injured in a few moments. Yet of the two evils the abortionists (for their own sakes) choose the least. Instruments are safer than medicine, and therefore they try to induce their patients to subject themselves to an operation.

The "Portuguese Pills," and all other pills which are sold at the extortionate price of five dollars per box, are really not nearly so effective to produce the desired results as is generally supposed. They are generally simply purgative pills. The main object in them, however, is to procure for the doctor a patient, who, thinking that the pills will be all that is required, gets them, inwardly satisfied, no doubt, that she can get off so easily. That is all the

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

doctor wants; but once let the doctor know his patient, and she rarely goes to any one else under the existing circumstances. Then she may take all the pills she likes, but ultimately she will have to submit to an operation at the hands of the doctor whom she has visited.

The law, according to the revised statutes of the State of New York, with regard to producing abortions, reads thus: "The willful killing of an unborn quick child by any injury to the mother of the child, which would be murder if it resulted in the death of such mother, shall be deemed manslaughter in the first degree."

This crime is punishable by a term of *not less* than seven years in prison. The law further reads: "Every person who shall administer to any woman pregnant with a quick child, or prescribe for any such woman, or advise and procure for any such woman, any medicines, drugs or substance whatever, or shall use or employ any instrument or other means, with intent thereby to destroy such child, unless the same shall have been necessary to preserve the life of such mother, shall, in case the death of such child or such mother be thereby produced, be deemed guilty of manslaughter in the second degree."

This is punishable by not less than four, and not longer than seven, years' imprisonment.

This law is apparently very stringent; and so it is, could these murderous wretches (a worse name would better suit them) be clearly proved to have broken it; but it is hard to convict abortionists, from the fact, which has been already stated, that these transactions are solely confined to themselves and their patients. This

fact is clearly proved by the records at the coroner's office and at the courts. A woman may have told a hundred persons before her death that such and such an individual had produced an abortion upon her; she may describe the operation minutely, and yet, in case of her death, this evidence before a court is only hearsay, and, according to law, the criminal cannot be found guilty upon it. The only way to do is for the *ante-mortem* declaration of the woman to be taken by the coroner, and such statement to be given in presence of witnesses, and also to have the signature of the deponent attached to it. Upon this evidence alone can the abortionist be convicted, unless some other person besides the patient witnesses the operation. This, however, abortionists never allow.

On the other hand, the only punishment they receive is being detained by the coroner, who can refuse bail, in case of an inquest. To keep them longer in prison, he can postpone the inquest from time to time, and when at last the verdict is given, which is that the deceased is *supposed* to have come to her death at the hands of the abortionist, the coroner commits said abortionist to prison until the case comes up before the court. In court, he or she employs a first-class lawyer, and the result is that, not having obtained proof positive to convict, the court has no other course to pursue than to set the prisoner at liberty, who immediately commences his or her operations again.

The statistics in abortion show that the ratio of fœtal deaths in New York city is fearful. Out of every four

children born, one is either born dead or prematurely, while a far greater number are probably criminally concealed. The carnival of crime has risen to such a height that it works out its own retribution in the steady decrease of the American population and in deplorable mental, moral and physical degeneracy. Though to errors in dress, such as tight lacing, having their origin in the ignorance of mothers, may be ascribed a large amount of this fearful evil, yet the abortionists may be credited with a great deal more. Day after day these men and women pursue their damnable occupation; day after day are recorded the deaths of their victims; and yet they were never so strong, never so rich, and never was their business conducted in such an unblushing and barefaced manner as it is to-day. It is to be hoped that before long notice will be taken of this fact, and such laws made and enforced as will eventually stop these unscrupulous murderers.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WICKEDEST WOMAN IN NEW YORK.

BY common consent, as well as by reason of her peculiar calling, Madam ——, of Fifth avenue, is styled "The wickedest woman in New York." According to her advertisement in the papers and the City Directory, she calls herself a "female physician and professor of midwifery."

Madam —— is about fifty-five years of age, is a short, plump, vulgar-looking woman, with dark, piercing eyes and jet-black hair. Once she was handsome, but possesses now no traces of her former beauty. She looks like an upstart or "shoddy" female, but not particularly wicked or heartless.

She commenced business about twenty years ago. Her establishment at that time was in Chambers street, and for some time she was but little known. About four years after she had begun business an event occurred which rendered her one of the most notorious women of the city. A young woman died who had been under her treatment, and Madam —— was arrested. She was tried before one of the courts, and her trial became a sensation for many days. The papers were filled with the testimony in the case, and the arguments of the leading counsel were given in full.

All sorts of accounts, too, were furnished as to the history of the accused, the evil of abortion, and the necessity of adopting stricter laws in regard to it.

There was ample testimony offered on which Madam —— could be convicted, but justice at that time, as at the present, was open to pecuniary inducements. Madam —— had already made considerable money from her improper trade, and it was rumored at the time that she purchased a verdict of "Not Guilty" for one hundred thousand dollars. It was a big price to pay, but she regained her liberty, and, what was more, made money by the large investment. Her trial proved to be an immense advertisement for her, and shortly afterward she removed from Chambers street, purchasing a large mansion on Fifth avenue, not far from the Central Park. In that house she has lived from that time to the present, and says she intends to remain there until her death. The building is of brown-stone, and is one of the finest on the Avenue. It is a corner house, five stories high, the windows of which command from below a fine view of the Fifth avenue, and the Central Park from above. Shades of a most gaudy, though very vulgar, pattern are at the windows. No other house in Fifth avenue or in New York possesses such shades, or, indeed, would any one else in the city want to.

Madam —— purchased this house, it is stated, through an agent in real estate. She could not have procured it otherwise, as the owner would have refused to sell it to her on account of her business. Property in the neighborhood in which she lives cannot be sold for any rea-

sonable figure. The vacant lots on the side of her mansion have been offered for several years at reduced prices, but no one will take them. Efforts have been made to buy her out, but without success; she has been offered many thousand dollars in advance of the price she paid for her mansion, but she refuses to sell, saying that she bought the house not for speculation, but for a home, and she intends to remain there as long as she lives.

Her residence is the most magnificently furnished of any establishment on Fifth avenue, at the head of which it stands. It is finished and furnished like a palace. Each window consists of but two enormous panes of plate glass. There are fifty-two windows hung with satin and French lace curtains. Her office is in the basement, where she receives her callers. On the first floor are the grand hall of tessellated marble, lined with mirrors; the three immense dining-rooms, furnished in bronze and gold with yellow satin hangings, an enormous French mirror in mosaic gilding at every panel; ceilings in medallions and cornices; more parlors and reception-rooms; butler's pantry lined with solid silver services; dining-room with all imported furniture. Other parlors on the floor above; a guest-chamber in blue brocade satin, with gold-and-ebony bedstead elegantly covered; boudoir for dressing in every room; madam and husband's own room, granddaughter's room, news-room, study. Fourth floor—servants' rooms in mahogany and Brussels carpet, and circular picture-gallery; the fifth floor contains a magnificent billiard-room, dancing-hall, with pictures, piano,

etc., and commands a fine view of Fifth avenue. The whole house is filled with statuettes, paintings, rare bronzes, ornamental and valuable clocks, candelabras, silver globes and articles of *virtu*, chosen with unexceptionable taste.

Madam —— is a married woman, her husband being Mr. ——, a Frenchman. He is in the same business as herself, practicing it under an assumed name, having an office in the lower part of the city; and his advertisements are next to madam's in the daily papers. The interesting couple have a daughter, aged about fifteen, a blonde and beautiful girl, who looks too pure and good to live in such a magnificent den of infamy which is called her home. On her last birth-day her mother presented her with a magnificent Bible, illustrated by Gustave Doré.

Madam —— keeps seven servants and four fast horses. In winter she drives in tandem, with large ermine sleigh-robes. On every afternoon in the summer she may be seen out alone driving in the Central Park. Her carriage is noted for its extraordinary showiness. There are various statements given as to how she came to adopt her profession. One is, that she was once a servant-girl in a large boarding-house. A couple left one day, and in cleaning up their room the girl, who was afterward to take the name of Madam ——, found a written receipt for a certain purpose. That she preserved, afterward recommending its use to a female friend, and finding it worked well, opened her Chambers-street office and sold the medicine at a high figure. Another story is, that she was once a pretty bar-maid in a tavern in the suburbs of

London, came to this country when about twenty years of age, made the acquaintance of a physician and acquired some medical knowledge; was an astrologer and clairvoyant for a time, and afterward adopted her present profession. She is said to have considerable practical knowledge as to her specialty, which is probably the fact.

Madam ——'s prices are very high. For her ordinary medicine she charges five dollars; for professional services, from two hundred to two thousand dollars. Rooms can be engaged at her house and board obtained at enormous rates. During her interviews with parties, it is said there is always a secret listener placed in a closet near by.

The practice of producing abortions is indulged in by women of nearly all classes of society. The women of fashion, however, are most guilty in this respect, while it is said that the poor Irish seldom, if ever, resort to the practice. It is not considered fashionable to have children. It interferes with the round of dissipation of the stylish woman, and compels her, for a time at least, to live a life somewhat secluded. The sound of baby voices has no charm for the fashionable females; the innocent laughter of little ones, the sweet simplicity of babyhood and the joy of motherhood are naught to the scions of the aristocracy.

The words of a divine, recently given to the world on this subject of fashionable murder, came at a fit and proper time. "The sin of Sodom!" says he. "What was it? What led to it? Very likely the very fashion of our day was the stepping-stone to the fashionable sin

of Sodom. We are drifting fast that way. . . . The great object of the marriage institution—the rich blessing left from Eden—is not that the husband may live in legal fornication and the wife in legal prostitution, but fulfill the first great command of the Bible. O woman! honored, loved, cheered and upheld while you meet the great responsibilities for which you were created, can you be thrust down from the high and holy position of being a true and faithful mother, to be a toy, a plaything, and something far lower than that? O women of America! women of this century! are you to see foreigners rear up large families under all their disadvantages, while you, blessed as no other women in the world are blessed, refuse to meet the high responsibilities and the holy joys which God lays at your feet? Depend on it, if we continue to do as we are doing in this respect, the wrath of God will burn toward our land, and his indignation will glow until we are consumed. He will not be mocked, nor have his own institutions trampled on or despised. In what way he will first strike, or where the fire that will light the pathway of his thunderbolts will first kindle, I pretend not to say. But I feel perfectly sure that this one sin, unrepented of and unreformed of, is enough to sink our nation in guilt, and to bring the angel with his 'sword bathed in heaven' to destroy us."

CHAPTER XXXV.

FEMALE ASTROLOGISTS.

FEMALE astrologists seem to flourish in New York, and a countless number of idle individuals make money out of the gullibility of the many who are willing to be duped by their pretended "revelations." Foolish young ladies, ignorant young men, and many others, older in years than wisdom, as soon as any difficulty arises in their business or other affairs, go to one of the "professors" of this noble mystery and humbug, to find out what the future has in store for them. The young ladies, of course, go to find out when and whom they will marry—how old he will be; how much money he will possess; how he will look. Some of them are anxious on the child-question, and go to receive information as to how many offspring they will probably possess. The young men go to find out how they can make a fortune without honest work; which neither the astrologer nor any one else can tell them. Some adolescent youngsters have been known to consult the divinities as to when they would have a moustache, and as to the means of promoting the growth of that necessary appendage to the "young man of the period." The old bachelors consult as to where are the best boarding-houses, where there are no children; the maiden ladies, as to who

are "good matches" and where they may be found; the negroes, male and female, as to what are the "lucky numbers" in the game of policy; the rich people as to how they can be happy, and the poor as to how they may get rich; and they are, one and all, without exception, *fooled.*

It is almost needless to say that the female astrologists of our day are not women of learning. On the contrary, they are about as unlearned and illiterate a set of females as can be found; that is, of those who profess to know anything about science.

Where do these learned (?) *savants* come from? One of the principal male humbugs of this class, in this line in New York, came from the West—a small town in the wildest part of the wild State of Wisconsin. Out there, when a young man, he was "bred to a carpentier," and followed that useful branch of industry for a year or two in his native place. But he was of an ambitious turn of mind. He wanted to see life, and, what is more, make more money than he could by his honest trade. Chance, which does so many strange things in this queer world, threw in his way a little book on fortune-telling. This he took a great interest in reading, and finally had read, or rather studied it, to such an extent that he mastered its contents. He sought other books on the subject of fortune-telling and astrology, and after much searching found them and perused them with the same interest. He saved enough money from working at his trade to enable him to leave his little town and reach the great city of New York, to see which is the desire of so many youthful

hearts. In the metropolis he became first a clerk in a dry-goods store, then a bookkeeper in a mercantile house, where he ought to have stayed. Tiring of that, he set himself up in the papers as a teller of fortunes—address, J—— B——, Box No. —, New York Post-office. This was nearly twenty years ago, and the mystic art was a new thing at that time; so the bait took. He had any number of answers to his advertisement, and the money (sixty cents a head) came pouring in rapidly. Before long, he gave up his clerkship and devoted his whole time to telling fortunes, opening an office in Canal street. From that day to this he has pursued this "profession," advertising largely in the daily and weekly papers. If you will go to his office on almost any day of the week, you will find it crowded with people of all grades of intelligence and fortune, anxious to know their "destiny."

Another famous fortune-teller was once a blacksmith, but left the anvil and forge to seek richer fields and newer pastures of wealth in the great cities of the East. In Philadelphia he became connected with, as an "usher" and assistant to, an astrologer. He remained with him a few years, and then opened for himself in New York, having during his apprenticeship learned all the "tricks" of the trade.

One of the most successful fortune-tellers of St. Louis studied medicine in a famous Western medical college, but before his term expired was kicked out by the authorities of the college because of some scandal about his conduct with one of the daughters of the head professor of the institution. To the little medical knowledge

he knew was added a great deal of cheek, and after various ups and downs in life we find him an astrologer.

Among the female necromancers there is to be noticed the same idiosyncrasies of fortune. Some have been dressmakers, milliners and even shop-girls, in the early stages of their career in life. Many of them have been Spiritualists, but have been of the scientific class of that very peculiar class of individuals; and their investigations carrying them into scientific studies, and among them the study of astronomy, they have given up their search as to the various "spheres" supposed to exist, and ideas of "spent life," for the more solid, tangible and (supposed to be) practical state of their relation to the events of human life.

It would seem that this class of humbugs select the poorest and meanest places to live in that can be found. They hold out (in New York) in such streets as Mercer, Laurens, Baxter, Essex, Greene and Mulberry, in the dirtiest parts of Eighth avenue and the poorest class of side streets opening from it.

In Canal street they flourish, and in nearly all the miserable streets in the eastern part of the city you will find one or two of them. The building they occupy is always old, and a tenement, with three or four bells on the sides of the entrance door. The entry is dark, with no carpet or oil cloth, and a general appearance of nastiness greets your eye on entering the house, and a smell of cabbage, onions or codfish salutes your olfactories. The room in which the madam or professor makes dis-

closures of the "past, present and future" is sometimes, though rarely, on the first floor—more generally on the second or third. You clamber up the narrow staircase, with a stair-rod on about every third or fourth stair, which serves to keep in place a nearly worn-out carpet, and finally reach the room desired. At your knock it is opened by the person you seek. If a man, he is generally tall, gaunt, with long hair, who reminds you at first of a Spiritualist, only he seems to have a keener eye for business than his co-laborers in the art of humbugging. If a woman, she is always large, portly, with a calico dress, dirty; with hair disarranged, slippers down at heel, dirty stockings and generally dirty appearance.

They themselves tell nothing, and it is their object to make their visitor tell everything. Every one who has read Marryatt's famous novel, "Japhet in Search of a Father," will remember how the magician in that book told the fortunes of some of the most distinguished persons in each town he visited. A few days previous to his intended visit, he sent on one of his numerous satellites, who, from inquiries made of the tavern-keepers and other public personages, managed to find out the principal events of the lives of such persons as would be likely to consult an astrologer. These facts he made a note of, and furnished them to his employer. It nearly always happened that they were right in their conjectures as to the persons who would consult an astrologer. See how easy it is to tell fortunes if you only know how!

There is an amusing account extant of a man, in the guise of a young lady, who consulted one of the oracles

of New York—a certain Madam A——. The madam is described as a woman about forty years of age, with coarse features, and evidently a Hibernian. The following dialogue ensued, the madam speaking first:

"You want your fortune told; the fee, if you please."

"How much is it?"

"One dollar."

The greenback was produced, handed over, placed in madam's capacious pocket-book, and safely deposited in the bosom of her gown.

"Now we are ready. You are not nervous or timorous?"

"Not in the least."

Throwing herself on a lounge, the great "clairvoyant" was soon in a stupor: eagerly seizing the hand of her "dupe," she fixed her eyes with a strong glare upon those of the latter, and after a convulsive movement of the features, articulated the following, with great apparent effort:

"You were born in this country [that's not so, to begin with]. Your parents are dead [long ago]. You live by your labor [true enough]. You are not yet twenty-nine [forty, last birth-day], and have a long life before you [good news].

Troubles and dangers beset your path. You will pass through great affliction, but will come out all right at last [satisfactory]. A young man is greatly in love with you [!], and would give all he is worth to marry you [!]. You do not care for him, however, and will never marry him [not at all probable]. You will not marry until you

are twenty-five, and your husband will be a widower with three children. He will treat you unkindly, but happily he will not live long, and you will marry again. Between the death of your first husband and your second marriage quite a long time will elapse, and during that period dark clouds will cover the path of your life; but with a brave heart and unconquerable will you will surmount the many trials and temptations to which you have been exposed. The number six is very unlucky for you [indeed]; beware of it. You were born in 1846, and you will die (uttered in a voice of solemn warning) when you are fifty-six."

The female astrological fraternity have a mode of advertising all their own. Madam W—— informs us that she will tell the "object of our visit," etc., and adds that her place is "over the bakery." A very queer place for a woman of her profession to be. Mrs. N—— gravely informs us that "the influences and effects of the configurations of the planets at the time of the late lunar eclipse, in the month of September, are not yet over, and which will be seriously felt by many through the greater part of this month. Much connubial unhappiness and many separations will occur in this month. The light or nimble-fingered gentry are still very active; they will be lurking and looking out for plunder and robbing in various ways at every opportunity. Those persons who were born when the moon and Mercury were in conjunction, and both in opposition or evil configuration of Mars, are expert thieves; and if such configurations happen in Cancer or Capricorn at birth, such thieves will be caught,

sent up and have desert of their deeds. The planet Herschel, or Uranus, is hard against those thievish folk for some time to come. There is still danger, in this month, of robberies in the bank and postal department, both near by and far off. Murders, suicides and other horrible crimes prevail among us and in foreign parts. Frequent fires and incendiaries will occur during this month. Some of those foreign events I predicted in September are fast coming out; some are in this month, and some not until November. Persons born on the 3d, 4th or 5th July, in any year, will have strange, unexpected losses in their families; also other troubles and quarrels. Those born on the 16th, 17th or 18th of January, in any year, will feel the benign influences of Jupiter. For a few months to come they will be successful in business; they will gain health, wealth and friends. Those born within a day of the 17th November or the 15th May will have much trouble, danger of being robbed, ill health, many crosses and losses in business. Let them avoid all rash acts and movements, and be temperate in all things. It would be well for all such to hold consultation with an astrologer who is well versed in the astral science."

Madam C—— warns us that she, and she alone, is possessed of the great French secret that "creates love and causes speedy marriage." A great many would like some charm to dissolve some hasty marriages, but no astrologer gives us that.

Madam B—— tells us that she has no equal in America, and is the lady who "first advertised in New York

and Boston." No matter how serious are your troubles or ailments, she can relieve them both. She closes with this bit of poe—no, rhyme:

> "All ladies should call and see
> The only genuine clairvoyant, Madam B——.
> She will relieve you of trouble, restore you to health,
> Recover lost property, lead you to wealth."

And then there are hosts of others, male and female, who advertise themselves as the only real and *bona fide* astrologers, and "all others are impostors." If they left out the second word, they would tell the exact truth of themselves.

Most of the astrologers are agreed on some general principles of the "science;" for instance, the influence certain planets have on the future character of a person. To illustrate:

A person born under the sign of Aries, in the month of March, usually has a forcible character, a spare, dry, strong body, piercing eye, face more oval than round, large bones, dark eyebrows, thick, full, well-set shoulders, long, indifferent neck, hair of a red hue, swarthy complexion and violent disposition.

A person born in April, under the sign Taurus, will have a broad forehead, thick lips, dark, curly hair, dull and unfeeling, slow to anger, but if once provoked very malicious.

The person born in May, under the sign Gemini, is tall, fair, of a sanguine temperament, with long arms but short, fleshy hands and feet, dark eyes, brown hair, quick-sighted, smart, active look and good understanding.

The person born under the sign Cancer, in the month of June, is of middle stature, fair, round face, gray eyes, weak voice, the upper part of the body large, dull, effeminate constitution, and, if a female, very prolific.

In July, under the sign Leo, has a large, full body, broad shoulders, austere countenance, large staring eyes, dark yellow hair, strong voice, high, resolute disposition, haughty and ambitious, generous, free and courteous. The latter part of the sign the person is weaker and his hair rather flaxen.

The person born in August, under the sign Virgo, is well made, tall, rather slender, but compact, has a ruddy complexion, face more round than oval, witty, ingenious, studious, but fickle-minded.

In September, under Libra, tall and elegantly made, with round beautiful face, ruddy in youth, but inclined to pimples when old, light yellow, auburn or flaxen hair, blue eyes and upright in principle, temper even as the balance.

In October, the sign Scorpio, strong, corpulent, robust; middle-sized person, dark complexion, brown curly hair, thick neck and legs, short body, heavy and coarse, reserved, deceitful, but active.

Under the sign Sagittarius, in November, well-formed, rather above the middle stature, ruddy complexion, handsome oval face, fine clear eyes, chesnut hair, inclined to baldness, active, strong, intrepid.

In December, under the sign Capricorn, the native is of a dry constitution, slender make, long thin face, thin beard, dark hair, long neck, narrow chin and breast, weak

knees, and often deformed. Disposition subtle, witty but changeable, at times melancholy, capricious as the goat.

Under the sign Aquarius, in January, well set, robust, healthy constitution, not tall, long face, clear complexion, hazel eyes and good disposition. This sign gives more beauty than any other except that of Libra.

In February, under the sign Pisces, gives short, pale, fleshy persons, crooked or given to stooping in their walk, round-shouldered, brown hair, and sometimes a good color, often given to drink, like the fish, which is the meaning of the sign.

It is only now and then that one who practices this profession, or business, or whatever it might be called, gets rich. There are one or two in the city of New York who have amassed considerable money by the practice of this species of fraud on the community.

There are, as may be supposed, quite a number of wealthy persons with exceeding weak minds who consult the astrologers and the "test mediums," their next of kin. This wealthy clientage is given, as is the case generally in other professions and businesses, to one or two particular stars, who have made a very "good thing" out of it. Mr. J. B——, of New York, is supposed to be worth some fifty thousand dollars. Madam ——, who to her astrological powers adds a knowledge of quack medicine, makes over two hundred dollars a week, and sports a fine team on the Fifth avenue on pleasant afternoons. Madame B—— issues over eighty thousand circulars every six months, which are distributed far and

wide, and are the means of bringing many dupes to her feet.

The female fortune-tellers of New York are not all divided under the head of astrologists. They are called by the names of clairvoyant, seers and oracles.

The eastern part of the city is noted for them. In little side streets which many New Yorkers never heard of, up dirty alleys in wretched tenements, they may be found holding the scales of destiny in their hands. Coarse, illiterate, ill-mannered, but shrewd and enterprising, they bring many foolish fish to their net and many a dollar to their purse.

There is nothing in the world they will not tell you. If you are in search of an absent friend, they will tell you where he may be found. If you have lost money, they will inform you where it is hid. If you are in love, they will let you know of your probable success; or if you chance to want wealth, they will kindly tell you how it can be easily procured. Strange that they never take advantage of their knowledge on this latter point! They never become suddenly wealthy, but acquire money by following their own avocation, the same as the rest of the world.

Among the patrons of these humbugs may be noted a famous operator in the stock market, who consults as to the safety of investments; a well-known clothing merchant; a famous tragedian, the particular favorite of the fair sex; an opera-singer of repute; and a clergyman who officiates for a fashionable congregation.

Our advice to the reader is, to avoid all fortune-tellers,

astrologers and the like. There is no human being living who can foretell the future of a man or woman. If one is desirous of getting rich, we can advise him as well as the star-gazer, and make no charge at that. It is, "to work indefatigably and never spend a cent." Those who try this method of getting wealth, say it works admirably.

A "SPIRITUAL" CIRCLE.—WAITING FOR THE "RAPS."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FEMALE CLAIRVOYANTS.

THE number of female clairvoyants in New York is considerably less than the astrologists, but the former class of women are equally as unprincipled as the latter. The astrologists are a lower order of swindlers. The poorer classes principally patronize them, and, though they draw a certain number of wealthy people to their sanctums, they only succeed in humbugging a very gullible class of individuals.

The clairvoyants, on the contrary, are higher up in the scale of female frauds. They make greater pretensions to knowledge; they live in better neighborhoods, on finer streets, in nicer houses, and are generally looked upon with more respect and confidence by the multitude than the astrologists. The clairvoyants are, properly speaking, seers, and claim to have special powers which enable them to look in the future and read the book of Fate; the astrologers claim to come to their conclusions by the will of the science of the stars and the movements of the heavenly planets. The one class read the future inspirationally—the other by the aid of "science," so called.

The newspapers contain the advertisements of these

clairvoyants. "Madam M——, the great unrivaled clairvoyant," announces that she can be consulted on the "past, present and future," and that she is able to produce the likenesses of either husband or wife, as the case may demand. The "seventh daughter of a seventh daughter" also informs us that she is capable of gaining the undying affection of any lady or gentleman on the one hand for any gentleman or lady on the other.

The searcher after magic love is requested to "consult the world-renowned Donna Inez J——, the clairvoyant-teller," upon everything connected with marriage, business or sickness.

Such notices as these are common, and are well known by every person who is in the habit of glancing occasionally at those journals in which they are inserted. But few persons have been behind the scenes or penetrated the mystery which is supposed to surround this class of humbugs; every one has an idea that fraud and trickery are practiced, but in what manner they cannot tell.

The clairvoyants claim to tell what is past and predict what is to come while in a mesmeric state. They also pretend to discern objects, while in that state, which are not visible to the senses.

Many astounding instances of this latter class have been given to the public through the agency of these "mediums" and clairvoyants, but very few of them are worth crediting. The clairvoyant is sometimes a Spiritualist, but generally not, and for that reason a fraud.

We recently paid a visit to one of the leading metropolitan clairvoyants. The house was situated up town in

a poor neighborhood. Ascending a rickety stairway, we reached the second floor, where the "madam's" name, gaudily painted on a tin plate and nailed to a door, indicated that the sanctum was within. Opening the door, we found ourselves in a rather poorly furnished room, in which were a few chairs, a sofa and a table, whose dilapidated appearance, upon close examination, suggested that the time of their creation was remote and distant. A looking-glass and a few pictures of a very inferior quality adorned the walls. Upon the table laid a chart, a peculiarly-shaped glass globe and an antiquated-looking vessel (similar to the Roman pitcher) that contained water.

"Madam" herself was seated on the sofa. She was a large, coarse-looking woman, about thirty years of age, dressed plainly, but neatly; once she was evidently beautiful, and still bore some traces of good looks. She immediately arose to receive her guest, and the following colloquy took place:

AUTHOR.—I see by your advertisement, madam, that you are a clairvoyant?

MADAM.—I am; do you wish a consultation?

A.—Yes.

M.—Ever consulted a medium before?

The man of the pen said that he had not; upon which she assigned him to a seat, and, taking one herself, stated that her terms were "cash in advance." Upon being supplied with the necessary shinplasters, she seated herself in her chair with becoming dignity and quietly closed her deep blue eyes. After a few hitches and

hems, she finally got herself into the correct attitude for a trance. For one or two minutes there was a nervous twitching of the muscles of the face, arms and hands, while her whole frame was more or less affected with convulsions. The first articulate sound was given in the shape of a deep, guttural accent, something midway between a grunt and a groan. In a moment or so the sound was repeated, when, in a gentle voice, she began to talk. She informed the visitor that he had no business, and had but poor prospect of obtaining any, when suddenly a dark-haired, affectionate girl came up to take part in his fortune. She was desperately in love with him, but he did not reciprocate, although he would in course of time. He was unmarried, but would eventually enter into bonds of wedlock and become prosperous in business and the father of a numerous family. In answer to questions, the author was informed that he was in good health, troubled with no bodily infirmities and might live to a good old age.

The "seer" then returned to her natural state, and the visitor departed.

We next wended our way to Madam L——'s. Her quarters were in a far better neighborhood than those of the madam previously mentioned. Her room was on the first floor, and very comfortably and even tastily furnished.

After a few moments of waiting, madam made her appearance. She was dressed in plain black silk, and looked older and more intellectual than the prophetess we just visited. She carried on her arm a long dark cloak, upon

which was worked numerous devices similar to Egyptian characters. She accosted us suddenly with—

"My friend, dost thou want to have the future revealed unto thee?"

Upon which we answered, "Yes."

"Is there anything particular about which thou wouldst learn?—a friend, perchance, thy business, or thy future destiny?"

The author stated that he would like to go through the "whole course." Upon which the awe-imposing individual seated herself opposite a celestial globe and commenced questioning the author as to the date of his birth. She then informed us that we were born under Mars, Jupiter and Venus, which was an index, if not a warrant, for success in life. Mars indicated that at some period there would be a fearful struggle to wrestle with; Jupiter indicated that sufficient strength would be given to resist and overcome this struggle and also all the wiles of adversaries; while Venus stood as a sort of underwriter about his cradle to ensure him a happy marriage and good success during life. He was employed in a furniture house of some description, but would soon change his avocation and go out West, where he would meet with a beautiful and accomplished woman, who would love him to distraction. He must beware of her. In the West he would strike the vein that would lead to his being ultimately wealthy. He was not married, and never would be, as he preferred a bachelor's life by far. He was very affectionate to all his friends, and was possessed of an extraordinary amount of filial love.

And here the interview ended, the necessary greenback equivalent, to the amount of two dollars, having been paid.

The clairvoyant we have just alluded to should be called an astrological-clairvoyant, as she sometimes tells fortunes, or professes to tell them, through the agency of the heavenly planets, and at other times by means of (so-called) spiritual insight into the mysteries of futurity.

There is another prophetess who cannot be called a clairvoyant, but may be alluded to in this connection. Her name is Madam H——, and she holds forth in the back room of a certain ordinary-looking house in the poorer part of West Twenty-eighth street. She pretends to tell fortunes through the agency of cards entirely. A reporter recently called on this lady about midday, and, finding her disengaged, proceeded at once to business without any ceremony. She entirely eschews the "spiritual influence" of the clairvoyants, and does all her seeing into the future through a pack of cards. By request, the reporter took a seat at her side by the table, when she took the cards and, after having given them a shuffle, she handed them to him to do the same, which he did. She then "cut" them into four piles. These piles she manipulated in a very scientific manner, and distributed them about the table in accordance with certain rules. After this distribution was completed, he was informed that there would shortly be sickness in his house, and that a change was to take place in his business affairs. This change would be attended by a journey over a large body of water, and, in the mean time, he was to look for

the coming of a lady friend. Shortly after this he would receive a letter containing good tidings, and he would soon experience a great change. He was warned to beware of a certain black-eyed, black-haired man, who was a snakish individual, and would do him harm. At the same time there was a light-haired gentleman friend who would always prove true and help him out of a series of difficulties. She then looked at the palm of his hand, and after a long and earnest examination informed him that his life would be very short; he would travel a great deal, but mostly over water.

Madam H—— proved to be a very candid person, for when the reporter told her he had been to see three astrologists before her, she said,

"Then you must have had a rich experience."

He said it was true, and from the different stories he had heard from each he was inclined to think they were humbugs. She laughed, and admitted that there was a great deal of trickery practiced, and also much "guess-work" done; but then "guessing," she said, "strictly speaking, is no more largely or ingeniously interwoven with the profession of the fortune-teller than with many other professions. The physician 'guesses;' so does the divine, and also the lawyer and editor, and so do we; but we can give a good varnish to any 'guess-work' we have to use."

She said she had little faith in "medicines," although more than formerly. There was something about spiritualism she could not understand.

Madam B——, who says she is from Paris, affirms that

she is in possession of the French secret by which the possessor can ensure the love of any one of the opposite sex he or she may choose, and also bring about a speedy marriage. Madam B——'s apartments, situate a considerable way up town, were by far the handsomest the author visited. She occupies a back parlor, which is for the use of her visitors who may be waiting her leisure. The walls were hung with pictures, among which he noticed "Christ Walking on the Sea," "Bethlehem," and a very pretty one called the "Golden Horn." Her little marble-topped table was covered with choice books, such as "Lalla Rookh," "Loving and Living," and a very fine volume of Shakespeare's Works. Adjoining the parlor was a small, pleasant side-room, where all interviews are held, and which was also tidy and had evidently been arranged by a woman. Madam B—— is of a medium size, has a very attractive figure, sparkling blue eyes, light, wavy hair, fair complexion, talent and beauty in every expression of the face, a pleasing voice, and lots of little ways besides which are wickedly bewitching. The author had his fortune told, but the great idea was to get the "French secret."

The subject was broached. He asked her if she had a secret to sell, and she said "yes, and it is a dangerous one," and also one which she did not sell indiscriminately; and it was not until the author made use of his very best conversational powers that he succeeded in buying it. However, the following is a synopsis of the conversation that ensued after the subject was broached:

Madam.—I knew that was what you came here for the

moment you entered the room, and you don't care about the answers I have given you at all. I haven't told you much, anyhow.

AUTHOR.—You must not be uncharitable, for, thus far, we have been very candid with one another, and it is only carrying my curiosity one step farther when I ask you for the secret.

MADAM.—Yes, but you want to take advantage of that blue-eyed girl I told you of, and if I thought that you did, I would not let you have it for any money.

AUTHOR.—Why, I am surprised that you exercise so much caution about the sale of this secret. I should judge from that that you believe in its efficacy. But, seriously, I will give you my honor that I will never use it indiscreetly.

MADAM.—Your honor! I should count my experience of little worth had it not taught me how to estimate "the honor" of you gentlemen. I wouldn't give a copper for a Bible edition of the honor you talk about: it's all gammon.

AUTHOR.—That's a little too severe, I think; but, really, don't you think your secret would be safe with me?

MADAM.—No, I don't, and I shall only give it to you on certain conditions.

AUTHOR.—Very well, then, name them.

She then explained those conditions upon which he was to become the happy possessor of this secret, and then she told him that she had two greatly differing in cost and application. The first was the most Frenchy and expensive and reliable. Having chosen the best of

these two secrets, there arose a little bit of spicy conversation between them regarding the mysteries of the art. She, in the mean time, was busily engaged in preparing the dangerous secret which was to arm him with a subtle power that would, if he chose, make sad havoc with maiden hearts and give him an advantage over Cupid's keenest scholar—the dashing young widow.

"Well," our readers will say, "why don't you tell us what the secret is?" Yes, but, reader, the author bought the secret of Madam B——, pledging her his honor that he would not reveal it. Therefore the secret is a secret still with him, and the only way for you to do is by a little shrewdness and a few dollars possess yourself of the secret in the same way he did.

From his experience with the different characters that have just been described the author runs over his notes and finds as follows: That he has no business and has no prospect of getting any, and immediately after finds that he was never in a better business condition than at present. He will be married and have a large family, says one; another, that he preferred bachelorhood and would never get married. He was desperately loved by a dark-eyed and fair-haired girl, and would marry her and live to a good old age; and again he was assured that his life was short.

A good deal that was good and a good deal that was bad was told him, and on the whole he is unable to determine how much the information is actually worth. The stories of each are, however, as different as "chalk from cheese," and only serve to convince any one that the whole

lot of these clairvoyants, etc., are frauds in every sense of the word.

Whether the business of fortune-telling is a gift, an art, a science or a humbug, the testimony submitted here ought to be sufficient to enable every man and woman to judge.

The people who visit clairvoyants belong to all classes —from the richest to the poorest, and all circles—religious, political and scientific.

Gross ignorance, as well as refined intelligence, often come under the supervision and jurisdiction of the fortune-teller. Some of these clairvoyants have been regularly employed by parties interested in mining and oil stocks. Some business men would not invest a dollar without consulting them. Physicians, manufacturers and artisans have been known to rely upon fortune-tellers in all business transactions. There is, has been and always will be, a certain class of persons who are always willing to believe in such things, and who would as soon think of setting down a clairvoyant as a fraud as they would of denying the veracity of Holy Writ.

It is estimated that there are at present in this city in the neighborhood of two hundred astrologers, clairvoyants, fortune-tellers and soothsayers; and while all make a livelihood at it, quite a number do a large and profitable business. One of them says: "Her patronage, or rather the profits arising from her business, are surprising. Not unfrequently her receipts are fifty dollars per day—seldom less than ten dollars; while her tariff of prices is graded according to the value of the information she

thinks she has imparted. She tells nothing for less than one dollar, and has received fifty dollars for one sitting. Some days she "sits" ten or a dozen times, while her customers are often kept waiting in an ante-room. As a general thing, their quarters are not elegantly furnished; yet there are to be found, in the aristocratic part of the city, "seers" who live in magnificent apartments. This class do not advertise; their business is done through a circular or card, and their customers are always of the higher class.

One of this class gives her expenses at eighty dollars per week, and states that she has frequently made five thousand dollars per annum clear profit.

Upon an estimate, the citizens of New York pay annually three hundred thousand dollars for fortune-telling; and it is probable that this expense will never be materially reduced as long as superstition remains an element of human nature.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FEMALE ADVENTURERS.

THERE are female as well as male beats. The art of swindling and making money without giving any equivalent therefor is not confined by sex or limited to any particular class of individuals. It is very probable that there are as many swindlers in New York who belong to the female sex as there are who glory in the dignity of being men. The females, of course, differ very much from their male companions in their mode and manner of work; but, however much they may differ in these respects, they all agree in one thing—namely, to make money.

Female adventurers may be met with in all parts of the world, and have been frequently introduced in the modern play and novel. On the Continent they flourish, making sad havoc with manly hearts, and succeed in gaining wealth and sometimes high position. In New York, more than any other city in the Union, this class of women may be met with. They abound, but not in as large numbers as their male prototypes. On Broadway you may see them, as, indeed, you may see every one else, good, bad and indifferent. In the church, with eyes earnestly riveted on the prayer or hymn book; at the

theatre, laughing or weeping over the play; in the ball-room, whirling around in the mazy waltz; at the seaside resort in the summer-time, promenading on the piazza or strolling along the beach.

There is one marked peculiarity about the adventuress: she is always of the middle age. No one ever saw an adventuress under the age of thirty-five. No woman could possibly play any very desperate or dangerous game which required forethought, discrimination and shrewdness who was under that age. To the keen observer the adventuress looks suspicious. There is something mysterious about her, only it is unexplainable—a certain air or manner which no other woman has. She talks much, but seems, after all, to say little; she professes to make you her confidant, and yet, on calmly looking back to the conversations, you find you have not received many tokens of her confidence; she may earnestly profess to love you, and yet you may have sincere doubts as to the truthfulness of her profession. She is, on the whole, a very strange being, inexplicable and past finding out—a fearful and wonderful actress, whom it were well for you to let alone.

She generally stops at some fashionable up-town hotel in the city, and always travels alone; represents herself as a widow cast out upon a friendless world; she has a small competency, but very small—barely sufficient to keep her supplied with the necessaries of life and such luxuries as she has been accustomed to in palmier days. She dresses well, is refined in her manners, agreeable in conversation and creates a good impression immediately.

She possesses wonderful shrewdness and is an excellent judge of human nature—knows weak-minded and strong-minded men and women, and carefully avoids both of the latter classes. Easy-going married men, free with their money and free in their morals, and the middle-aged bachelors, are her particular favorites. With these she very soon becomes popular. Both of these classes of men adore her and would willingly lay down their lives for her, and eventually become her victims.

The primary and sole object of a female adventurer is to make money. All other considerations are thrown aside to gratify that ambition. She has no profession or business, and wants none. She believes the world owes her a living, and she takes a living from the world. She is *blasé*. Love has no charms for her, and friendship she does not believe in. The intellectual, the artistic, the true, beautiful and good, possess no interest for her. Eating and drinking, and the physical enjoyments of life generally, are all she is interested in. To gratify all these desires she must have money, and to have it she swindles and imposes on such of the male sex as she can overcome by her arts.

She adopts all methods to gain her object. Boarding at a fashionable Broadway hotel and dressing in style, it is not long before she becomes acquainted with some of the wealthy male boarders. It may be a miner from the Far West. He is on his first visit to New York, and he has been but little in ladies' society. He is enraptured over his new acquaintance, and when she states to him that she is particularly in need of a loan of two or three

hundred dollars for a short time, he is not at all backward in supplying her with the funds, very often doubling the sum, and telling her she can return it at any time she sees fit. It is generally the case that she never sees fit to return it at all.

Some adventuresses make it their object to gain a rich husband. They crave wealth and position, a fine house, a retinue of servants, and all the other luxuries that wealth brings. Some wealthy and foolish man comes along who falls in love with this female sharper, and eventually marries her.

An adventuress naturally troubles the peace of the manly mind. It is always an unpleasant thing for a man to find out that he has been "taken in and done for" by a woman supposed to belong to the sex which, by nature and qualifications, is the weaker. The adventuress sets this old-established law at defiance, and proves that a woman may plan deeply and execute her plans with as much ability as any of the sterner sex.

It is well to beware of female adventurers. No good ever comes from associating with them. Their voices are musical, but their hearts are attuned to wickedness and deceit. Their faces are fair, but their vows fickle. They may charm for a time, and lend all the graces and intellect to make them beloved and adored, but in the end it will be found that they have led their victim down to the depths.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FEMALE PICKPOCKETS AND SHOPLIFTERS.

FEMALE pickpockets are not abundant in New York. What is the precise reason for this is not exactly known. Though very expert, they do not make as good pickpockets as those of the opposite sex. It is more difficult for them to pick a pocket without being detected, owing to the manner in which women dress, and from the fact that females are nearly always more observed than men. And yet there are a goodly number of females in the great metropolis who make their living by picking pockets, and who possess a degree of shrewdness which, under the circumstances, is quite wonderful.

Female thieves are professionals. Of the depraved in the female sex they are the most depraved; of the abandoned, the most abandoned. They are lost to all sense of honor and all sense of duty. There may be hope for the cyprian, with her gaudy colors and indecent ways. She may have a good heart and an honest desire to reform. But for the female thief there is no hope. Society to her is only a vast collection of beings to prey upon; and to make money by stealing from others is her only work and ambition in life, until justice and law bring her to a stop in her criminal career.

The female pickpockets travel principally in the Broadway stages during the day-time. In the omnibuses there is a very good chance to ply their avocation, and they make very large hauls of money here. It is a very common and a very old practice for a lady pickpocket to request a gentleman sitting next to her in an omnibus or a car to raise or lower the window. The lady is good-looking and the gentleman polite, and the latter executes the request of the fair one. While he is in the act of performing this service, the "lady" relieves him of his watch, and shortly after leaves the stage and is lost in the crowd. This is a very old practice, however, on the part of female pickpockets, and sometimes they are caught at it.

Not long since a woman riding in a Third avenue car picked the pocket of the lady sitting next to her. She saw at once that the lady suspected her, and adopted a very novel mode of screening herself from the crime. She asked the lady if she would be so kind as to put her hand in her pocket. The lady asked the reason why; when the pickpocket answered that she had rheumatism in her arms and could not use them, and would therefore like the lady to take her purse out for her. The lady did as requested, but no sooner had she done so than the pickpocket cried out, "Stop thief! stop thief!" and ordered the conductor to have the car stopped, and the lady who had performed the service for her was arrested. The innocent lady was taken to court, and would very probably have been convicted, as the evidence was certainly strong enough against her, but just as she was about to be committed to prison, after averring over and

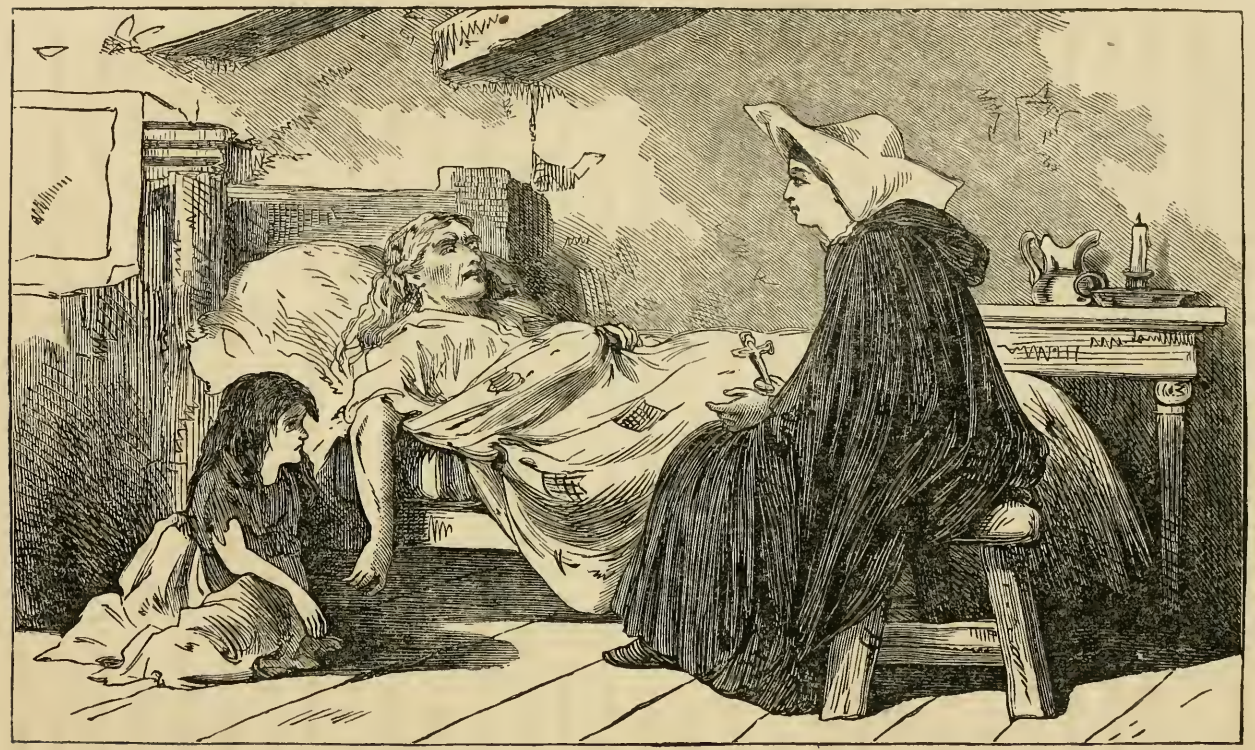
over again her innocence of the crime, on putting her hand in her own pocket, she missed her purse, and asked that the woman who accused her of being a pickpocket should be searched. At the lady's earnest request this was done, and the missing purse found and identified. By this means the lady escaped and the real pickpocket was brought to justice.

There are few female or male pickpockets who ever get rich by following their profession. They are wasteful and extravagant in the expenditure of money, and consequently never save anything. They live only for the present, and when the future comes, bringing with it sickness and poverty, they have nothing to fall back upon, and generally end their days in the poor-house or become victims of suicide. While they live they live, however, partaking of the best of the sensual delights that the world affords and enjoying physical existence to the highest possible extent. There are women in New York at present who pursue this avocation who board at the best hotels the whole year round, taking the best rooms, owning fine horses and elegant carriages, having their private boxes at the opera or the theatre, and who dress in the most stylish and expensive manner.

It would hardly be thought that a female pickpocket would ever be very deeply loved by one of the opposite sex, and yet such is the fact. Many of these women have good husbands, who are kind and indulgent to them, and who respect and love them as though they were not criminals. In the winter of 186— a young Kentuckian had come to the city purely for pleasure. Of great

wealth, and by no means careful of his personal associates, he soon plunged into a career of dissipation, which rapidly fitted him to become the victim of one of the most remarkable female pickpockets of the metropolis. She had once plied her vocation almost daily, but of later years had given up the profession, having no actual necessity to pursue it. The person was the wife of a noted gambler. She had apartments at the most fashionable hotel in the city, and occasionally acted as a decoy to her profligate and unscrupulous consort. She was a Spanish Creole, and possessed every fascinating trait which has so distinguished the women of her race; but, added to the exquisite beauty of her person, she possessed an educated mind, and was in reality fitted to adorn any sphere in society. Always dressed in robes that ever enhanced her rich tropical beauty, easy of access, and to the uninitiated and susceptible youth, upon whom she lavished every bewildering charm of manner and address, it is not surprising she soon became a creature at whose shrine both heart and sense were gladly surrendered. He accompanied her to theatres, balls and parties, and, as the influence of her artfully-woven meshes became each day stronger and he less capable of resisting them, she gradually drew him within the pale of her husband's evil designs. Her elegantly-appointed parlor became the theatre of little card-parties, at which costly wines and the blandishments of female beauty formed a combination of attractions which his blinded perceptions could not resist. Step by step he was led along the road to ruin.

He never saw his peril, or if he did it was discerned



THE SLUMS OF NEW YORK.—MINISTERING TO THE SICK.

only to be forgotten in the smile of his dark-eyed enchantress. Vast sums had now swollen from the pittances hazarded at first. His own means had been exhausted; his friends had been appealed to until they would loan no longer; still unmindful of his perilous career, a criminal step was taken, and a forged draft supplied him with the means he could not otherwise procure. Another and another followed, until the vast sums he squandered had absorbed every dollar of his inheritance. And now he awoke from his dream of passion to realize the utter hopelessness of his condition. Bankrupt and criminal, a single hope still lingered around the memory of his wrecked life and fortune—one ray only of possible happiness was left to him as he brooded over his sin; and that the love of the beautiful woman who had ruined him. To him she had become as an Elvira to Lamartine, the Heloise of Abelard, and now in the cleft of his torn heart he cherished her as a beautiful flower in sweet memorial of a happier time. He knew she had ruined him; he knew that the beautiful casket shrined no jewel of purity; but he knew he loved her despite her crime and his own. Flight was still left him—the magnanimity of his friends and creditors had left him this. From the consequences of his crime and the scorn of his friends he perceived the necessity of this last alternative of the criminal and wretched outcast of society. But before he went he solicited and obtained an interview with the woman he had looked upon as an angel and worshiped as such. What passed at the interview was never known, nor ever will be. He had been in her presence perhaps an

hour, when the scream of a woman in deadly fright echoed through the house, followed by the report of a pistol. The startled servant rushed to the apartment, but recoiled in horror. In the centre of the room, a bullet through his brain, lay the body of the young Kentuckian —a suicide; beside him, rigid and pale as death, stood the woman, but the light of reason had fled from her eyes; a just retribution had paralyzed her mind. The spell of her dark enchantments was loosened; her exquisite beauty and fascinating charms were gone and the gambler's wife was a maniac.

The shoplifters of New York are composed of both sexes, but there are probably more women in the business than men. Their field of operations is principally in the Broadway or Bowery stores. They always have a confederate to attract the attention of the merchants while the purloining takes place. They are very shrewd—much more so than the pickpockets. They adopt all sorts of methods to carry on their avocations, and are compelled to get up new ones very often, as the old ones are quickly found out. They are very skillful from long practice in their art, and can purloin a piece of goods, a watch or a set of diamonds almost from under the very eyes of a clerk in a manner that would do credit to a professional magician.

Many shoplifters compel their little children to engage in the business. After being educated up to it, the little ones become adepts in this ingenious way of robbing. The genius of the mothers in this direction descends even unto the third and fourth generation. Children are not

suspected like grown folks, and that is another reason why they make good shoplifters.

Some female shoplifters often have large bags into which, while the clerk is looking in another direction, they throw large quantities of plunder, and make off with it.

The female criminals of New York seldom, if ever, reform. A woman who has once taken the downward road to vice never turns back, unless she be a cyprian, when, possibly, her heart may be touched by memories of her past pure life, and she may endeavor to reform. But the pickpockets, the thieves, the shoplifters, and, in fact, all criminals of the female sex in the great metropolis, go on from bad to worse. For them the trumpet call to duty and the right sounds its alarm in vain, and all attempts to bring them in the right paths prove of no avail. Lower and lower down they go on the road of vice. After pocket-picking, shoplifting; after shoplifting, an accomplice of burglars; then drugging men and robbing them of their money—thus playing in the characters of the cyprian and the robber; after that it may be murder, when the strong arm of the law grasps them and holds them in solitary confinement for a lifetime, or they expiate their sin upon the scaffold, and so pass away from the world.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

BABY-FARMERS

CHILDREN do not, strictly speaking, concern the subject of the present work, and yet some view of the facts of how surplus offspring are disposed of in the great metropolis will probably be interesting, as serving to show somewhat the character of their mothers. It is not a pleasant subject to deal with, revealing as it does the depravity of the female heart, but the province of the author of the present treatise is to give facts as they really are, and not to speak of things as they ought to be.

Of late years, in this as in other countries, there has grown a decided aversion to the bearing of children by wives and the support of children by husbands, while, on the other hand, the ratio of illegitimate children has not only equaled the average standard of numbers, but even exceeded it. This state of things prevails not only in France, where the marriage tie hangs loosely around the necks of the married pair, and in Italy, where the blood is as warm as the climate, but in high-pretending England as well, and especially in kirk-going Scotland, where the number of illegitimate births bears a large proportion to the legitimate.

As far as our own country is concerned, until within the last twenty years we were comparatively free alike from extravagance and immorality; but of late years, especially since the war, we have been cursed abundantly with both of these inflictions, and at the present time our fashionable women are very much averse to being called mothers.

There are various methods by which children are disposed of after birth. They are dropped, or adopted, or put in a public institute, or given away, or thrown away.

The child may be simply left in a basket upon somebody's doorstep. This is more popular in novels than it is in ordinary life; still, it is really done every day, or, rather, every night. On the evening of the 4th of July last, a pretty little female infant was found lying on his doorstep by a gentleman living on Thirty-third street, who took the waif into his house.

A little girl was found in a basket at the door of an institute, corner of Fifty-first street and Third avenue. The infant was dressed in splendid swaddling-clothes, with lace of considerable value upon them, and a gold locket was around its neck. A letter was pinned to the basket, containing one hundred dollars, with a request to keep the infant, and at some future time it would be reclaimed. It was a beautiful child, evidently the offspring of wealthy parents. It was admitted into the institution.

A young lady was recently married with considerable eclat from the Church of the Ascension, who had been left in a basket upon the doorsteps of her fashionable and wealthy parents.

A young and fashionable lady, now living in Lexington avenue, had a child some years ago and abandoned it. Time went on. The lady (her early *faux pas* unknown) married a gentleman of wealth, but had no children. She longed to become the possessor of a little one, as did likewise her husband. She accordingly visited the institution at Ward's Island. While there she was struck with the appearance of a little girl; she requested permission of the authorities to adopt her. It was granted. The little girl related to the lady all she knew of her past life, which was simply the usual reminiscence of a foundling. Whatever clothes are found upon an infant on its being brought are carefully preserved, and upon its being adopted they are given to the party adopting the child. The clothes in this case were given to the lady. Upon one of the articles a name had been worked. The lady immediately recognized it as her work. She had adopted her own child, ignorant of the fact at the time. The secret was kept from her husband for a while, but at last the wife and mother suffered mentally so severely that she confided the secret to her lord, who forgave her.

It must not, however, be imagined that, as a general rule, infants left upon doorsteps in baskets turn out well in after-life, or that men and women are so benevolent and romantic as to adopt every brat they find in their way. On the contrary, about nine out of every ten children thus abandoned are sent to the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections, who in their turn send them to the Island, where they very soon die.

The most popular way of getting rid of children is by

putting them into the hands of those who make a business of supplying babies for adoption. It takes all kinds of people to make a world; and now-a-days, when competition is so great, and the necessities of life are so many and so very high, any business which can be made to pay is sought after and followed; and this adopted-baby business can be made to pay.

In St. Mark's Place there has been located a sort of baby-farm. A female physician, in conjunction with a male doctor, undertakes to supply those wishing to adopt children with the objects of their wishes. The woman herself, the baby-farmer, is smart and rather good-looking, has a still tongue, a wise head, keeps her own secrets, knows a great many secrets of other people, and makes money out of them both.

She never "sells" a child—only "disposes" of it for a "consideration," and only to "respectable" and "responsible" parties. She makes a present of the child to the party patronizing her and wishing to adopt one; and then, out of sheer reciprocation and good-nature, the adopting party presents her with from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars, as the case may be.

Another establishment for the purpose of child-adopting has been located on Third avenue, in the vicinity of Stewart's new store. This place is situated over a shop; and as you ring the door-bell, you walk up stairs, where you are received by a neatly-dressed, quiet-mannered, middle-aged woman, who, after convincing herself of your good faith, clearly explains the *modus operandi* of matters. The doctress, in conjunction with a doctor, for whom she

acts as agent, receives sick patients—ladies requiring delicate nursing, etc.—and also disposes of any pledges of affection they may receive from the above sources or any other. Unlike the party previously mentioned, these latter parties do not expect any fee or perquisite from the person adopting any baby from their establishment. On the contrary, they are only too glad to get rid of the babies gratis, and expect to have their profit solely out of the original parties to whom they are indebted for the baby. The establishment on Third avenue is but an office, the real business being transacted at a sort of female hospital and wholesale nursery up town on the east side. Here the patients are attended to during sickness; and as soon as an infant is ushered into the world it is registered and handed over to the temporary charge of a nurse, until it is finally disposed of by adoption or got rid of by death. Twenty-five dollars a week is charged for board to any lady taken care of in this institution. The fee for nursing and medical attendance is one hundred dollars, and the charge for the satisfactory disposing of a child varies from fifty to one hundred dollars.

A third baby-farmhouse is located on Nineteenth street. In this temple of the innocents the main feature is a large nursery, where a supply of fresh babies is constantly kept on hand. If not soon adopted, however, the poor innocents have a hard time of it, as the presiding genius, a notorious woman, will then commence to lessen the expenses of their diet, until finally, oftentimes, all expenses connected with them are terminated with existence.

Another baby-farm is located near Yorkville, and is managed by a woman, who, if she cannot get rid of these foundlings entrusted to her (care?) by trick or false representation, will not hesitate at other methods.

These establishments and others of a similar nature have been occasionally interfered with by the police authorities, but the raids upon them are spasmodic and ineffectual, and so baby-farming flourishes.

Before the war it was comparatively easy to get rid of a baby by adoption, but since the war the number of people anxious to adopt other people's offspring has materially diminished.

One-half of the advertisements of fine babies ready for adoption, or of mothers who are willing for their children's sake to part with them, are bogus—nothing but the most transparent tricks in trade.

A third method of making way with unwelcome offspring is to send them to a foundling hospital. The theory of all foundling hospitals and asylums is creditable to the heart of humanity, but in practice they fall very far short of what they ought to be. The public infants' hospital of New York is situated on Ward's Island, in the East River, a few miles from New York.

It was formerly the practice of the Commissioners to send all foundlings to the almshouse in charge of the female inmates. In 1866 they were sent to the Inebriate Asylum on Ward's Island, wet nurses being appointed to nourish them temporarily while a hospital was being built on Randall's Island for their reception. This hospital

is now nearly completed, and in the course of a few weeks the infants will be sent there.

The establishment now on Ward's Island is conducted on the following principle: Children arriving on the island are placed in quarantine for several days, where they are examined by a physician. If at all diseased, they are sent to the infants' hospital, and if in good health, they are distributed to the several nurseries (of which there are six), according to their age. As soon as they attain a certain age they are sent to a school on the island, under the same regulations which govern public schools in New York. The hours before and after school are devoted to recreation.

The Randall's Island nurseries have received during the year 1868, eleven hundred and twenty-four children, of whom six hundred and seventy-nine were boys and four hundred and forty-five girls.

There are also private institutions. Such is the Children's Hospital, corner of Fifty-first street and Third avenue. This institution is conducted solely upon the voluntary system. Foundlings, from the age of one week (even less in many cases) to that of nine months, or occasionally still older, are received and skilled nurses are provided.

There is a hospital for children in Second avenue, supported by voluntary contribution and well managed; and another in West Eleventh street, under the auspices of the Sisters of Charity. These are not foundling hospitals solely or specially, but a large percentage of their inmates belong to this unfortunate class.

It must be carefully borne in mind that the foundlings and the deserted children of New York are not the offspring solely of the poor. From eight to ten per cent. are, on the contrary, the children of the rich—of those abundantly able to support their offspring, if so disposed. At the Children's Hospital, for instance, over forty cases have transpired in which the evidence is incontestable of the children having been of wealthy origin, while there is evidence enough to warrant a moral certainty of the same thing in even a greater number of instances. Cases have transpired, too, of wealthy mothers who have sent their children to the care of the public institutions, and have there abandoned them to their fate. A leading belle of Fifth avenue, shortly to be married, is rumored to be the mother of a child recently taken from the Island and adopted by another party; and instances of this sort could be multiplied.

To give a faint idea of the number of illegitimate children in New York, we may here mention that a leading popular lawyer of great eloquence has transmitted to the care of posterity two interesting children; a wealthy merchant, reported to be childless, has three or four children, whom he supports in elegant style, as he can afford the expense; a banker, favorably received in social circles, has two children who know him as father, and three more children who do not so know him; two prominent New York politicians have double families—one recognized, the other not; a well-known New York actor, though unknown to the metropolis as a father, is yet active in that capacity in a quiet way on the east side of town; a prom-

inent "bull" in Wall street has an unclaimed son who operates in Wall street, and not long ago cornered his own father; while one of our kings of finance and lords of luxury, one of our prominent representative metropolitans, is himself the left-handed scion of one of the partners of a celebrated house.

A wealthy lady, who dispenses a liberal hospitality on Madison avenue, is the offspring of a match which was based more upon love than law; while a Fifth avenue beauty of some notoriety is the mother of two interesting children, who never, however, visit her house, though the lady calls upon them every week or so, in a neat little house on West Fifteenth street, where the brother and sister live in peace and comfort. These latter have never seen, to their own knowledge, their father, though that gentleman is doing business down town daily.

The multiplication of these facts—and they can be multiplied indefinitely—would only serve to show what has been already shown, that the upper classes as well as the lower are tainted with immorality and are cursed with its results; while the facts of this chapter prove conclusively that, spite of civilization and Christianity, the city of New York, as a metropolis, is careless of and cruel to its foundlings.

CHAPTER XL.

THE CONCERT-SALOONS.

IN police statistics there has recently been made public, to our knowledge, no exact estimate of the number of concert-saloons in New York, but we shall give a careful estimate, with statements pertaining thereto, which will not be far from correct, and which cannot fail to be of interest and value to the student of life's darker sides.

In point of number, profit and extent of vicious influence, at least, the "concert-saloon" is an institution of evil that may be considered unique to the metropolis of this continent. Directly or indirectly, it infects all degrees of men—perceptibly or imperceptibly, it taints all societies of woman. The tax-payer, though he may not know it, feels its baleful influence in each yearly assessment; the mother, sister or wife, in the drooping eye, unsteady hand, and moral deterioration of father, brother or son; the honest meaner in the Satanic impulse which thrusts his hand in his employer's cash-box; the spruce stranger at the towering hotel and the wave-worn blue-jacket from the far mid-sea, both alike; all social life itself, when the cheap gambler's victim, a robber or defaulter for his depleted purse, whirls by rail to

ignominy and striped garments at Sing-Sing; and when the red hand of murder reaches with a bowie-knife from the half earth den to stab the drunkard as he reels along the curb.

Concert-saloons have their grades, classes and specifications in almost exact correspondence with prostitution itself, so intimate are the relations of all systematized vice. But in just the same correspondence no more can the former be graded and classified with any degree of minuteness.

Take a map of the city and draw an oval, including Fourteenth and Leonard streets by its ends, with the eastern bulge taking in the farther side of the Bowery, and the western clutching at the foul skirts of Thompson street, and narrowing in Church street of infamous fame as it curves south-eastward, to connect the line. With probably one exception, the enclosure will (with many of the viler kinds, however) comprise the least unsightly concert-saloons; the single exception being the most specious and brilliant of all—the "Louvre," as it is called, at the Fifth avenue and Broadway corners of Twenty-third street. The grosser and more loathsome varieties incubate and edge within the egg-shaped line, and include the foul dens of Canal street, West Broadway, William, Cherry, Water and Roosevelt streets, and the "sailors' dance-houses," skirting the two rivers and the Battery verge.

Broadway contains twenty-four; the Bowery, Chatham street and Third avenue, about thirty-six; William and contiguous streets, twenty-two; the East River side,

including South, Water, Cherry, Roosevelt streets, and a few others, about fifty; the North River side, including West Greenwich, Washington and intersecting streets, about seventy-five; others, too scattered to localize, say one hundred, or an aggregate of three hundred.

About one hundred and fifty of these (the very lowest) employ an average of four girls each—six hundred; an average of six girls to each of one hundred dens would give six hundred more; the remaining fifty, which are the least repulsive in appearance, if not in character, employ about ten girls each—five hundred: making seventeen hundred wretches doomed to the worst conceivable infamy.

The three hundred saloons will give employment to about two hundred men—barkeepers; and one hundred and fifty women—"madams" or procuresses of the meanest, dirtiest type; the man in some cases being joined with the woman in running the establishment; while in the better class, as they are called, men alone are employed in the managerial capacity—sometimes the proprietor being his own bartender, and in other cases there being a proprietor employing a number of bartenders.

With comparatively few exceptions, each of the girls or "waitresses" employed in the concert-saloons has her "friend" or lover, which would give an average of seventeen hundred regular male visitors—all loafers and dangerous characters, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, pickpockets, thieves, burglars, and, perhaps, far worse.

The occasional visitors (out of whom the money is

made, and out of whose vices and follies the concert-saloons take their only growth) are furnished mainly by the hotels, the shipping and the neighboring military posts; while those derived from our city and suburban residents are often so frequent and regular in their custom as to almost deserve classification with the "friends" of the young ladies. It would be futile to even roughly estimate their number. But it must be thousands by the day, and hundreds of thousands by the annual count.

This is about as near as the evil of the "concert-saloon" can be systematically classified, so as to render it easily intelligible to the general reader. But we can, in a measure, count them by grades or steps, and in doing so commence with the highest or most exclusive.

We have said that there was a perfect correspondence between the concert-saloon and prostitution proper. The requisites for entrance into the highest grade of the latter are precisely the same as those demanded by the upper step of the former—viz., money to spend, good clothes and a bearing not outwardly vicious.

Let us enter, say, the most brilliant of them all. The glare of the colored side-lights or corruscating crystals overhead have led us to the entrance, and the clink of glasses, mingling with a seductive rustling of mobile silks, is the Circean music of our descent.

There is a large, airy, brilliantly-illuminated saloon, with a splendid bar; a number of busy barkeepers behind it; twice as many well-dressed men before it, talking, tippling and laughing; ten times the number, equally showily dressed, seated around elegant little round-topped

marble tables ranged at the sides of the saloon, and a dozen or fifteen girls carrying liquor from one part of the room to the other, or seated at the tables conversing smilingly with the men.

The girls are all of them neatly and modestly—some of them elegantly—attired. None of them, apparently, are more pleasing and affable than your sister would be; and many of them are far prettier than the sisters of most of us. There are, doubtless, a thousand differences that are not apparent. There is one that is glaringly obvious at first sight: they all drink rum. It may, indeed, be with very fresh and pretty lips, through the delicatest of hollow straws and, from the rosiest of goblets, but the devil laughs at the bottom, and a step will clutch the brandy-bottle where there are no men's glances to be rudely shocked.

Most of the males are young men, reckless, devil-may-care young fellows, and many of them with frank, clear brows. With some, the converse with the young ladies is of a slightly familiar tone, indicating an acquaintance of greater or less standing. With others, it is accompanied by significant glances and a not all-innocent smile, which have a deeper meaning. Again, with others, it is combined with a bold glance of confidence and power on the one side, and a fear-shrinking, deprecating look on the other, which hath still a deeper and more painful suggestiveness than all.

Suppose you undertake to obtain a profounder insight into these girls' characters than that which may be caught from beneath the shallows of their rippling

smiles. With some you can have no immediate communication. They may be engaged with a heavy wine-drinking party. In addition to her small salary the waitress has a percentage on her sales of the night. Half a dozen men opening champagne rapidly at five dollars per bottle do not come along every night of the week; and perhaps he who is paying for the most of it has regarded her with an ardent eye. The concert-saloon girl is prudent. She can look beyond the feast as well as revel therein.

Of those the least engaged you may beckon to the most pleasing, and she will approach in the most lady-like manner. She will bring you whatever you order, respectfully and silently; but if you ask her to join you in drinking, a glance, a smile and a courtesy will be your additional reward. You will be instantly aware of her business tact by observing that she has chosen for herself the most expensive concoction which the establishment affords. If you wish to further friendly and confidential feelings, you will express wonder that she has chosen such a cheap and tasteless drink for such pretty lips as hers. Display all the money you have in paying for the same and invite her to be seated.

She will comply, and so long as you spend money largely and rapidly will stay there as long as the shop is open, bestowing upon you the largesse of her sweetness and smiles. It is her cue to be reticent upon many subjects, and it may require several separate visits before you are sufficiently ingratiated to win a degree of confidence. Then, after she has fully opened her heart re-

INTERIOR OF A CONCERT-SALOON.

specting what she knows about concert saloons and their inmates, you will doubtless depart with the delicious satisfaction of knowing that you have been the recipient of a tissue of falsehoods.

Any hint upon your part that there might be such a thing as a flaw—the most imperceptible, volatile, trifling, unimportant flaw—in the conduct of her moral life will be met with either a stony, withering stare of indignation, or a shrinking, tearful, hurt expression which will go to your heart. If your heart is so remorseful that you venture to heal the wound you have caused her virtue by a pecuniary consideration in the shape of a ten-dollar bill slipped into her shrinking hand, she may be rendered so childlike confiding by your generosity as to confess that she has made a misstep, which is the secret of her present position, away from the society of which she was once the idol and the star. Then, if your heart melts sufficiently to repeat your contritious rewards to the poor innocent at your side, you will soon arrive at the conclusion that she is quite as much of a commodity as the liquor you are imbibing.

If you are a close observer, you will perceive that each of these girls, even in her gayest moments, is perpetually pursued by a shadow of fear. You will finally trace its primary cause to a pair of sharp, jealous eyes always following, always fixed upon her. The eyes will belong to a man showily dressed, beamily booted, shiningly hatted, and with a general air of nothing to do. Then you will have the exalted satisfaction of knowing that all the money which you have been lavishing upon your pretty

dear, or nine-tenths of it, goes to buy those shiny hats, those beamy boots, those showy clothes, and to cram with food and rum the mean, contemptible, cowardly loafer who lurks within them.

And the glasses clink, the silks rustle, the smiles radiate within; the side-lights glitter, the revolving crystals corruscate without; and the brilliant concert-saloon flows on, night after night. Sometimes there are oaths, loud words and threats. Then the proprietor—generally a portly man, either German or French—steps in with the rebuking remark that they seem to forget that his is a perfectly respectable house, and that order must be enforced, and with perhaps a hint at police intervention, which usually restores order.

Under the nose of Madison Square, in the locality of the big marble hotels, flourishes the gigantic "Louvre." Undermining the better part of the block, its spacious saloons stretch away to the right and left, saloon beyond saloon. Substantial columns, massive as the Park gates, divide hall from hall. That room to the left is the billiard-room; this middle apartment the grand drinking-hall with its great bar; and under the alcoves, there at the end, on the right, are more retired tippling-places. The walls are frescoed and painted with the rarest of artistic skill. Broad bands of gold, great panels of deep emerald, baskets of luscious fruit, purple grapes in heavy clusters, golden apples and sunny flowers all but fragrant. In the centre of the middle hall a statue-fountain shoots its cooling spray, and the myriads of lights gleaming on it turn its showers into a cascade of sparkles. Gold and

silver fish sport at its base, and green mosses encircle its big white basin. The great bar is very rich with varied colored cut-glass and silverware, and numerous mirrors reflecting the bright lights, the gay walks and the motley crowd, hanging in every conspicuous corner. In the billiard-room you will find plenty of the youths of the "best society" chalking their cues and pocketing the "reds;" in the main hall, a scene of tempered carousal; in the alcoves, quiet Germans sipping lager and winking at the pretty waitresses. Let us take one of these alcoved-tables, where those count-like, long-whiskered Teutons are enjoying their beer, and survey this tippling congregation. There are about two hundred thirsty and loving bacchanalians enjoying themselves, or pretending to do so, beneath the charms and smiles of some thirty "pretty waitresses." Pretty is the term set down on the "bills" —its application literally is a "whopper," for the better part of these Hebes and female Ganymedes are very coarse, fat and prodigiously ugly. The youth who would style them all beautiful, or feel the palpitations of his heart getting very audible by the fascination of their presence, is made of different stuff from ordinary mortals or is very deep in his cups. Yet there are a few—you could count them on your fingers—who are not ordinary, and in the every-day crowd of Broadway would be styled attractive. One of these is presiding over the destinies of a bottle of "Widow Clicquot," and clinking her small iced goblet with the flowing cups of a party of well dressed, young, evidently very English, cockneys, to whom the "concert-saloon" is of the old-country style

and a familiar institution. The champagne is resting in an ice-bucket at the side of the table, and one bottle follows another closely. They are very red-faced from the deepness of their rosy potations—their complexions weatherstained from a recent Atlantic cruise; pendant whiskers sandy as the soil of Jersey, cut in Lord Dundreary style, adorn them all. They talk very loud, are very earnest in their admiration of the presiding beauty, and now and then let fly a squib at the wide difference between Yankeedom and the land of their royal queen. Hebe gets a little indignant at this, and with the slightest pout of her lips and the least bit of indignation in her eyes retorts rather sarcastically. The other females, who occasionally press past the group, cast very envious eyes at her, for they know before the meeting breaks up Hebe will rejoice in a better-lined purse, and some day in the future sport another diamond ring on her well-loaded hand. Shall we sketch this fair and frail sister? Clad in a dark dress, fitting very elegantly to her well-defined bust and falling in graceful folds, its sombre material sets off well the dazzling whiteness of her round throat and snowy hands; her chin is dimpled, her lips very red and wear a luscious, habitual pout; her nose is thin and straight; her large eyes dark hazel, with a long shadow of black lashes; her hair is raven, very glossy and heavy; a golden band binds her forehead, and down her back fall clusters of pendant curls; and as she tosses her well-shaped head, very conscious of her winning charms, there's a queenly grace that in hearts less steeled than the major part of the youths about town would work

fearful havoc. The portly old figure at the bar and his busy staff look very much pleased as they cast a frequent glance at the table, for this Hebe is a great coiner to them of a golden vintage.

"Can't yer drink some more of the wine, my dear?" says the first cockney to her, as he peers with bloodshot eyes at her yet untasted glass.

"Deuced good wine, for this country. Not so good as at the Al'ambra, in Lun'on, though. Can't yer take a bit more, though?"

Hebe looks at the bottle in the bucket (it's nearly empty), then at the cormorants at the bar, who express an unmistakable "Go ahead." Hebe says she likes fresh wine; she's afraid that in the bottle's flat.

"Gwacious! what a charming cweature!" says another son of Britannia; and the soft youth calls for a fresh bottle of "Madame Clicquot."

Hebe has a share in the profits of the wine, and the sly puss shows it in the merry twinkle she throws at the bar; so she goes on bewitching and befoozling these English sports—dukes or bagmen—drinking very little and very cautiously, too, until far into the midnight; and when they break up, a gold sovereign or two will glisten as it changes hands, and deeper and more sensational scenes will close a nightly farce.

We may go two grades lower, and without quitting Broadway, though they have their counterparts on the Bowery and, in two or three instances, on Third avenue. Through both of these our pretty deceiver of the brilliant saloon assuredly passes in her downward career.

We may take the Broadway Garden (or either of its "branches") as the best representation of the second step.

She is now just a little *passé*, but is still pretty and pleasing, though with a tinge of effrontery. An occasional laugh now is mingled with her smile, which, you will notice, has also grown bolder and broader. There is a lingering endeavor to keep up the maiden modesty and coy reserve she once so well assumed, but a forgetful, coarse word pierces the mask. The red Hand that had her in its down-dragging grip has left its mark, faint but indelible, upon her white skirts, and, crumple them as she may, she cannot conceal it. At your invitation, she will drink a punch now, instead of a cobbler, and, to admire its small beauty, you may even take her hand, unbidden, in your own. She has grown somewhat in truthfulness, in the same proportion as she has sunk from that air of exclusiveness and respectability which now falsehood can all conceal. She admits she has admirers, and will point them out. One of her fellow-waitresses is her chum, for whose qualities she has nothing but praise; but of others she is either envious or contemptuous. Their lovers are such as she wouldn't permit to speak to her for an instant. She prefers her present quarters to those in which you first made her acquaintance. These, you see, are so free, easy, cozy and "home"-like. At the up-town place they always put on too many airs for her taste, and the proprietor was a mean, grasping hog.

But in one thing we find our charmer unchanged.

There is the same following fear, the same strange, deprecating dread which haunted her from the first. And there are the same two eyes ever following, ever fixed upon her. No, they are not the same, and the face is another and a coarser. But their enduring watchfulness is just as intense, just as jealous and threatening. And there are the showy clothes, the shining hat and the beaming boots—a little less showy, a little less shining, not quite so beaming, perhaps, but none the less paid for by your money and that man's money and the other man's money. They don't cost so much, because she doesn't make so much. She has cheapened with the liquor at your hand; side by side, the wine and the woman sink together. "Won't you treat again?" she asks. No, you believe you won't; and, more than half disgusted, you stroll through the galleried, many-lighted saloon.

This has also changed, in strange analogy to the girl you have left. There is less gingerbread and more music—less wine and more beer. The cigar smoke is more vile and rank. A third of the visitors are coarse, ill-dressed fellows, with here and there a grimed mechanic fresh from his shop. There are rudely-daubed landscapes and impossible pagodas and preposterous houris painted upon the walls. There is some melody left in that poor rouged creature who is bawling a ballad from the rostrum at the farther end of the saloon, but the auditors would not listen to her if her dress were cut less indecently low. The barkeepers are all Germans, and the proprietor a Teuton of huge girth, who does not

hesitate to openly and gruffly chide the girls for smallness of sales or other derelictions of "duty."

They held their heads high at the upper place, but now, poor things! they tremble at his voice, for, if they lose their situations here, what must be their lot one step lower?

Some years since the daughter of Prince Henry of Reuss-Griez, a small German principality in the middle of Germany, became deeply attached to a young subaltern who commanded the annual contingent furnished the army of the king of Prussia. Of course, all thought of marrying him with the consent of the prince was out of the question; but it was arranged that the young lieutenant should resign his position in the army, and together they would escape to the United States. Embarking at Antwerp, they came to New York and were married. But being young and without experience in the ways of the world, their little means were soon exhausted, and they found themselves in a strange land, friendless and in poverty. They were afraid to communicate with any of their countrymen, lest the circumstances of their flight should be known and themselves arrested.

Unacquainted with the laws of the United States, and supposing that the authority of their petty prince was as potent here as among the grain-fields of their native land, they sought obscurity and shrunk from their names and station being emblazoned abroad. At last, pushed to the extreme of poverty, the husband, who was an excellent musician, obtained a situation in the orchestra at Niblo's Garden; but learning that inquiries had been

made by the Prussian consul as to their presence in the city, he threw up his engagement, and in the summer of 1867 fell a victim to the typhoid fever. His wife, now left alone and reduced to the extreme of poverty, applied for and obtained a situation in a beer-saloon in this city, where she now is.

It is a strange episode in real life, but a true one, and exhibits, as no moralist could describe, the vicissitudes of fortune. She is now, perhaps, twenty-five years of age, small in stature, with an elegant, symmetrical figure and face decidedly pretty. Her face is shaded with light brown curls, and her manners and conversation evince one accustomed to good society. She displays a good deal of reluctance in talking to strangers, but once interested in conversation she becomes animated and engaging. She seems to feel her questionable position very sensibly, and the slightest allusion to what she was and is now is sufficient to provoke her to tears.

The gradations in concert-saloon life are so regular that in the third grade the depression is just about the same as that existing between the first and last described. Our beauty of the first chapter is still pretty, but painted to the temples. She dresses with cheap gaudiness, doesn't take so much pains with her hair, and the brilliancy in her eyes is the fever of strong drink. She laughs oftener than she smiles, and doesn't care if she shows a good bit of her pretty ankle as she takes her seat. The place itself is deeper down, much smaller, and the female inmates fewer—say four or five. Ten to one, it is divided off into small compartments, after the manner of the par-

titions in some restaurants. Twenty to one, you will, upon reaching the lower step, be half inclined to turn back and reascend—the loafers sitting or lounging around within are so repulsive and brutal. You are among the "dangerous classes." The devil yearly flings a hundred weapons through the metropolis from his headquarters in East Houston street, and the handle of each is caught in its flight by one or another of these young rowdies of the loud shirt-front and long-tailed, short-waisted overcoat guild. Perhaps our pretty one hath now a black eye or a cut lip, for rough and ready are these lovers, and with them it is a caress or a blow, according to the state of trade.

Perhaps we will find her, after taking our next step, in one of those "Evening Star," "Rising Sun," "Eldorado" dens, some of which still burrow on Broadway, east side, where harem costumes, a wheezing flute, a squalling singer, and a Dutch murderer of the pianoforte are the rather equivocal attractions. The women can curse as loud as the men, and drink spirits with equal freedom and zest. Almost each of these dens has a tradition of murder or bloodshed done within their painted walls. The "madam" of the place is her own bartender, and will dispense you vitriolized cider, under the name of champagne, with as much coolness as she will charge you a quarter of a dollar for a genuine Havana cigar made out of Jersey cabbage-leaves.

When we first met our little beauty at the upper round, with her neat, tidy dress, her blooming, modest face, and her tiny white hands, we would have given what we could

afford for a glimpse of her tender ankle and pretty foot; now we turn away with disgust from the tawdry-jacketed, loose-pantalooned little piece of coarse brazenry, at whose skirts the inevitable red, down-dragging Hand has clutched with bloody fingers and all-certain grip. Jenkins, the defaulter, and doting dupe of little Genevieve Brower, owed his ruin and his prison-death to a den hardly less vile than one of these, kept by the notorious Madam Bell; though the upper-ten concert-saloons have chiefly the honor of bringing down such high game—down, down, down, and still down!

You can take them step by step, or three at a jump, and reach the very lowest, with the black ooze of the final wave coming and retreating, swashing and dripping, over the slippery slab—the German women-dungeons of Canal street, West Broadway, Centre, Chatham and William streets, the white-curtained, noisome holes, where the wretched, one-garmented unfortunates are not even permitted to go above ground lest they might steal that one garment, which is not their own; the "Sailors' Rests" and "Good Havens," where Jack not unfrequently ends his life-voyage by the robber's dagger and the thief's slung-shot—where women are cats and men are dogs; where

> "The vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head,
> Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife;
> Where chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,
> And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life!"

And here, too, we may find our "pretty one," but shrill-voiced from strychnine, dirty, diseased, filthy, perhaps

eyeless or toothless from a ruffian-stroke, and still lingering, lingering for a wild moment ere the splash into the wave that whirls her to the gulf. Verily, the true story of her young life, word for word, incident by incident, would be wilder and more desperate than the inventive pen of Fiction could ever frame.

CHAPTER XLI.

"PERSONALS" AND FEMALES.

THE "Personal" column of the morning paper was originally started to afford a means of making public inquiry for absent friends. But it very soon came to be abused, and before long served principally as a means for appointing assignations, and as a convenient and safe mode of communication for thieves and blacklegs generally. But the personals reveal all sorts of characters, and inquiries of various descriptions are propounded.

Take a copy of the morning *Herald* and run your eye down the personal column. There you will see that Toby is requested to crack to night at eleven. The dark lady desires the acquaintance of the blonde gentleman who rode up town in a Fifth avenue stage and was eating peanuts. Andrew O'Rourke wants information about his long-lost sister Bridget. Mollie Muggins informs us that she lives at No. — West Twenty-sixth street. Mr. Paul Piper warns persons not to trust his wife Priscilla Piper, she having left his bed and board; and Ephraim remarks mildly that he considers the ——— Railroad Company a swindle.

Sometimes matrimonial prizes are advertised for under the head of "Personals" in the morning paper.

A few months since a girl living in a town in Massachusetts answered one of these advertisements, telling a pitiful story of abuse at home, inability to earn an honest living, a board-bill unpaid, and her trunk in pawn and in the hands of her boarding-house keeper. She wound up by saying in plain terms, after stating her age, that her friends considered her good-looking, that she didn't suppose the advertiser really wanted a wife, but that dissatisfaction rendered her not unwilling to be his mistress. If the advertiser would send her enough money to pay her board-bill and fare to New York—say twenty dollars—she would meet him in New York. An investigation into the affair resulted in finding out that the young girl was a young man who made it a practice of answering advertisements in that way.

The sub-post-offices of the city—*i. e.* the "stations"—were formerly used by parties of questionable repute, and by women and young girls generally who were inclined to evil ways. Parties were then allowed to have a box of their own at these offices, or to call for their letters, when they would be delivered to them. But now the case is different. Where a letter now is sent to a sub-post-office, the party calls for it knowing that it will come there. He is asked his name and address, and in an hour and a half the letter is delivered at his residence. Now, it is not likely that a married man engaged in an intrigue would risk his letters to be sent to his house, where, likely, they might come under his wife's inspection. It would be exceedingly dangerous to allow such explosive missives to enter the domestic domicil, and thus

much of this nefarious sort of correspondence has been cut off by the delivery of letters at the residence instead of the post-office.

At Station "F" it was formerly customary for as many as a thousand school-misses to call in one week for letters, and sometimes the silly young things were accompanied by their teachers—the women to whose charge too careless or too trusting parents had entrusted them. The grand rush was at eight in the morning and four in the afternoon. Procuresses made it the business of forming the acquaintance of young, susceptible girls on their way from school. Waylaying them in the cars, they opened conversation, and gradually led their minds into the abnormal channels which the reading of sensational books, the conversation of sickly-sentimental companions and clandestine correspondence with unprincipled men inclined them to. In this way many of these vile women found prey for the men who paid them for their fiendish work. With their minds filled with morbid ideas of life, sentiment and passion, young girls, longing for some one to breathe into their ears the language of passionate love, were easily entrapped into correspondence. Not a few besides, who began such correspondence for mere fun, have become infatuated with their unknown admirers—been persuaded to grant an interview at some respectable-looking house—which, alas! for them was but a whited sepulchre—and left that house with burning cheeks, shame-stricken and ruined. Think of a thousand calls made in one week by school-girls at only one of the fourteen sub-post-offices of New York!

The new arrangement has broken this up also, for the children would not dare to have their letters sent home to their houses, where parents would be almost sure to get them and discover the guilty course they were entering on.

If Station "F" was bad, Station "D" was worse—worse indeed than all the others put together. It was made the vehicle for the most barefaced swindling. The reason that Station "D" was selected was simple; it is in the *Bible House.* When a party had concocted a nefarious scheme for swindling, they had two methods by which to reach the desired victims. They could either get an advertising agent to make a judicious selection of as many country papers as their means would afford, and insert in them the projected scheme, or, with the aid of a post-office directory, they could mail circulars to any point desirable. The advertisement or circular would order all letters of application to be addressed to the fictitious firm at "No. 12 Bible House."

The name Bible House carries with it to unsophisticated country minds an idea of religious respectability. Country people think that every room in the Bible House is under the religious control of the Bible Society. They do not for a moment dream that the *Bible House* is a vast building in which scores of offices are let and occupied by men who carry on all kinds of enterprises, good, bad and indifferent, and over which *the* Bible House people have no control whatever, as they only occupy a small portion of the building. The pious name serves as a bait to the unsuspecting gudgeons, and by it many victims

are ensnared, for "No. 12 Bible House" is Post-office Station "*D.*" The superintendent of this office is of the opinion that, although they have succeeded in breaking up this amorous correspondence and destroyed the use of the office for assignation purposes, they cannot prevent swindlers from using it as before.

Under the old system of delivery, the time of the clerks at the different stations was monopolized by the window delivery, to the detriment of the public service. It was also liable to all the abuse of a post-office by callers, better known as repeaters. This monopolized all their time. The applications for letters were from twenty-five hundred to thirty-five hundred a day.

The evil of clandestine correspondence, however, is not yet broken up, and ere long the school-girls will be in as much danger as they were before.

We were told a curious story by one of the superintendents of the post-office, which illustrates the strange *dénoûements* that sometimes happen to hidden guilt. A gentleman well-to-do in the world, old enough to have marriageable daughters, became enamored of a lady whom he accidentally met in a city car. He thought she looked upon him with an eye that favored future acquaintance. When he got home he felt twenty years younger. He sat down and penned a youngster's effusion of love to his fair unknown Rosalind, and forwarded it to Post-office Station —. In the "Personals" he informed the lady who wore a light veil, and who sat next to a gentleman who wore a white hat, in a Third avenue car, that a letter was awaiting her at the aforesaid station.

Most likely the light-veiled lady aforesaid never saw the advertisement, but another young lady who saw it fancied she was the person meant, and answered it. She was in the habit of going with schoolmates to this station for the fun of the thing, and had applied for the letter, and got it.

Out of this sprang a correspondence which extended through months, and the English language was ransacked for expressions to paint the old Lothario's admiration for his inamorata. No woman in her teens is proof against flattery, and it was not long before each missive when received sent through her an indescribable fluttering thrill of pleasing emotion, making her imagine herself the happiest woman alive. The worshiper and worshiped must see each other. After much begging, beseeching and praying she consented to meet him at the private dwelling of a lady friend of his. The time and place were finally settled. After dusk she wended her way to a questionable portion of the city, picturing in her mind's eye the appearance of the Adonis who had inspired her emotional nature with such excitement. With palpitating heart and trembling hand she pulled the bell. The door opened, and she was conducted up stairs and shown to the room in which the unknown friend was waiting for her.

She entered, and the next moment was clasped tightly in the arms of her adorer. He raised her veil to press his lips to hers. "Great Heavens!"—it was his own niece.

The lady screamed and fainted, and in the excitement

attending the scene the discovered and disappointed old sinner picked up his hat and rushed from the house.

A few months ago the following personal advertisement appeared in one of our morning papers:

"*Sweet face at the window.*—Will the beautiful young lady who smiles nearly every morning upon the gent who rides past her house on the Eighth avenue cars have the kindness to address a note to 'Admirer, Station E,' stating when and how an interview may be had?"

Chancing to know the smitten youth who inserted this amorous "personal," we resolved to see what came of it. He was what is generally termed a quiet man, and the last person in the world to engage in a flirtation.

The next day he received nine different letters in answer to this advertisement, showing beyond a doubt that there was more than one "sweet face at the window" that smiled on some fortunate passenger or other every morning, and who undoubtedly imagined that her face was the one alluded to by this advertiser. Our friend was in a quandary. At last he decided to appoint a meeting with all of them at a well-known restaurant, where, unknown to all but the one he sought, he could have the opportunity for which he wished.

The evening came, and our friend entered the saloon and took a position at a table where he could observe all who entered. As the hour approached quite a number of ladies came in and took seats at various tables. They each bore on their "sweet faces" a look of expectancy, and they placed themselves in good positions to see all who entered after them. Most of them had passed that

period of life when woman's charms are most enticing to men.

Finally, his eye fell upon the object of his search. He left the table and approached her. The meeting was as cordial as might have been expected. He led her back to the table and ordered more refreshments, while the rest of the fair ones looked on in wonderment. To a few the truth was plain, but our friend soon sought the open air with his fair companion, leaving the others to their fates.

She was really a fine-looking woman, with a good education, and a quaint brilliancy of conversation which would have charmed any man of taste. The hours glided away to ten o'clock, when she said she must leave him. He talked to her with all the impassioned fervor of first love, but she treated all his protestations with the most delightful nonchalance and gayly laughed them away. He, however, was sincere and true, and tried to turn her from her lightness and frivolity to thoughts of home and marriage, but all to no purpose. Weeks and months passed away, and she seemed to enjoy the flirtation immensely. At last he awoke from the spell she had cast so bewitchingly round him, and openly accused her of trifling with his affections. She denied this with tears in her eyes, and said she loved him—thus paving the way for another six months' flirtation.

But there came a time when the mask fell. A gentleman, an entire stranger, called upon him one evening. He was, he said, the husband of the woman, and, as he was convinced that our friend was acting entirely in the

dark, had come to make an explanation. Our friend was thunderstruck. The husband then opened the box and handed him all the presents he had sent his wife. The lover was cured. He patronizes another line of cars, and to this day never allows himself to be led into another flirtation.

In one of the up-town streets, near Broadway, in a quiet, modest-looking little stationery store, is the "Personal Bureau." It is very convenient to the quarters of the better class of the *demi-monde*, who, of course, patronize it largely. There are crowds of them in there daily. The manner of conducting the affairs of this "Bureau" is very simple. There is a blank book on the counter; the first few pages are devoted to ladies, who write down their names and addresses, at the same time stating the kind of a correspondent they desire. Some of the descriptions are here transferred, for the benefit of our readers. Here is a concise announcement:

"Lillie A——; a good-looking young lady, eighteen years of age."

Here is one yet more concise:

"Miss Lillian ——; a beautiful young lady of seventeen."

"Blanche G——; a very pretty girl, aged twenty; full of fun. Object in corresponding, fun, and to gratify a curiosity as to how many gentlemen will be foolish enough to answer this."

Here is one of the "business-like" class:

"Who will correspond with me? My name is Saran, and I don't care who knows it. SARAH."

Concise again:

"Miss Kate B—— is anxious to hear from somebody."

"Lavinia T—— would be happy to receive a note from any pleasant and reliable gentleman."

"Miss Whale, a beautiful blonde, would like to hear from one who had a will of his own."

"Miss H—— would like to correspond with some kind, good-natured gentleman, who would be willing to devote some of his spare time to her company."

Here is one which must really be "in fun:"

"Miss Lavinia ——, fifteen years of age, a beautiful brunette; she likes an old man, blind preferred; must have good teeth and money."

Here is an honest young woman:

"Miss C. B——. I am not good-looking, nor yet very smart; gray eyes, flat nose, red hair, large mouth, but very loving disposition."

How many young men will feel that the "loving disposition" counterbalances all the other defects in beauty? Possibly the number will be 0.

Here is a singular young woman. Is she really in search of knowledge, or what?—

"Miss Nettie H—— would like a few gentlemen correspondents, who would make it an important point to send in each letter some useful information regarding ways, manners, customs, etc. Fun and amusement especially requisite."

Ah! those "ways and manners," what are they? Of what country? I pause: I do not know—who does?

LIFE IN THE SLUMS.—THE LODGING-HOUSE.

Here is the way the excessively "nice" young lady announces herself:

"Miss Annie B——, a young lady of high family (fourth-floorer), probably highly accomplished and of a sweet temper, desires to exchange *cartes de visite* with a 'nice' gentleman."

Here is the way the desperate young woman puts it:

"Rose L——, eighteen years of age; very homely; haven't a friend in the world. Will some one console me?"

We suppose so.

But we have done justice to the ladies (even if they can't vote). Let us see how the gentlemen do the thing. The modest man appears in the shape of—

"James P——, a very homely gentleman, of thirty-five, wishes to correspond with a blue-eyed, light-haired young lady. Must be tall, not younger than twenty-five nor more than forty. A homely person preferred to a beauty. Must be stylish. Grass widow preferred."

But come to think, is *he* not joking? The idea of wanting a homely person, who must be "*stylish!*" About as absurd as would be the sight of a young Quakeress aping the manners of a Fifth-avenue belle.

The "soft" young man writes in this fashion:

"Edwin" would like to correspond with an amiable young lady, not over twenty years of age, who could appreciate a loving and a constant heart, which has never been struck by Cupid's dart."

The vain young man appears in the shape of—

"S. J. A——, a handsome young man, but full of fun."

The young man who attempts to be smart, but ends in being ridiculous, writes:

"Gustavus B—— is a dancer, skater, swimmer, etc.; not good-looking nor graceful."

Here we have the young man who wants to create a good impression, but don't succeed in creating anything except a laugh:

"T. C. M——, fine-looking, full of fun, with all the necessary qualities for a lady's man."

The young man who goes to the theatres and gets "rather spooney" indites the following on the "Personal" book:

"Romeo wants to find 'one whose beauty hangs upon the cheek of night like a rich jewel' in a —— nigger's ear."

To wind up, the witty young man writes:

"G. A——, age twenty-three; not wealthy, but healthy; not handsome, but real good."

This "Personal" Bureau is of great use to a certain class of people of the metropolis—more particularly the classes known as the *demi-monde*, the fast men and the women who are inclined to a rapid life. All these classes of people need some place, other than their residences, where letters can be directed to assumed names, especially as the Post-office Department does not allow letters to be directed to the stations to be called for.

CHAPTER XLII.

MATRIMONIAL BROKERS.

IT is found that there are a certain number of people in the world who are unable to contract a matrimonial alliance after the ordinary fashion. There are men who cannot summon up enough courage to ask the all-important question of the fair one they adore from afar off, and there are women to whom, for a variety of reasons beside the one just named, the question is never "popped." Matrimonial Bureaus—or, to speak plainer and more properly, matrimonial brokerage offices—were originally established for this class of individuals. To the bashful bachelor, fresh from the country, who desired a wife, but yet could not make so bold as to openly make love to any female, these Bureaus were a great boon; and to the match-making mamma, with daughters on her hands whom she desired to foist on the market, they were a special providence.

But the Matrimonial Bureaus, though they may have been started with the honest intention of benefiting persons of both sexes who are naturally backward and bashful in each other's society, did not long remain true to that character. From helping bachelors and maidens, they came to harm them, their object being finally to

unite persons together, either of whom possessed great wealth (without regard to the "affinities"), and get a large percentage for their trouble.

These Bureaus are advertised in the daily and weekly papers, the same as nearly every other business in New York. In the winter but very little business is done, cold weather apparently not being conducive to love; but in the spring-time, when the birds twitter on the leafy boughs, and the rivulets begin to run, and the grass grows green, and the flowers bloom, Cupid seems to come forth from his hiding-place, and the matrimonial market, to use a mercantile phrase, is "firm, with a steady demand." Some of the advertisements of Matrimonial Bureaus in the daily papers read as follows:

"*Married Life.*—Ladies and gentlemen desiring to form a matrimonial alliance will do well to consult with the undersigned. He would respectfully inform the public that he has had special facilities in his profession during the past few years, and has been the means of bringing together many persons who have been happily united in marriage. Terms reasonable. All communications strictly confidential.

"C. Upid,
"No. — Broadway."

"*Wedded Bliss.*—It is a fact, which is well known by all, that there is nothing so conducive to happiness in life as a proper matrimonial alliance. Persons who contemplate matrimony will avoid making any mistake by addressing "Oscar Boodles,
"No. — Bleecker street."

A third advertisement is more business-like than either of the preceding:

"John Jameson & Co., Matrimonial Brokers, inform the public that they have lately established an office at No. — University Place. Persons desirous of forming happy matrimonial alliances would do well to consult them. All business promptly attended to and considered strictly confidential."

Strange to say, the great majority of persons are attracted by these advertisements. And yet it is not very strange when we think what the great majority of persons really are—remembering Carlyle's saying that "the population of England is eighteen millions, mostly fools." There are hundreds who patronize the brokers, who come to them on the sly, who make an engagement and get married, and no one ever knows how they came to enter the happy state but themselves and their matrimonial agents.

The brokers find few patrons of their establishments in the cities. In New York there are always enough match-making mammas or intriguing women whose sole and only ambition is to bring couples together who will marry each other. Such persons practice matrimonial brokerage for pure love, and seem to have natural powers which befit them for their occupation. It is those who live in the country who find the greatest use for the Matrimonial Bureau. The charms of city life with all its gayety and varied means of "killing" time are sufficient for the single man of the city, but the bucolic bachelor grows lonesome as he sits by the cheerless fire

on cold winter nights listening to the howling winds, the hail and rain beating against the window-pane, and wishes for a fair companion who will share his life and bring with her social cheer and good sense to the household.

Let us suppose that Mr. Arthur Spruggins, of Ulster county, is a bachelor. He is forty years of age, not very crusty, but rather cynical, and yet craves the society of a wife. He has money—is worth twenty thousand dollars. He likes female society, and finds pleasure in the social circle; that is, in the society of the best females who have arrived at years which may truly be called discreet. He feels a strong desire to enter into a matrimonial alliance. But Spruggins is bashful. If there were any possible means by which he could be united to a woman without going through a courtship himself, he would marry her in a moment. He favors the woman's rights movement so far as those ladies advocate that women should have the right to court as well as men. On reading the papers he reads the advertisement of Mr. Smithers, the noted matrimonial broker. Spruggins comes to New York and calls on Smithers. Smithers is glad to see Spruggins, and Spruggins is equally glad to see Smithers. Spruggins wants a wife the very worst way, and Smithers is very much in need of money. Spruggins inquires if there are any ladies on the books who would be likely to suit him, and Smithers immediately remarks, after a scratching of his head, some careful thought and a looking into vacancy, that he has just the woman in his mind's eye who will suit Spruggins—Miss Carrie Carbuncle. an estimable lady, at present

residing in Newark. A note is at once despatched to Miss Carbuncle, and forthwith, at the appointed day, she appears at the matrimonial office. There she encounters Spruggins, who is quite satisfied with her appearance. She is not good-looking, but fair; not very old or very young; apparently a sensible, home-like woman, who, to all appearances could fulfill the requirements of a wife as expressed in the old rhyme:

"Make a pudding, darn a stocking;
At the same time keep a cradle rocking."

After spending a week going about the city in each other's society, Mr. Spruggins and Miss Carbuncle decide that they will unite, and travel the rugged journey of life together. Spruggins is happy; so is Smithers when he receives a hundred-dollar note for his trouble in effecting the engagement; and Miss Carbuncle is quite as joyous as any one, feeling that she has a home for life and a good husband to take care of and provide for her.

Spendthrifts, who have squandered their fortunes and need a dowry to replace them, can sometimes read in the metropolitan papers an advertisement of a handsome, modest and amiable young lady, with an income of ten thousand dollars a year. They hasten to write, and two days after receive a response; and, with a hand trembling with emotion, they open this Cupid's missive, which says that such business cannot be done by correspondence, and begs them to call at his "Bureau," assuring them that, theirs being the first communication, they will have the preference. They imagine the fortune already theirs.

The bureau is generally situated in a very fine house. A valet in livery introduces you into a magnificent saloon, ornamented with exquisite taste, from whose open doors you perceive a succession of rich apartments. Here Cupid reigns supreme. All the paintings, statuettes and books are devoted to this god. Two pretty children (hired, without doubt) are playing in the room. After being kept waiting a short time, the broker appears and excuses himself upon the plea of business for making you wait; after which he rings, and with an insinuating smile begs to offer you a glass of wine. When the same valet appears he expresses his astonishment at seeing him perform this service, and demands with an angry air, Where is James, John, Peter? He answers without hesitation—one has gone to the bank, another to the opera to engage a seat for madam, and a third for the affair of Mr. ——. This deception is intended to make an impression. The valet is the only servant of the establishment, and is even the father of the children in the saloon. This is only the prologue: now the comedy commences.

"Sir, I have had the honor of addressing you in answer to the advertisement. When can I be presented to this lady? You are without profession? Yes—she is honorable, then? Your antecedents? You shall be informed of them." The conversation continues thus, in order that the broker may form an idea of the degree of intelligence of his victim, and what precautions to take to prevent compromising himself. I shall expect only five per cent. upon the dowry. Very well. Payable when you receive it. Admirable! But before going farther the broker

demands the fees of the "Bureau" for expenses incurred in making inquiries, etc., which vary according to the credulity of the visitor and the amount of the dowry. He asks eighty dollars, adding that, with twenty more, you will have the right of choosing for six months from all the ladies in his establishment. Such a tempting offer could not be resisted, so the applicant gives the hundred dollars. In exchange for his money he receives a receipt, with the terms of the agreement, for which he must pay two dollars extra.

He waits with impatience the moment of the first interview. At last the broker presents him. The lady is escorted by her aunt. They are mutually pleased, and, after a short interchange of compliments, they leave the room. He wishes to escort them to their carriage. This the broker prevents, as they belong to the establishment, being hired for a dollar per day, and the elegant dresses and articles of the toilet necessary for their transformation (for they are blondes or brunettes, according to the taste of the dupe) are furnished by the broker. He insinuates softly that it is a good idea to invite them to breakfast at his house, for at table they can converse freely, and after that you will be invited to visit them. For this breakfast of four persons he asks twelve dollars, which is nothing, as he has the wines, of which he makes no account with friends.

At breakfast the table is supplied with large joints of cold meats and a splendid turkey, of which the ladies refuse to partake the slightest morsel; and for two reasons—first, that a wife who eats little is an advantage;

and, secondly, that this same repast will serve for other victims. Upon some pretext the ladies leave the table, as they recollect an engagement at their banker's, etc. The broker softly informs him that he must send to his native place to make inquiries about him, and requests him to call the next day and arrange this matter, which he accordingly does, and there meets accidentally the lady and her aunt.

A clerk is called, who is to make the necessary inquiries. The applicant must pay the expenses of the journey, which will amount to twenty-five dollars. He hesitates. The aunt, very naturally, declares that she will pay one-half, and, to set the example, draws out an elegant silk purse, which she says is the work of her niece. He admires it; she offers it to him; he accepts, and, as it is necessary to strike while the iron is hot, the clerk leaves immediately. During the clerk's absence the applicant again visits the agency, but does not meet the ladies. The broker reminds him of the gift of the purse, and, wishing to make a return, he responds to the reminder in the gift of a brilliant worth fifty dollars.

The clerk (who has not left the city) has been taken suddenly ill on his journey, which lasts four days and costs sixteen dollars. Finally, the applicant becomes impatient, but the broker informs him, with an air of the deepest grief, that he must consider himself very fortunate; that his vigilance has saved him from the great misfortune which menaced him; that he has just learned that the father of the young girl is a condemned felon—that she is unworthy of him. He leaves, congratulating

himself upon his escape. The trick is played, leaving room for another.

It is sometimes the case that men with mistresses, with whom they have agreed to live for a certain length of time, become tired of them before the expiration of the period, and desire a matrimonial broker to dispose of them. Very high fees are paid for services of this character. The broker receives five hundred dollars, and sometimes even a larger sum for his trouble. The women become the *bona-fide* wives of some men, ignorant of their former position. Sometimes they make very poor wives, but, on the whole, they are a great deal better than the average.

The prices for matrimonial brokerage vary. The best brokers charge one hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars. Some of the profession only charge fifty dollars, and a few out-of-the-way sort not more than twenty-five dollars. Services of this character, like services of almost every other character in the world, can be performed for a low or a high figure, whichever the party chooses to pay.

Matrimonial brokers are nearly all of them dishonest and unprincipled. Their only object in pursuing their calling is to make money. Consequently, they twist facts and tell falsehoods wherever it is to their advantage. They affect to be very genteel, high-principled, with fine feelings and a delicate sense of honor, but the fact is otherwise. Women are engaged in the business, and generally succeed better than the men, being greater adepts at deception.

The business of matrimonial brokerage is rapidly becoming less and less in New York, or rather its character is changing. To get a wife from these professionals too often means to get a mistress, and the Bureaus are often used as places for assignations.

This modern reform, like too many reforms which have come into vogue of late years, thus seems to be of little benefit, and to work harm rather than good. There appears to be no easy or royal road to marriage; and an orthodox courtship, with all its concomitants of moonlight and starlight walks, its tender romance and passionate poetry, seems to be the only true, honest and proper way to win a wife.

CHAPTER XLIII.

FEMALE "HELP" IN NEW YORK.

IN the good old times, which, after all, may not have been so good as they are represented to be, a servant-girl was called a "servant." But with the advancing tide of civilization servants objected to being called servant, and so their employers and every one else now-a-days call them "domestics" or "female help." These are the names by which they go in the household, and agencies for the hiring-out of servants are called "help" and "domestic" agencies.

The female help of New York forms a very large and important element in the female life of the great city. Not only in point of numbers is this the fact, but also in point of influence and in regard to the peculiar relations they often stand to heads of the household. Did domestics choose, they could tell many a tale which, though it might not freeze the blood of youth, would astonish all.

Let us trace the progress of a female domestic, beginning with her arrival in New York.

On the arrival of an emigrant vessel at quarantine it is boarded by an officer of the Emigrant Commissioners, who ascertains the number of passengers, the deaths which have taken place, etc., and is relieved by an officer

of the Metropolitan Police force after the vessel has been anchored off the Battery.

The landing-agent here takes the ship's passengers in charge, and accompanied by an Inspector of Customs, he examines everything, and the emigrants are finally landed on the morning following their arrival at Castle Garden. The moment the poor creatures get permission to go ashore, such a rush and such a shout of joy goes up as only human beings can give vent to after a long confinement between the decks of a crowded, often pestilential, and always unhealthy, ship.

The arrivals of emigrant vessels average three per day the whole year round, and these come principally from Queenstown, Ireland; Liverpool, England; and the various ports of Germany. Nearly every country in the Old World sends its representatives to the shores of New York.

The female emigrants from England, Ireland and from some parts of Germany generally stay in New York, either in the city or its neighborhood, or go East to the various manufacturing cities and villages, being used to and preferring such employment as they afford, rather than to take their chances in the wild West.

A great deal of swindling and sharp practice is employed by certain sharpers around Castle Garden on the emigrants. Some of the yarns of these heartless vultures would be of interest, but space will not permit us to give them.

A very large proportion of the women remain in New York, intending to obtain situations as nurses, domestics,

cooks, etc., in families. These women go to some one of the numerous intelligence-offices of the city, and after waiting there for many days possibly secure places, or they may advertise in the *Herald* and obtain situations in that way. Then follow years of work in their calling. Some are never anything but servants, but the majority get married and become "domestic" in a very different sense.

Many of the employment-offices are really deserving institutions, which supply a legitimate demand; but not a few are mere pretences, not only upon the general public, but particularly upon that portion of it which can least afford to be swindled, but which most deserves our sympathy. There are a variety of intelligence-offices which, in many cases, deserve severe censure. They advertise or profess to furnish mothers who are unable to nurse their own children with persons who are fully competent to perform that function in their own stead. In this view, they are persons of the utmost importance to the domestic history of hundreds, nay, thousands, of families annually, as a large percentage of American mothers are unable or unwilling to nurse their own offspring. The age of an infant of course determines the age of the nutriment or milk which should be supplied to it by its wet-nurse or foster-mother; and it can readily be conceived that if the ages of the two differ materially, the most dangerous consequences to the health of the infant will eventually ensue—nay, further, that the very life of the babe may be endangered.

Notwithstanding this fact, the keepers of the agencies

of which we write do not hesitate to sacrifice deliberately and willfully the good of the child to their own convenience or pecuniary interests. From the very circumstances of the case, the mother or her representative is compelled to state in advance to the keeper of the agency the age of her child; and in at least five cases out of ten all that the keeper does is simply to introduce to the mother (after a day's delay for the sake of appearances) a woman whose nutriment, she avers and is willing to swear, is precisely the very age desired, though in reality it may be six months younger or six months older than is required.

The position of servant or domestic has its advantages from a kleptomaniac point of view, and is not unfrequently desired on that account by the professed thief. Thus, it is oftentimes essential for one burglar to have a more thorough knowledge of the interior of some mansion which he intends to "crack" than he can procure *in propriâ personâ*, with all his skill or vigilance. In that case he resorts to a pal or female accomplice, or lady friend in the business, arranges with her to enter that house as a servant which he intends to enter soon quietly as a burglar. A woman known as Mary Ann Smith, with various other aliases, has been known to have been in this way accessory to at least three up-town burglaries; while another and a younger person, called "Bully Jennie," has been instrumental in similar undertakings. The latter person generally has "a follower," who comes to see her on Sunday nights, and during the week occasionally—the said follower being, of course, none other

than a burglar in disguise. There are also not a few women who are thieves entirely on their own account and who find it to their interest to accomplish their little plans under the pretence of domestic service.

Employment agencies, especially those which are for the avowed benefit of females, are not only debased into vehicles of dishonesty, but are likewise used as the instrument to aid in the carrying out of still deeper villainy. The women who are to be found in these establishments waiting employment are oftentimes sent not only to service, but to sin.

Vice has its army of patrons, and must consequently have its army of victims; and as the latter rapidly pass away, others must be found to supply their places. It is fashionable, too, among men of pleasure to affect the society of women from the country; and as a large number of such women weekly come to our large cities in search of work, and consequently fall into the embrace of the intelligence-offices, it is evident that these intelligence-offices could readily be rendered available for illicit purposes, and they are.

Out of one hundred and sixty-two women-of-the-town recently interrogated by a physician who is collecting material for a work on city life, considered in its medical aspects, seventeen were found to owe their ruin to the facilities which are offered to vice by so-called intelligence-offices.

Sometimes the keeper of a house of ill-repute is in collusion with keepers of intelligence-offices, the latter agreeing for a certain sum to apprise the former of every

woman of any degree of beauty who applies for his professional services.

In other cases, the keeper of a fashionable temple of iniquity employs a female as her agent to visit the various employment-offices and select the most available victims. These agents pretend to be very respectable people, and while "on duty" look the beau-ideal of orthodox people, and engage a poor girl in so gracious and good a manner that she goes to slaughter as unconsciously as a lamb. Sometimes the intelligence-office keeper is aware of the real character of this fiend in human shape; sometimes he is not aware; but in no case does he ever trouble himself to penetrate beyond outside appearances. If the employee is satisfied and her employer, he pockets his fee and asks no questions. Why should he? Sometimes the decoyed domestic is drugged or forced into iniquity, but these cases are comparatively rare, and for the most part the active sinners in these transactions trust to time and evil example to lead their victim into evil—and trust rightly.

Another trick in trade is not infrequently played in this wise: A courtezan in the interest of some house will herself adopt the rôle of a domestic seeking employment, and in this capacity visits an intelligence-office, renders herself intimately acquainted with the antecedents and availabilities of her associates, and thus secures the pick of the establishment.

The mistress of a fashionable establishment herself will sometimes act as her own agent in this work. Thus Madam M—— is said, in her earlier days, not to have

altogether overlooked this source of information in her peculiar line, though in justice to her it must be said that she has always proved a kind mistress and a liberal-minded boarding-house keeper.

It is very startling, strange and terrible, but nevertheless a fact, that several of the wealthy men of New York have, on their own account, an understanding with certain parties in the intelligence-office business; the latter inform them promptly whenever any applicant more than ordinarily attractive presents herself, and the former rush immediately to the office and apply for a housekeeper, etc., and of course pay a liberal fee.

In addition to the darker sides of the picture, there are multitudinous and small devices without number in connection with the employment-offices; yet even their little dodges are not destitute of ingenuity and invention. It must take some amount of thought, of suggestive faculty and of executive smartness, all combined, to carry these petty swindling schemes into active and successful operation. One of the dodges most extensively practiced all the time is that of cutting out advertisements from the daily papers—advertisements for all manner of female help. The man who does this opens an office, and then advertises that he has situations open for each and every one of these classes. The poor out of employment, ever eager to catch at the first chance presented them for a situation, greedily swallow the bait, and crowds of them flock to the place through every business-hour of the day. They make their applications for cookships, or what not. When one of the cut-out advertisements, pasted on a

piece of white paper, is handed them, they are asked a fee of three dollars, and told to go to that address. Of course, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they find "the place is engaged." Some of the more energetic come back and make trouble, but even the most persistent are generally got rid of at last. Many even are induced to take a second chance in the same lottery.

Then there are the employers who are in league with the intelligence-offices. Some of these live in showy houses, in quite respectable neighborhoods. A superior class of "girl" is sent to them for manipulation. There being no law compelling any term of notice between employer and servant, the *modus operandi* is this: The girl takes up the usual advertisement, or more usually a written recommendation, is engaged, and in less than twenty-four hours is provoked into a hasty quarrel and ejected. She goes back for redress, but is told there is no help for her—it must have been her own temper; but the office will try and find her another place—of course, for another fee.

Furthermore, there are girls who are in with offices where the employers instead of the help pay fees for being suited. To an office of this kind comes a farmer, we will say, from some neighboring town or village, and he pays his fee and off he goes to the car or steamboat with his supposed domestic prize. They get to the depôt or the pier; the bell is ringing; there is bustle, confusion and excitement; the farmer leaps on board, thinking that Mary Jane or Bridget is following, but before he knows what he is about, he is whisking or paddling rapidly away, leaving that innocent young female behind. She

only waits long enough to keep up a show of disappointment at that catastrophe, and then hurries back to the office to get her agreed-upon percentage. And most probably the old fellow will be fooled again the same way the next time he comes to the city.

Such are some of the ins and outs, the mysteries and the unknown things, connected with the female helps of New York. Physically, they are a hardy, muscular set of women, able and generally ready to work; intellectually, they are unlearned and illiterate, following their instincts, good or bad, as they may happen to be, and caring naught for the cultivation of their minds; and morally they are the same as the females of any other profession or business—no better and no worse. There be those among them who are fit for crimes of the deepest dye, and who for money would commit almost any crime in the calendar, even murder, which fact the newspapers of the city frequently testify to. And, then, on the other hand, there be those among them who have sweet natures and hearts attuned to kindness. Beside sick beds they will wait and watch, and when death draws near to their friend or employer, speak of the sweet comfort of religion, and prove that those in the so-called lower walks of life can have high thoughts, noble and religious aspirations as well as others whom Fate has dealt with better so far as worldly prosperity is concerned.

CHAPTER XLIV.

BALLET-GIRLS IN NEW YORK.

THERE are in New York city, exclusive of *premiers* and leaders, about five hundred ballet-girls or coryphées, holding only second-rate places, and whose pay ranges from seven to fifteen dollars per week. Of this number, about two hundred are regularly engaged in some daily occupation, and, as a general thing, are the lowest salaried, as by reason of their occupations they are unable to devote as much of their time to the profession as a larger salary demands; and, in fact, if a ballet can be completed without their aid, they are generally left out in the cold—their services being only in demand when "fillers-in" for a large ballet are required. Of this number, five hundred (about one-half) are employed at intervals during the year, the greater part being engaged at Wallack's, Niblo's and the Olympic theatres, while a few of them fill engagements in other cities; for New York is the great distributing bureau of the country for this class of artists, and from her large number completes at short notice, for any theatre ordering it, a ballet of any size.

The life that most of these girls lead is truly a hard one, and to get at the average length of their days would

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puzzle the most astute actuary. Taken when they are quite young, with their bones hardly firm enough to support their bodies, they are worked from three to five hours daily in a manner that would exhaust a Broadway belle in half an hour; yet these poor little creatures, either from ambition or by threats, are kept exercising incessantly until they have arrived at a degree of Terpsichorean perfection that fits them for managerial inspection. It is probably supposed by many that an engagement once effected the life of the coryphée becomes one of comparative ease, but such is not the case. From six weeks to two months before a ballet is to be produced they have to rehearse day and night, and this rehearsal does not consist alone in dancing, but in a series of the most violent gymnastics. Legs, arms and bodies have to be limbered; a certain height has to be kicked, and, to insure against failure, a coryphée must stand supported by one arm and throw her feet in the air until the height desired can be obtained with comparative ease. The arms have then to be moved backward and forward until their motion becomes almost mechanical; the knees have to be limbered and the bodies bent until they become so elastic that one might almost doubt if they possessed any bones in them. Their memories also have to be taxed to their utmost, that they may, with the certainty of clock-work, go through the multiplicity of figures necessary to the dance. The most of this, however, becomes an easy matter where girls have been taken at a very early age; but, as is often the case, when grown-up girls conceive a desire to go upon the stage as dancers, the labor and time

it requires to educate them up to the proper standard are enormous. There are in New York two or three schools for this purpose; and in many cases, where the pupil is not able to pay the expenses of tuition, she is, if the teacher thinks her a profitable investment, educated by him and by him brought out, he taking, after an engagement has been effected for her, a certain percentage of the wages until he has been fully reimbursed for his time and trouble.

With one or two exceptions, managers make the coryphées furnish their own tights and shoes—the former costing from fifteen to twenty dollars, and the latter from one dollar and fifty cents to seven and twelve dollars. It is, however, but fair to add that, when necessary, the money is always advanced to them to make the purchases, the amount being retained on pay day from their salaries.

There are many people in the world who look upon the coryphées of our different theatres as so many fast girls, and who disbelieve that virtue could exist in a girl whose trade, as they sneeringly call it, is that of the ballet-dancer. If these persons would take the trouble to learn before they condemn they would find out their mistake, and see how utterly unjust they had been toward a necessary class of whom they know nothing. Some of these girls may not be what they ought, but there are many good and pure girls to be found in the ranks of the coryphées—many whose hearts throb with warm and generous impulses that would grace any society; girls who, by talent and force of circumstances, have been driven to dance for a living, but whose every penny is honestly

earned and mercifully and charitably bestowed for the support of aged and helpless relatives.

True, many of these girls might find other occupation, but it would not be so remunerative, and certainly they have a right to follow that calling which suits them best. Ballet-girls, as a general thing, especially those who do not reside with their relatives, are very clannish, and generally live in sets of six, ten or a dozen together. They also have their partiality for streets, Bleecker and Houston streets being their choice, probably from the fact that board is cheaper there than in other localities.

Many of these girls live on the European plan—more perhaps for the convenience of the style than its cheapness; and, until recently, a certain hotel on Broadway, near Bleecker street, was their great rendezvous. It was here that the famous "Black Crook" ballet resorted after the fatigues of the night to refresh themselves, and they would sit here quietly eating and drinking until the small hours of the morning, when they would separate for their lodgings in the above-mentioned streets.

It was a curiosity to watch this bevy of blondes taking their late supper, sometimes accompanied by male friends and sometimes alone; and many an anxious father, who has lain awake to hear the click of his son's night-key in the latch, had he happened to have passed that hotel and glanced into the restaurant could have satisfied himself as to what sort of a debating-club it was that detained Master Charles until such unseemly hours of the morning.

These girls mostly resided in Bleecker street, the —— House and one or two others near it being filled with

them; and to their credit be it said they were as quiet and orderly as could be desired. People often wonder, and the question is often asked, what has become of the girls that composed this immense troupe? Have they all returned to England? Not so. Many of them yet remain, and appear nightly on some metropolitan stage. If they are not recognized, it is because a love of change or some other circumstance has induced them to alter the color of their hair; but certain it is many of them still remain in New York; and Niblo's Garden, only a short time since, nightly produced to the admiring gaze of its patrons quite a respectable number of the blonde Britishers who first inducted the metropolitans into the mysteries of the "demon dance" and its accessories. Many of these girls are also residing in other cities of the Union. The "Gayeties" of Chicago have enticed a large number there, Philadelphia has offered attractions to which many have flown, New Orleans has become the home of some, and four or five have married and left the stage, and some have returned to Old England, and we may not look upon their like again.

To the close observer there is a marked difference in the coryphées of the different countries. The thoroughbred American coryphée is as different from the English, German or French importation as can well be imagined, and then again there is a vast difference between these nationalities.

The American, as a general thing, is better formed and needs less of the artificial to make her presentable. She is also more dainty, and though rarely aspiring to the

position of "*première*," her natural grace and elegance combined, together with her ambition to succeed and her aptness for the profession, render her in the estimation of competent judges the true artiste. The fact that American girls are rarely brought out as "*premières*" is a verification of the old adage, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." Some of these girls have gone to Europe and created a sensation, have been heralded in flaming three-sheet posters as the great American danseuse, and that too at a time when New York was going crazy over the new arrivals of trans-Atlantic blondes.

Some of our best actresses commenced their career as ballet-girls, and one or two of our favorite lyric artists commenced in the same way. The number of American ballet-girls, compared with other countries, is very small; but the exact reason why is not known, unless it be from the fact that they are more modest or that there are fewer of them who are entirely dependent upon their own labor for support; or probably it is owing to the fact that the same attention, until recently, has not been given to the ballet in this country that was paid to it in Europe.

Certainly, as regards the chastity of the ballet, American girls stand first in the list. In regard to *première* dancers, the same may be said of England, English girls generally being content to remain in the ranks as coryphées; nor have they the ability, as a class, to rise higher. The applause that an English dancer elicits is not so much on account of her fine execution; it is excited more by her abandon and the wanton manner in which

she exhibits her charms. It is physical; it may be natural or artificial means have been resorted to for the purpose of adding voluptuousness to her form. English girls are too heavy; they have no grace, and either possess or assume a stolid indifference to the business in hand; they are content if they go through the figures of the dance without a mistake, and so escape the curses of the "maître de ballet." They have neither the ambition nor the aptitude of the American girl, and hence remain coryphées till they leave the stage.

The Italian and French women are the most artistic dancers, though they have some powerful rivals in the Spanish and German women. The Italians have paid more attention to the ballet than any other nation, and consequently have brought it nearer to perfection. In this country one rarely sees an Italian girl in the ranks; they are either premières or leaders, and though they generally lack that fine physical development to be found in the dancers of other countries, their grace and consummate skill render them favorites. The French dancer is all life and vivacity, and bursts upon you with a dash and *esprit du corps* that is electrical. She takes you by storm, and there is no resisting her. She needs your applause and you cannot refuse it. She may make a false step, may dance out of time; you cannot hiss her. She knows the way to your heart; she has caught your eye and smiles, and the "pray, forgive me" look she casts, as she redoubles her efforts to redeem herself, wins your sympathy, and you applaud to the echo what you would condemn in another. French women have done

much to bring ballet-dancing to perfection; but their peculiar ideas of morality have brought upon its devotees the bitterest anathemas of all pseudo-moralists.

German women generally make good dancers, and, as a class, are well-formed, and their powers of endurance enable them to acquire that practical knowledge which hard and long training alone can give, and which women of more delicate constitutions cannot stand. The German girl is rarely a brilliant dancer, but she is a perfect one, and the few German premières who have appeared upon our metropolitan boards have met with a success that must be gratifying to them, insomuch as it is proof positive that their efforts to please were not in vain.

Spanish girls are beautiful, easy and graceful dancers, though the stage in this country is rarely graced with their presence. They combine in an extraordinary degree the mercurial disposition of the French women with the litheness and easy grace of the Italian, though very critical judges will tell you that the movements of the Spanish woman, more especially in walking, are essentially her own. There is a graceful elasticity in her motions that seems more natural than acquired; and the old saying, "Spanish women do not walk, but float through the air," is brought vividly to mind when watching the elegant action of a Spanish *première danseuse*. What the special attractions for becoming a coryphée are, outside of the fact that it furnishes occupation and fair wages, is a puzzle that none save those who enter the profession can solve. They all have their reasons, however, and no two are alike.

Of late years girls from almost every walk in life have entered the ballet. One of the handsomest and most attractive coryphées at Niblo's Garden last season was formerly a chambermaid, and another who took a most prominent part had but lately quit the circus ring, and the ballet at Tammany boasted of several ex-members of the sawdust profession. Of the pretty waiter-girls that formerly added to the attractions of the Broadway saloons, probably one-third are now ballet-girls. The stage fever raged terribly when the ballet mania first broke out among the New Yorkers, and many girls, who were then getting five to eight dollars weekly for shop-work of various kinds, let needle, press and machine go, and with all the ardor of youth flung themselves upon the stage, many of them with well-based claims (physically) for public favor. Of their successes the world knows little, and probably cares less. They have been various. Many have risen to the goal of their ambition, many have given up and returned to their former occupations, while many have sunk low into that dark abyss from which there is no resurrection, without hope and without mercy, betrayed by those who flatter but to ruin. One of these poor creatures confessed, when lying upon what she considered her death bed, that her employer had induced her against her will to go upon the stage. His motives she did not understand then, but bitter experience had taught her since that her ruin was what he sought, and it could be done in that way with less risk to himself. His purpose accomplished, the scoundrel deserted his victim to live down her shame as best she could. And this is but

one of the many stories that could be told of a like nature.

The life of a ballet-girl, however, is not all hardship. There is much about it that is enjoyable, and the coryphée is not one to let a chance slip that promises any pleasure. The acquaintances she makes in her profession are generally pleasure-seekers; and as they are numerous, her field for excitement is an extensive one. Fishing-excursions, pic-nics, boat-rides, fun behind the scenes and, above all, the late suppers after the night's work is done, afford intervals of excitement that banish from her heart the memory of many sad hours. The majority of these girls need and must have excitement. Without it they could not exist. It is the great panacea for all their ills. As a mass, their religious training has been sadly neglected; and as a consequence they know little, and care less, what the future will bring forth. Seemingly, they live but for the pleasures of the day.

A talk on theology with some of these goddesses of the silk-tight and kid-slipper profession would rather astonish some of the orthodox clergy, and if they would take the trouble to spend an hour in the green-room devoted to the use of the disciples of Terpsichore, they would find that Swedenborg had more proselytes than they were aware of. Yet some of them have a firm Christian faith and conscientiously live up to it; and there is at this time a young lady teacher in one of our public schools—and she has also a Sunday-school class—whose first earnings were those of a coryphée. She is respected and loved by all who know her, and it is yet to be ascertained that

her teachings are less moral than those of her companions. Many of these girls have married excellent young men, who have given them good positions in society—positions which they have filled with credit to themselves and honor to their husbands.

It is behind the scenes, probably, that the ballet-girl is seen to the best advantage; it is there that her true nature more plainly shows itself. Thoroughly excited by the dance, it is the place to test her disposition. Enter and try it. Many a redoubtable Lothario, whose conceited brain never for a moment dreamed of defeat, has been glad to make good his retreat from the sharp claws and bitter tongue of some excited Amazon, whose ire he had provoked by his untimely gallantry. Nevertheless, it is generally what young America would call a jolly place, and the youngster who has *carte blanche* to visit this retreat of the goddesses considers himself a lucky dog. But indiscretion and vain boasting are apt to spoil this sport and sometimes to get the boaster into trouble.

The priests and press may rail at the ballet until the crack of doom; it can do no good. Women have danced since the world began, and will dance until it ends. Dancing-women are now, and have always been, one of the features of every land under the sun, civilized and heathen, and, with one exception, that nation is not in existence whose dancers have not appeared on the boards of some theatre. That nation is Africa; and the individual who has not yet passed through the fiery ordeal of inspection by some metropolitan audience, and gone through a rough handling without gloves by some of our

modern critics, is the negro. The anatomical formation of Dinah's heel precludes the possibility of her ever succeeding as a coryphée. Some genius, who thought to startle the Crescent City from its summer reverie a few years ago, undertook to train a colored ballet corps, with which he expected to make a fortune. He enlisted forty-five likely girls and trained them, first singly and then all together. One at a time, the arrangement worked well and bid fair to be a success, but for the life of them they could not manœuvre together. Heel and toe-ology was a science they could not manage; their heels were in each other's way, and their specific gravity being too near the centre of the foot prevented those airy and artistic movements on tip-toe so necessary to the finished dancer and so loudly applauded by the audience. The undertaking was a failure, and seems to have settled the question that the colored folk must be content to enjoy with their oculars only a species of elegant amusement that nature never formed them to indulge in.

The majority of coryphées are better developed than the *premières*, and probably there can be no better reason given for the fact than the one given by a celebrated *première* when asked why it was so.

"The training," said she, "that a girl undergoes to become a *première danseuse* of any note is similar to that given to prize-fighters and race-horses, and is so severe that all surplus flesh is worked down to bone and muscle. Our limbs," she added, "are better developed, as far as muscle goes, than are those of the coryphée; but, from the fact that the flesh has been worked off them, they do

not present those plump and well-developed limbs that men admire so much in women, and especially in dancers."

The reign of the ballet, however, is over, and it will be some months, possibly years, before New York will again witness another "long run" of such productions as the "Black Crook" and the "White Fawn." The Americans—the New Yorkers especially—ever crave for something new; and the only reason the ballet pieces and the *opera bouffe* succeeded so well at first was on account of their being new and novel features in theatrical representations. The metropolitans have had a surfeit of this kind of entertainment, and the ballet, now crushed to earth, will never again rise to any importance, at least during the present generation.

CHAPTER XLV.

FEMALE MODELS.

THERE are about as many "female models" in the great metropolis as there are model females. Both kinds of the *genus* female exist, but they are few and far between. To be a model female requires considerable good sense and qualities of the head and heart. To be a female model one can get along without any of these qualifications, so long as she possesses a fine, voluptuous form; and just so long as her arms, her breast or her limbs are developed in a truly artistic and beautiful manner she may be a female model in demand and no longer.

There are many sculptors in New York and a few painters who find it necessary to employ living human models in their profession. Only of late years, however, has the practice been pursued. For a long time the followers of these fine arts were content with the creations of their own imaginations, but as the years advanced they became dissatisfied with their ideal beauties, and thus it was that efforts were made to employ young women who would act as models, which efforts were successful.

The women who act in this capacity are nearly always engaged in some other occupation, their services as models

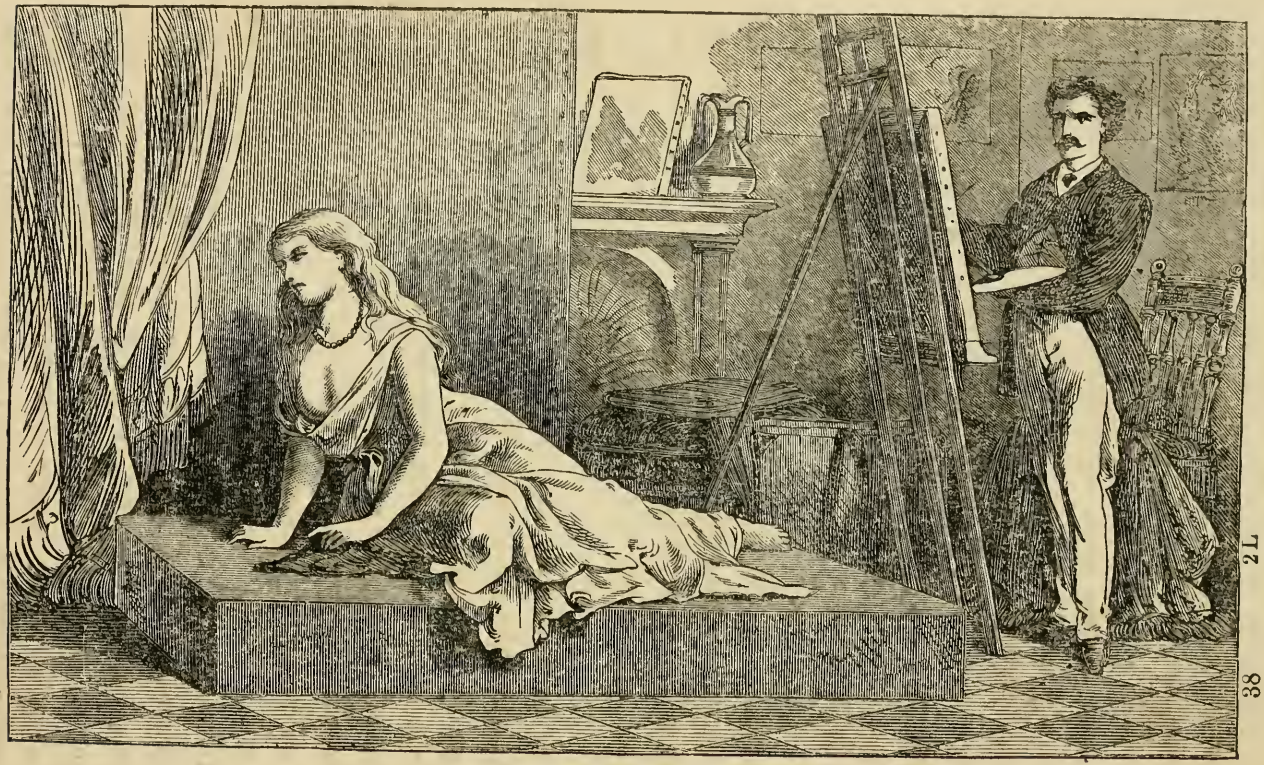
being only required now and then by the professionals. Some of them are seamstresses, others clerks in down-town establishments, while a few may be bookfolders or have some trade. It is a fact, however, that the best models in New York are two girls who are servants in private families in the upper part of the city. Naturally of fine forms, their exercise keeps them in very good physical condition. They are two sisters, brunettes, and of faultless physiques, and perfect models of female grace.

Models are of various degrees of beauty, so far as regards physical development. Some models have particularly beautiful limbs; in others, the arms are remarkably well developed; some have busts of unusual magnificence, and still others are prized for the symmetry and beauty of their whole forms.

Many young women act as models, so far as their faces are concerned. The supply of this class being very large, there is not near as much demand for them as there is for those women who are willing to exhibit other portions of their persons.

The pay of the female models varies, depending altogether on the kind and amount of services they render. Those who only sit for their faces receive not more than a dollar or two a day; those who display their arms receive about the same sum; those who exhibit their lower limbs are paid from five to ten dollars a day, while the young women who stand for nude statues receive about twenty-five or thirty dollars a day.

There is but little of special interest attached to female models. It is well to inform those who do not already



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know the fact that such a class of peculiar workers exist and make a living by following an avocation which possibly many persons have never heard of.

There are all sorts of scandals told in regard to these women—of the delicate relations in which they stand to their artistic employers, who are not all of them as æsthetic or angelic as the outside public believes them to be. But it is not our province to give any facts we may be possessed of in regard to such scandals. It is very probable that many things are said about them which are not true, the same as of any body of persons who are in a position where the temptation to do wrong is very strong. And yet there is much truth which it is unpleasant to know in regard to them. Whatever they may be morally or intellectually, they certainly all of them ply their vocation for the money it brings and from no particular love of art or the true and the beautiful. If they are not model females they are certainly always female models.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE ACTRESSES OF NEW YORK.

THE women of the stage in New York occupy a position in society at once anomalous and interesting. The old ban of Puritanism still prevents their admission to the inner circle of the best society; but the more distinguished members of the profession, who have won a name in spite of prejudice and a ridiculous feeling of caste, have in many instances broken over the old barriers with an imperial sway and been admitted to the exclusive circles of the very best society in New York. It is not necessary to mention such names as Kellogg, La Grange, Hoey, Parepa Rosa and a score of others equally respected by the public and the fastidious few, to demonstrate that art has succeeded in certain cases in overthrowing the flimsy barrier of an old *régime.* But there is another, and by far the largest, division, which occupies its own position, neither mingling with the world about it nor making a conspicuous world of its own. In this quiet but busy set we shall find the "leading women," the "walking-ladies," the "juveniles," the utility, and the whole working force of the vast community of actresses fed and favored by the dozen theatres in our midst. It comprises the theatrical women of New

York proper. It is true, on the first night of a new piece, there will be congregated at the theatre a choice set of celebrities. There are sure to be present the retired actresses who have married wealthy merchants, the actresses who have given up the stage for magazine writing, the brazen mistresses of speculators and the tawdry ballet-women, who have found a more remunerative occupation than "standing round in tights;" but these are not to be confounded with the really industrious and often virtuous members of a profession, who care less to criticise and enjoy it than to earn their living by it. In all, there are about three hundred women employed directly in the enactment of plays in New York. About one-third of them are married women living with their husbands, who are also players, in boarding-houses, hotels and secluded apartments in the by-streets. They are members of stock companies, receive regular salaries, and pursue their avocations with the same earnestness and singleness of purpose that other workers in different pursuits evince. Their salaries range from twelve to fifty dollars a week, sometimes running even higher than that for short engagements. Add to this the constantly fluctuating crowd of small stars and imported "features," who gravitate to New York to get engagements and to consult the dramatic agencies, and the still larger crowd of supernumerary women who fill in the choruses and ballets and help with limb and finery to eke out the spectacle or swell the crowd in the dramas, where mere action or show is desired, and we have a community of no small dimensions. Well known as these characters are to the audiences of

the various places of amusement, most of them pass unobserved and unrecognized in the great crowd of humanity which floats to and fro on our streets. Not a few of these women are or have been remarkable beauties, and have had admirers by the scores, who can tell you of their first appearances and successes and vicissitudes with chronological accuracy. There are even now remaining among them two or three historic marvels who date their early successes to the old Park and Bowery theatres; and not a few of the sturdy leading women who come and go with the organization and setting out of the itinerant companies are remembered as "supers" in the old Olympic, where they received their first instructions, professional and moral, from "Jim Boggs" himself.

Here and there are New York actresses who have won rather more than a professional reputation. It was a well-understood fact in literary and dramatic circles that one prominent New York comedienne was for two or three years the protégé, if nothing more, of a distinguished journalist, and the habitual theatre-goer cannot have failed to notice, night after night, that a no less prominent railroad manager is always accompanied to his private box by two actresses, neither of whom is his wife. The domestic relations of certain of the class can never be definitely settled, though they are by no means careful to conceal their intimacies. Indeed, one may see on any extraordinary representation three or four well-known artistes who have separated from their husbands occupying prominent seats in the most conspicuous parts of the theatre, accompanied by their beaux, while the husbands

are equally prominent in another part, generally in attendance upon ladies. From the carelessness of these few the public are too apt to condemn the class; whereas it is no less true that a number of New York actresses have lived among us for years as wives and mothers, rearing their families to usefulness, and by their own efforts equipping them competently for their struggles in life. As to the charge of improvidence, so often brought against the players, and particularly the female portion, it is not wholly untrue. But the circumstances of their lives, the demands of an exacting and exceptional profession must be considered. The leading woman in our best theatres gets about fifty dollars a week. Out of this she has to provide a continually-changing wardrobe; and so expensive has this become of late years, owing to the realistic taste of the public, that the sum barely suffices to provide the outfit which the stage-manager and the audience require. But, withal, the actress is liberal; her tastes have been cultivated and are imperious. She is frequently overtasked, and needs the speedy recuperation of wine and expensive suppers. She is called upon constantly by unfortunate members of the company for assistance; and they make it a point of honor to help each other. If she is sick or indisposed she is fined or her place filled by some one who is likely to make a hit with the public, ever ready to greet a fresh face with applause; in which case her position is ruined. If she has the ability or versatility or business tact to make a touring engagement, she is at the mercy of a shrewd agent, who fingers her receipts while she is behind the scenes. She

cannot predicate success a day ahead. To-day she may be received with thunders of applause, and to-morrow be cut up by the critics and deserted by the public. The whole course of her experience tends to make her a prodigal, and if she comes out at the close of the season with money in the bank it is owing to her own shrewdness and self-sacrifice no less than her popularity.

Of course the actress is a jealous, hyper-sensitive creature. Her private disposition is not all smiles, as we see it over the foot-lights. Too often she uses loose language —a habit contracted in the long association with men. She contracts insensibly a morbid love of applause. The greatest cantatrice in America, and peculiarly a New York woman, though not born here, has repeatedly fallen out with the best artistes who accompanied her in concert tours, and upon whom she mainly depended, because they were encored when she was not; and whole weeks of bickering and months of sorrow have ensued because the name of a rival appeared upon the poster in larger type than her own.

In spite of all these things, New York actresses have made fortunes upon the boards. We may find in Brooklyn, on Staten Island and up the Hudson, here and there, costly, but unpretentious abodes, where these stars pass their leisure hours. Several of them are now traveling for pleasure abroad, and one is a prominent stockholder in a popular and prosperous corporation.

The gradual change which has taken place in the character of popular amusements is nowhere shown more strongly than in the character and appearance of the

women who cater to popular taste. The comparatively recent domination of burlesque and kindred forms of entertainment, in which women almost exclusively assume the rôles, and almost always with an understanding that personal attractions of face and form and certain accomplishments of easy acquirement are preferable to any real art, have brought to the surface a new brood of women, generally of unusual physical beauty, but not always of the highest sense of decorum. They depend upon their personal attractions for an engagement, and are less loth than the older and more deserving actresses to exhibit themselves on the street. Indeed, this was a favorite method of advertising during the season of last winter; and half a score of pretty women could be pointed out any fine day on Broadway, flaunting in costly raiment among the wealthiest of our dowagers and the proudest of our belles. There are several New York actresses who, during the summer season, drove the jauntiest phætons and the liveliest horses at Long Branch and Saratoga, and ten at least made themselves conspicuous at Newport; but none of them value their profession so much as their good looks.

The same style of entertainment has also largely recruited the ballet force. An American ballet-girl was a thing unknown to the city a few years ago, and until very recently as difficult to find as an American chorus singer for opera. Now there are plenty of both.

The actresses who have by hard work and long experience attained to a certain position in the profession, who are really valuable acquisitions to any company, are rarely

met outside of the greenroom or the rehearsals. They live a quiet and somewhat unnatural life, up late at night, going to bed fagged and rising toward noon the next day. The demands of their own persons and wardrobes keep them busy during the hours that they can spare from study and the theatre. Now and then you will meet them "in the front" at a matinée performance if the play or the company be a new one, and then they will be accompanied by gentlemen, and in no wise conspicuous by their dress or deportment. Nothing like the profligacy or disregard of conventional propriety shown by the members of the French companies brought to this city last winter to perform in Opera Bouffe was ever known among American or English actors. The very ballet-girls of those companies gave champagne suppers night after night, and in their favorite resorts danced out the morning after the regular performance with hilarious revelry.

The New York actress is, indeed, a very fair specimen of the morality, industry and sobriety of the sex. As a rule, she is a woman of many attainments, pretty thoroughly conversant with current events and a keen observer of the world which comes under her observation. She has a knowledge of the various accomplishments which society deems necessary for the body. She must be a tolerable musician, she is an artist in dress, and from long association an unerring critic in scenic effects. She can dance, fence and box a little at a pinch. She is a good conversationalist, for out of the fund of memorized sentences there is always a ready and apt phrase turning up.

She reads the papers carefully, if only to hear of chances, and she has an unerring method of instantly detecting the real admirer of her ability from the common flatterer who hangs upon her skirts after and before performance.

Those who have risen to the brightness of stars and come and go continually have, in most cases, won an independence and often a recognition of their merits by their own smartness. It was once said by a prominent critic that none of the American actresses could be ladies on the stage. Some of them have married into good society, and preside over fashionable households with all the grace and refinement of real aristocrats. And there are no less than three in New York at present who are recognized literary stars, who have written successful plays, and who contribute regularly to the current literature of the country.

Mrs. Bowers, Mrs. Lander, Miss Heron and Miss Western, are all instances of indefatigable will and pluck, carrying their possessors from the lowest to the highest round of the dramatic ladder.

On the other hand, there are a number of young actresses in the city whose fair proportions and fascinating manners have not only ruined a great number of young men, but have all but ruined the women themselves. The flattery and temptation of the stage, its accessibility in this city to the young men of the clubs and the large Bohemian crowd, the carelessness and often enough the depravity of the managers, combine to render the neophyte's life upon the boards a peculiarly hazardous one. That so many of the girls pass through this ordeal un-

scathed and eventually become actresses of respectability and worth are owing more to their own earnestness and virtue than to any assistance they receive from the profession or encouragement from the public. Of late years a custom has grown up of sending presents of all kinds to favorite actresses. Bouquets, jewelry, and even money, are every night sent upon the boards by young men. The valuables are hidden generally in a bunch of tuberoses, to which a note is attached designating the recipient. Those who have watched these girls, when bouquets are flung to them, eagerly turn them over in search of the name will readily appreciate this when it is stated that on one stage at least two thousand dollars' worth of jewelry was conveyed to these women in bouquets last winter in one week. One prominent English actress during the same season received in the aggregate ten thousand dollars' worth of presents, many carried to her by the servants of married ladies and consisting of costly articles of toilet and ornament. As an offset to this, it must be remembered that the popularity of the prettiest girl is very evanescent. To-day she may be the pet of the parquette, and to-morrow a fresh face takes her place; and it may be that a knowledge of the uncertainty of their harvest has no small influence in actuating them to make hay while the sun shines. Still, the rule holds good, even with these people, that lightly won lightly held. They are seldom avaricious, spend money bounteously and give and lend on all occasions. One of the most notorious of American actresses, who died lately in Paris, during her last engagement in New York drove

her private coach and had her own footmen. On more than one occasion she drew up in Broadway and sent her purse to some miserable mendicant upon the sidewalk. What influence the New York actresses may have exerted, directly or indirectly, upon our society as a class would be an interesting study. Certainly they have done their share toward perpetuating the noblest histrionic records. Just as this volume goes to press two American artistes are on their way to this country from long Continental tours and a series of the most brilliant triumphs in all the capitals of Europe. Everywhere—in Italy, Germany, France and England—they have been received by the critical audiences of the Old World with an enthusiasm America could never have predicted. And here, in the ranks of private life, despite the prejudice against the profession, women are to be found every day of the finest culture and brightest endowments anxious to make a venture upon the lyric or histrionic stage. Indeed every winter brings us a crowd of *débutantes* from exclusive circles, and every season finds the ranks of the profession recruited by women who prefer this opportunity to exercise their talents to the dependent and precarious routines which society prescribes for independent women.

LIFE IN A FEMALE SEMINARY.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE OUTSIDE.

NEW YORK city is the great centre for female educational institutions, which profess to thoroughly educate young ladies and fit them for wives and mothers. Aside from the public institutions which are well known to the world, and which differ in no wise from similar ones throughout the country, save only in their extent, cost and magnificence, there are numerous private establishments or boarding-schools. They are mansion, family, parlor affairs, whichever you will, and are an outgrowth of that false aristocratic sentiment which imagines that young budding women of a certain class need an exclusive, tender, hot-house education to fit them to become the wives of men of wealth and position—to enable them to shine in the drawing-rooms of Fifth, Madison and Lexington avenues The young women of wealth who have the misfortune to attend these schools are treated as if they were made of a little better clay than the rest of the human family, and were therefore exempt from the ills to which flesh is heir. They are only taught the bright and sunny side of life—are educated to believe

VINNIE REAM, THE YOUNG SCULPTRESS.

that the highest ambition of woman should be to please the men, shine in fashionable circles and behave in a pretty, wax-doll manner.

Most of the fashionable boarding-schools of New York have the appearance—outside at least—of being family mansions of the better class. Indeed, in passing along the street, it is difficult to distinguish them from residences of the wealthy. They are situated on Madison avenue, on Murray Hill and cluster about Fifth avenue, all the way from Twelfth street to Central Park. Some of them are imposing brown-stone houses, and others are brick with sand-stone trimmings. Inside, the schools are fitted up in the most luxurious and costly manner—immense drawing-rooms, halls, dining-rooms, etc., and usually a school-room or chapel attached, in which the recitations take place. The young ladies' rooms are in the building, and have all the conveniences and comforts of home. Indeed, they are allowed to take their breakfasts "between the sheets," as George Augustus Sala would put it, if they feel so inclined. But of this more hereafter.

Not long ago a young gentleman of New York City formed the determination of investigating this "boarding-school" business for himself. He determined to penetrate into the secret of these establishments, as far as it was possible, and find out just how they were conducted. This was no small undertaking, as you may fancy. But he was equal to the emergency. He happened to have a young sister residing in a distant State, and he thought it would be a fine thing to educate her up to concert pitch. He determined to make "his sister" the

scapegoat to open all the doors of the fashionable boarding-schools in New York. He also determined to be very fastidious in his choice of schools, and to visit them all before he would make a selection. He searched out the streets and numbers of the most aristocratic schools in the city, and dressing himself in the latest style, even to kid gloves and a cane, he ordered a carriage and started out on his tour of inspection. Of course he only saw the outside of these establishments, but he found much which was interesting and valuable.

It is a fact no less curious than true that girls are sent from all parts of the United States to the city of New York to be educated. The very idea of a large city seems to have a fascination about it which draws to itself all that is fascinating. And yet it may well be doubted if there is a worse place in the world to study. Surrounded by ten thousand excitements, in the midst of thundering streets and clashing fire-bells, in a whirl of fashion, operas, balls and concerts, always being sought out by swarms of young men who buzz about a female boarding-school as flies do about a molasses tub, how can it be expected that the dear creatures can learn anything but the accomplishments and the arts of flirtation and coquetry? Let all parents who value the moral character and good common sense of their daughters educate them at home, or at least in the country.

That plebeian family, the people, who fill the ill-mannered public schools, have nothing to do with us for the present. We are seated at the dinner-table, where French and Italian are spoken as fluently as the mother tongue;

we are surrounded by all that art and science can contribute to luxury and comfort. We drive up to a large brick house on the top of Murray Hill, and, ascending the stone steps, ring the bell. A black servant in livery opens the door. It is the boarding-school of Mrs. Sylvanus Silvertop. An immensely long drawing-room at one side of the hall is splendidly furnished, and filled with rare oil paintings, the most of which represent scenes from the Bible. These are, indeed, very appropriate.

This school only has from thirty to forty young ladies. We ask for Mrs. Silvertop, wife of the Rev. Mr. Silvertop, who used to preach in Albany so many years ago, and shortly a little bustling lady comes into the parlor in full dress, even with a bonnet on. She can talk as fast as the arms of a windmill can turn:

"You have a sister to educate. I am glad to know it. We are not quite full, and I *could* accommodate one or two more young ladies. We have a very select circle of young ladies here, and I try to be a mother to all of them. You know, of course, the character of my school; it is the finest to be found in this city—strictly first-class. We spare neither pains nor expense to make it so. You can see the style of the house for yourself. Everything corresponds. The expenses for a year will amount to about one thousand dollars, not to mention shopping and the other bills of the young ladies. They can spend five thousand dollars a year if they wish, as there is nothing to hinder. Some young ladies, you know, have all the money they want and dress as extravagantly as they please, but I do not encourage it in them. In these

hard times I think we should study economy. French is the universally spoken language of the family, save a little while after dinner, at dessert. The very best teachers which can be procured in music, art, literature, French and Spanish are always at the disposal of the pupils.

"Oh no, it is not difficult by any means for a young gentleman to see a young lady who is going to school here. I treat them just the same as though they were in their fathers' houses. We have receptions every Friday, but gentlemen can call at any time if they have a note of introduction. We do not wish them to call too often, and no *gentleman* would do that.

"The discipline of the school is based upon those principles of Christian courtesy which are the foundation of all true order. I act as a mother to the young ladies, and take a vigilant care of their health and education. Now, if you think your sister would be pleased to come here, we shall be most happy to see her."

This was the outside of one school. We inquired as to the class of young ladies who attended this school.

"Oh, they are mostly the daughters of wealthy parents. It must be so, since the expenses are too high for common folks. Bankers, Wall street brokers, celebrated clergymen, successful politicians, governors, merchants, doctors and all first-class people send their daughters here. Some of them bring dressing-maids with them to wait upon them, but that is of rare occurrence. A plenty of servants are always provided in the house to do all needful work. Those young ladies who come from a distance

board in the house, but we have many day-scholars, who live at home."

Taking his hat, our hero bade Mrs. Silvertop "Good-day," promising to send his sister at once. He then drove to a large brown-stone palace on West Thirty-second street near Fifth avenue, known as the Princesses' Institute. It is a remarkably nice and select place, only twelve young ladies being boarders. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Prince are the principals. It is a little queer how many clergymen there are engaged in this business of cultivating the minds of young ladies. When clergymen do not stand at the head of these institutions we find madames, who have seen better days, or old maids who are in the habit of calling themselves "Misses So-and-So" on their cards and in their circulars. This little joke is all very well, but it has got to be so thin now that most of the world sees through it. But to return to the Princesses' Institute. The expenses at this institution range from seven to twelve hundred dollars a year, "according to habits," as it is called. If a young lady is in the habit of throwing away money, she can get rid of a good deal of it in the course of a year. There is no doubt about that, as many parents can testify. Some of the young ladies are taken at this institution when quite young, and remain in the family for ten years. Think of that, fathers and mothers who have lovely and interesting daughters! For ten long years you send them away from home to be entrusted to the care of strangers, that they may be educated fit to appear in society. For ten long years, with the exception of short vacations, you are

deprived of their love and society, their sparkling eyes and bewitching smiles. One might as well not have any children as to raise them for the market in this artificial and hot-house manner; for ten chances to one if they do not give their hearts and hands to some exquisite fellow or other before they leave the boarding-school, only graduating or eloping for the purpose of getting married. This is what it resolves itself into at the present day. A young girl is the most unfortunate of creatures. She has the period of nursery existence, the boarding-school existence and the married life, when she too often jumps out of the frying-pan into the fire.

The young ladies at the Princesses' Institute are not so perfectly miserable, we may suppose, during their long incarceration as some young girls are who are not so fortunate as to be fashionably educated. They are permitted to go to lectures and operas occasionally, at the desire of their parents. They are always sent off in close carriages to the Academy of Music, have reserved seats and enter the edifice by a private doorway. This is to avoid coming in contact with those male wolves in "store clothes" who are always hanging about such places, seeking whom they may devour. These "dear lambs" see enough of fashion at the great receptions which take place once in three, four or six weeks. When a new dress is to be made, a fashionable dressmaker is sent for and the garment is manufactured in the house. Round dancing is not allowed at this institution, but "dancing on the square," or square dances, are sometimes indulged in by the young ladies after dinner. At these times one of the misses plays the

piano, and Rev. Mr. Prince "calls off." As usual, French is the language of the family here, and the education of the young ladies is said to be very thorough. The young ladies of the boarding department are allowed to see their friends on Wednesday, after three o'clock P. M., and during the whole of Saturday. Gentlemen are only received on the first Wednesday evening of the month, and then they are required to bring a letter of introduction from the parents to Mrs. Prince. This is all very strict, you see, but men are not to be trusted, and there must be some means of protecting the ladies. But gentlemen sometimes do get into these boarding-schools without the formal letter of introduction. There are tricks in all trades, and love knows no bounds; it o'erleaps the highest walls, for walls cannot keep love out. We wouldn't give much for a young man's head of hair, however, if Mrs. Prince should find him in one of those "chambers of delight" which abound in her house.

On West Thirty-eighth street, two doors from Fifth avenue, there is another brown-stone palace, known as the Anglo-Saxon French and English school for young ladies. Here the girls are put through a course of physical, mental, moral and religious sprouts which is said to fit them for any position in life which they are likely to occupy. It is presumed beforehand that they will all marry well-to-do husbands, keep a carriage, have fine residences and give magnificent receptions. For such a life of struggle, hardship and deprivation a thorough education is very desirable. It can be had for about one thousand dollars a year, with French thrown in. The

house is warmed by means of hot-water furnaces, which give a large influx of fresh air and a bland, summer-like temperature the year round. Mrs. Anglo-Saxon says—and we take her word for it—that this school has for its objects thoroughness, physical culture, education of the moral sentiments, the unfolding of the social affections and a practical education. It may be safely presumed that this last does not include plain-sewing and bread-making. Modesty, tenderness and grace are cultivated. Good as far as it goes, for Heaven knows there is need enough of modesty in fashionable life, even among young ladies. As to the "tenderness," we really think there is quite enough of that already. Some young ladies are exceedingly tender, especially about the finger-tips and in the region of the heart, to say nothing in reference to brains. We would recommend that the cultivation of tenderness be abandoned for the present. Some people like tender things, however, and experience shows they are not able to stand much. The course of study at this school is substantially the same as that for boys. Much attention is paid to Latin and mathematics. The friends of the pupils can visit the school at all times.

With one more visit to a fashionable New York boarding-school we will finish. This is an institution where show and fashion reign supreme. It is an establishment for making money and acquiring a smattering of things. The young ladies are taught to dress and taught how to receive company. It is a sort of conservatory for birds of Paradise, for fire-flies and parrots. The length of one's trail is frequently the

all-engrossing subject of thought. The manners of the maids are stiff and pompous. This school—it is on West Thirty-eighth street—is a large and crowded establishment. The girls flock to it from all over like pigeons to a dove-cote. Madam Windermere instructs them in all polite knowledge, and if they do not improve it is because they have no capacity. The young ladies complain a great deal about the school-room, which contains no side windows, the light coming in from the top. This is decidedly unpleasant, as it cuts off all communication from the street, and there isn't the least bit of a chance to get up a flirtation with one's pocket-handkerchief or otherwise.

No public receptions are ever given at this school, and no company is allowed. Of all the awful creatures that could visit at Madam Windermere's, man is the most horrible. He is a bird of two legs, without feathers, if we accept the ancient philosopher's definition. Every Saturday the young ladies have to appear in full dress. This is for the purpose of giving them an airing, and teaching them manners. We descend to the drawing-room, and are received by Madam Windermere in person. The whole performance is said to be insufferably dull and uninteresting. The ladies can take no interest in it, since no gentlemen are present. They go through all the operations with a languid, listless air, and vote the reception a bore as soon as they escape to their rooms.

There is one other class of fashionable schools in the city which deserve a passing notice. These are for parlor-boarders, as they are called, where one or two special

studies are pursued. The young ladies attending them have no restrictions placed upon them whatever. They have full use of the parlors and can see all the company they wish. They are supposed to be of that age and discretion when knowledge is wisdom. Therefore they run no risks. Or if they receive the attentions of a gentleman, they do so with their eyes open and a full knowledge of the possible consequences. These schools, as might be expected, are popular and well patronized. But we think a more sensible way would be to keep one's daughter at home and employ a tutor. Parlor-boarding in New York sometimes makes sad work with hearts as well as heads. All young ladies who indulge in it run great risks of getting married. And if there should be "a man in the house," who can tell whether or not the old folks at home would shut the door upon him?

We might notice a score of other fashionable boarding-schools in New York, but they present nearly the same features. Besides, we are anxious to take a pass inside of them, which we will now proceed to do.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE INSIDE.

A FASHIONABLE education at the present day unfits both men and women for the practical realities of life, but especially does it produce disastrous effects upon the latter, for when a woman once leaves school and enters upon the duties of housekeeping or the rounds of dissipation common to life among the wealthy, her book-knowledge is soon forgotten, and she ceases to acquire more. Besides, there is little to ever call it into use afterward, unless misfortune throws her upon her own resources. With men the case is a different one. They cannot engage successfully in any business unless they have a proper knowledge of it, and if they do not receive this at the boarding-school or college, then they can turn to some special business college or go into business with a gentleman who has had a long experience in it.

The very foundation-idea of a fashionable education for women, as carried out in the New York boarding-schools and elsewhere, is wrong. We boldly proclaim that it ruins women, mentally, morally and socially. It robs them of half the attributes of womanhood; it leaves them defenceless, and therefore they are weak and easily be-

come a prey to the enemy; it keeps them children when they should be full-grown women; it feeds them on literary trash and academical sweetmeats when they need nourishing, solid food; it regards them as of a peculiar sex, and therefore gives them a sexual education; it takes the theory that men admire grace, beauty, dress, good taste, a childlike innocence and accomplishments; therefore it attempts to teach them manners, French, Italian, the art of talking without saying anything, music, and a host of other fal-de-ral, which might do very well if this world was an Eden and all the people in it angels. Whatever the women of this world may be, it is an unfortunate fact that many of the men are no better than they ought to be. The tables have been turned since Eve tempted the man to sin: Adam now tempts Eve. The folly of wedding angels with men is apparent on the face of things. If we bring up our girls to be such pretty, sweet, innocent creatures, we should bestow the same care upon the boys, for in the end the two will find each other out.

So, then, the long and the short of it is, girls are educated in New York to make women which shall please the eyes of men—women who shall satisfy their desires and passions. Not women to be wives and helpmates in the true sense of the word, but creatures for the use of men, or to shine in drawing-rooms, attract attention on the promenade or become the centre of an admiring circle in society. This is the modern woman — the modern wife. And what better could we expect from the girl of the period? Aha! my dear sir, she is no myth,

but may be your daughter, your sister or your sweet cousin.

Don't imagine the girls are all fools if they have been graduated at a fashionable boarding-school at an expense of two thousand dollars a year! The argus eye of Madam Watch'em was not always quick enough to detect the sly glances cast at her pupils in omnibus or coach, at the church or theatre. Miss knows how to interpret them, even if her eyes are steadily fixed upon the white and gold altar-cloth, or if she coughs behind her fan. Even the dark-faced, grave, venerable African, who stands at the hall-door and bows the people out and in, has his gay moments, when he pinches Belle and Ida under the ribs—on the sly, of course. They rather like it than otherwise, the same as women are fond of watching monkeys at the zoological gardens. The gas burns dim in the hall, and there isn't the least chance of being discovered. Besides, Jim is the only man about the house. Even a black one is better than nothing!

The young men of the present day are not so gallant as they were in the days of Romeo and Juliet, when Romeo scaled high walls and listened to the nightingale on Juliet's balcony. The silken ladder of fiction has gone out of use; in fact, it couldn't be used now-a-days, with burglar alarms on all the windows and policemen on the sidewalks. Such is the unromantic turn affairs have taken in New York.

A husband being the central idea of female education in New York, females are educated accordingly. They are gotten up expressly for the use of their husbands,

and for no other purpose. To this end they play the piano. And here a door is opened through which a good deal of the gay life of the world enters; we might almost say the wicked life. How should it be otherwise? Music-teachers are quite human; indeed, they are apt to have all the weaknesses of their sex: soft hands, soft brains, soft hearts, ready for any fate. They not only teach music, but whisper love, and practice lip osculation, and look unutterable things with the eyes, and display their forms to the best of advantage—all with the intention of producing an impression upon the heart of their pupil. A correspondence is also often carried on, and they frequently act as a medium of communication between the miss mewed up in the parlor and the lovesick swain sighing on the door-step.

Beware of the girl with the drooping eyelids, who casts down her eyes before strangers and talks in whisper. She is wiser in worldly wisdom than she seems. She is in a passive condition, waiting to be acted upon. She knows how to play the part of soft putty to perfection, and she thus holds out the invitation for some man to come and mould her over to suit himself. He has but to propose after the approved fashion and she will whisper, "Yes." She will even go farther than that, if need be, to suit him. There is danger in this placid, smooth stream of water. It may be very still, but it runs deep.

Beware of the girl with the Grecian bend. It does not always indicate a lack of the phosphate of lime in the spinal column, but it does indicate a feminine design

FEMALE SEMINARIES—SCHOOL GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

to produce an impression upon the heart of some young man. It is a signboard displayed for the express purpose of being read by all men. Women who bend so easily in the back are apt to bend just as easy in other directions, and when the conscience takes on a Grecian bend it is to be deplored; nothing but marriage will save it.

Beware of the girl who displays so much dress it is difficult to tell her from a milliner or a fashion lay-figure. Over-dressing is as bad as undressing. Both extremes flourish at our boarding-schools. The rule seems to be, if a girl is not attractive, make her so with muslin, silk and lace. If she is attractive, let the world know it, and display as much of her person as possible. Ah! such white hands! so delicate and small! A man could crush them both in one of his as easily as if they were made of wax. Two such little feet! Why, both of them could be put into a man's boot. Such a wealth of hair! if it is not false it is worth possessing. Such teeth! whiter than snowdrops or pearls. And such lips! as red as the rosy side of a peach. Good Heavens! to fancy such a woman knowing anything about this wicked world or how men are all gay deceivers! I'll marry her, but will never whisper to her how I have broken the hearts of half a dozen other girls, each as good as she is, and possessing every needed virtue, only they were in the humbler walks of life.

The girls who come to New York to be educated belong to wealthy families. This is a fact, *per se*, since no poor man can afford to send his daughter to such

schools of extravagance and foolishness. Their fathers occupy all sorts of high stations in life—politicians, merchants, clergymen, bankers, railroad men, judges, lawyers, brokers, inventors, speculators, etc. Only money is needed to open the doors of the seminary and place all on a footing. No matter how the money was made; no matter what the antecedents of the parties may have been; no matter who the mother was or what the father is, if only there is money, it is all right. It may be the daughter of a hotel-keeper, of a member of the prize-ring, of a gambler, of the street-cleaner, of a quack doctor. Fancy one's sister in such a crowd of black sheep! Fancy mingling with such high-toned families and shoddy aristocrats! But they come from all over the country and live together in one house, much after the fashion of the Mormons or the inmates of tenement-houses.

And then the French master is introduced, and the teacher of Italian, and the drawing-teacher, and the painter in oils, and the professor of vocal music. All these men may be very polite and dress exceedingly fine; but a man may have a ruffle on his shirt and be a vain man, or he may smile and smile, and be a villain still. Beware of all these teachers who infest our boarding-schools and get up elopements and steal young ladies' hearts. We haven't a particle of confidence in them, and had just as soon risk our daughters at a boys' college. It is a fact that at Vassar College, at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, they will not allow any male professors who are not married; and they must have their wives with them.

The trustees of this college have studied human nature, and do not believe, with the poet, that

> "Man wants but little here below,
> Nor wants that little long."

They know most men will take what they can get.

Perhaps the most curious thing about female education in New York is the fact that while the girls are taught to please the men and made to understand that marriage is the sole end and aim of their lives, yet the teachers of all these schools profess to have a great horror of the male sex generally. Men are treated as if they were sharks with their mouths wide open. It is our opinion that they are a harmless set of porpoises, who go tumbling about, splashing the water and having a good time. They are a jolly set of fellows, in for a little fun. Why these boarding-school mistresses should dread them so it is difficult to see. We suspect many of them have come up old maids, and the rest have had unfortunate husbands, or, perhaps we should say, unfortunate matrimonial experiences. If everybody, like the famous Brignoli, only belonged to the Eunuch Society!—but then everybody don't.

Men being regarded with horror, the receptions at these boarding-schools are very formal and peculiar affairs. To get inside of the house we must bring a formal introduction from the parents of the pupil, with an explicit statement of how many times they may call during the season. Even then it will not do to go too often, or to stay too long, or to say too much. We will say that the reception begins at eight o'clock of a Wed-

nesday evening. Before this hour the girls have all been dressed in their best clothes and sent into the back parlor or library, where they sit down in long rows, like bachelors' buttons or tulips in a flower-bed. They are caged up like hot-house plants or canary birds, and are therefore made to look at. The guests, as they arrive, are received in the front parlor. "Who do you wish to see, sir?" asks the stately and towering matron of sixty-five or seventy, trigged out in satins and laces. "Miss Gracie Gates, daughter of Hon. Peter Gates," is the humble reply. "In a few moments, sir. Please wait until she comes. Amuse yourself with looking at the photographs or other works of art. Gracie has had one or two calls this evening, and I must not let her come out too soon. We have to limit the girls in these things, you know. We find it absolutely necessary. There are so many young men in New York who are anxious to make the acquaintance of my pupils that I have to put my foot down. Excuse me; there comes a man to see Miss Cobb."

The stately form addresses herself to another man, and we lean up against the marble mantel, where we can look into the back parlor and catch the eye of Miss Gates. She smiles, bows, doubles up her little white fist and shakes it meaningly at the stately form which has just left us. At this the other girls smile and blush, and some of them bow, for if the man with his back to the mantel is a friend of Gracie's, he is a good fellow, appreciates the situation and can be trusted. One or two fellows, more venturesome than the rest, with one eye on the stately form, venture to cross the threshold of the

back parlor and shake hands with all the pretty girls they can get hold of. The moment the stately form turns her head he dodges back and the mice stop playing. How can they enjoy themselves while such green cat's eyes are looking upon them? Some music is announced, and while it is being thumped out of a couple of pianos everybody is expected to keep perfectly still, with one eye on the pedal. As soon as it is finished a general clapping of hands takes place—not so much because the audience was charmed, but because it is finished.

The madam now crooks her finger to Gracie, and Miss Gates comes out to meet us. "Just five minutes, remember!" the stately form whispers in her ear. "You are having more than your share to-night." "Oh, Mr. Blank," says Gracie, "I'm so glad you came to see me! But we must talk very fast. At half-past nine we are all sent off to our rooms. You'll see us go filing through this parlor and the hall like Indians on a trail. Indeed, we are treated very much as if we were little savages. Isn't it a downright shame that she keeps us all mewed up in that back parlor? Now some of the girls haven't had a call to-night, and they won't have, because there is nobody in the city to call on them. You see, they come from Canada and the Far West, and have no relatives near here. If they could only be allowed to come out and mingle with the rest of the folks, how nice and sensible it would be! There's May Mallows won't have a body to come and see her to-night. I'd like to introduce her to you, but the madam will not allow it. I am sure if you are good enough to be my friend you are good

enough to be May's. Now, May Mallows and Kittie Lee and Julia Armstrong and Minnie Walters will all have a hearty cry to-night, when they get to their rooms, just because they are so homesick and there is no one to call and see them. I can tell you, we are treated in a most shameful manner, if madam is so smiling and everything looks so nice and grand about her. There, my five minutes are up. Be sure and come to see me at the next reception; I shall depend upon it. And do send me a letter, and a pound of candy and a basket of fruit. Good-bye. Don't forget!"

Back she goes into the horrible back parlor. We take our hat and bid the stately form "Good-night." "Going so soon, Mr. Blank?" "Business calls," we reply, only too glad to get out of the false and stifling air of a New York boarding-school, where young women are trained instead of being educated.

CHAPTER XLIX.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.

IT may well be doubted if any other city in the Union can boast of so many well-educated physicians as New York. Some of these have an extensive and well-paying general practice which brings them in a handsome income, while others do a more moderate business. There is hardly any being so well worthy of our admiration as a highly-educated, accomplished, sensible lady. Perhaps one reason of this is that we so seldom meet with them. Like a diamond of great price, they are very valuable when found.

The time was, and that not long ago, either, when the idea of a woman becoming a physician was laughed and hooted at as the most astonishing and absurd thing imaginable. And we confess that there is something rather startling in the idea to a sensitive man that if he happens to make the acquaintance of a female "saw-bones" she is able, with her physiological and anatomical eyes, to look through and through his body as if it was made of glass. She knows just how many vertebræ there are in his spinal column; she can read a red nose like a book, and is able to account for dark or white rings under the eyes. If his hands tremble or his knees shake—and

they sometimes do early in the morning—she can divine the cause.

Then her finger has an eye in the end of it. Let her place it for a moment upon the wrist of a man and she will be able to diagnose his case at once. What man's heart would beat any slower with a pretty woman's finger on his wrist? But lady physicians do not doctor men? you exclaim. Why not? What is there to hinder? Aren't they obliged to go when called for? And hasn't a gentleman a perfect right to have a female M. D. if he sees fit? What is sauce for the goose ought to be for the gander, and we are sure gentlemen doctors attend the ladies.

But the times are changing wonderfully in this the nineteenth century. Hereafter, it seems, we are to have women-doctors for women, and men-doctors for men. We have just as much confidence in the judgment of a well-educated woman as we have in half of the medical students who are annually graduated from the colleges of this country. The female physicians of New York have superior advantages for acquiring an education and an extensive practice. There are several colleges founded especially for them, and all the hospitals are open to them. In some of the colleges the men and women attend the lectures together, as in the homœopathic and hydropathic. Then there are colleges exclusively for women as there are for men. We doubt if women have, as yet, ever been admitted into any of the great and regular allopathic colleges—such as the College of Physicians and Surgeons, the Bellevue Medical College and the University Medical College. All the women we ever

saw in these institutions were either there as patients or as subjects on the dissecting-table—the latter being dead, of course.

It is our idea that a woman-doctor should be put through, in all particulars, the same course as men. Let her hear all the lectures, know the worst of everything, and be able to perform capital surgical operations, such as amputating an arm, leg, or extracting a ball from a gunshot wound. If a woman puts M. D. to her name and hangs out her shingle, she can never tell what emergency may arise when all of her experience and knowledge will be put to the test. If a man falls and breaks his leg in front of her house, or is run over by an omnibus at the next block, she ought to be able, in the absence of any one else, to set his limb, reducing the fracture in a scientific and workmanlike manner. There are some women in New York who can do this, but only a few. For the most part, the majority of them attend only to theory and practice; they devote their attention to children and the complaints of their own sex. This is very proper and exceedingly appropriate. If any class of persons need a medical or physiological education, it is women.

The human family is deplorably ignorant of all that pertains to self. "The proper study of mankind is man." Yet no other study is so much neglected. How many men can tell on which side the liver is located; what the connection is between the stomach and the brain; why there is a pulsation at the wrist, the side of the stomach; or where the kidneys are located? We may add that the

same profound ignorance, only in a greater degree, prevails among women. This is deplorable, since the mothers of the race should also be the nurses and the teachers. The results of this ignorance are seen in the untimely death of so many infants, in some instances the percentage being nearly fifty before they reach two or three years of age. If women knew more about themselves, they would not so outrage their persons in the shape of tight corsets, thin dresses, high-heeled boots, enamel for the face, bare arms, trailing skirts, thin-soled shoes, late suppers, inordinate dancing, late hours, and many other dissipations which might be named.

The female physicians of New York form a distinct class by themselves. They are professional women, and get their living as such. Sometimes they have doctors for husbands, and not unfrequently both are called in consultation over the same case. More commonly, however, they are widowed or maiden ladies. They are obliged to study long and hard to fit themselves for the positions they occupy, and the exactions of their profession leave them little time for anything else. Thus they often become overworked—have an anxious and careworn look, which we do not like to see upon the brow of a woman. Business swallows up all their other enjoyments, and stamps itself in unmistakable characters upon their faces. This is only with those who have a large practice and many important cases. But as a reward for their labor they reap a handsome harvest of greenbacks and live in elegantly-furnished brown-stone palaces. Some of them keep carriages and drivers. Thirty-fourth street

seems to be a favorite locality for well-to-do doctors of both sexes; and if one cares to go from end to end of it, he will discover the signs of a large number of female physicians. The annual income of some of these is from ten to fifty thousand dollars a year, while others earn only enough to pay their expenses and get a comfortable living.

There are but a very few allopathic lady physicians. As a rule, they do not take naturally to blue mass, capsicum, Dover's powder, cantharides and castor oil. They hate saddle-bags and stinking drugs. The little white pills and the high attenuations of the homœopathic school have a charm for them. This method of medicine is so neat and so safe. If one doesn't do any good, very little harm is done, at least. To be sure, the mother tinctures are a little strong, and some of them are powerful poisons, but then belladonna and aconite are never given in the mother tincture. A drop of this fearful stuff must be put in a thousand drops of water, and one drop of that treated in the same way, and so on an indefinite number of times. Then, if the patient dies, no chemist will ever be able to detect poison in the stomach, and so send the physician to jail or the gallows for malpractice. As homœopathic physicians the ladies are just as successful as the gentlemen. And as a method of cure for children perhaps nothing could be better. Most cases of sickness only need to be left to themselves and Nature will effect a cure. It is the officious meddling of doctors which peoples our cities of the dead with human beings sent to their long homes before their time comes.

There was once a hydropathic or water-cure college in New York, which ground out a large number of female physicians annually. At this college the women wore short dresses, like those invented by Mrs. Bloomer and patronized by Dr. Mary Walker. They also wore their hair cut short in the neck or flowing down their backs; they boarded themselves and dieted on vegetables and bran bread. In a dingy hall on Sixth avenue they assembled day after day to hear the virtues of cold water extolled and other systems of medicine denounced. They handled skulls as empty as their own, and pawed over the boxes of leg and finger bones; they looked at charts which displayed all the parts of the human body, outside and inside, as large as life; and they practiced auscultation on each other's lips and chests, to perfect themselves in that branch of the healing art. They were taught how to give warm-water emetics, how to put people into wet-sheet packs and how to foment their stomachs with hot flannels. This class of female physicians never give any medicine, since they have no faith in the contents of drug-stores. And, as it is difficult to take a watering establishment around with them, we may safely conclude they never reach a very large practice.

Do ladies learning to be doctors, dissect? you ask. Certainly they do. How else could they get an accurate knowledge of anatomy? They are as fond of picking men to pieces with forceps and scalpel as the men are fond of cutting up women into ribbons. This is natural, and quite to be expected. What could be more charming in the eyes of a scientific man than a well-formed, beau-

MRS. BLOOMER IN COSTUME.

tiful woman on the table before him, with rounded limbs and delicate outlines, looking more as if in a natural sleep than that of death? The subjects for the dissecting-room are seldom of this character, however, unless somebody has been particularly fortunate at body-snatching. They are too often the poor, unfortunate, outcast paupers or criminals of the world, who die in the public institutions or upon the streets, or in some wretched hole of an attic or a garret. These bare bodies, present anything but an inviting appearance. They are often horrible to look upon—deformed, maimed, eaten up with disease, emaciated for the want of food. They come packed like swine, in boxes or barrels, and sometimes are frozen as stiff as a side of beef in midwinter.

How must a woman delight to cut up the body of a powerful and well-formed man! See his brawny arms, his large chest, his rounded trunk, his well-trained limbs, nicely fitted to his body—the perfection of grace and strength. Ah! many a woman who studies medicine does so just for the opportunity of cutting up such a glorious specimen of humanity. Ladies usually have separate dissecting-rooms, where parties of three or four engage upon one subject—Ida taking half of the chest, with the right arm and corresponding side of the face: Isabella taking the other side; Jane taking one leg and half of the trunk, and Alice taking the other side. If there are any choice titbits, these are shared equally by the whole.

The first sensation of putting a knife into a dead body —isn't it something awful? The anticipation of it is, but

the reality is not half so bad as it seems. To peel the cuticle from one's arm is much like taking the skin from an orange; to cut open one's heart with a bright and sharp knife is not half so bad as it is to break it with trifling in one's lifetime; to peep into a man's chest and see what he carries underneath his vest is almost as interesting as it is to examine some foreign views in a stereoscope. There is nothing like getting used to a thing, and ladies as well as gentlemen can do it if only they make up their minds. As the sister of Mrs. Dombey said to her while on her deathbed, "If you will only make an effort, Fanny, you can get well."

Many female physicians devote themselves to special practice. They attend to peculiar cases, such as all married women, and some single ones, are liable to. Some of these are called accoucheurs. They have houses of their own, and receive patients, during confinement, beneath their roofs. They ask no question who a woman may be or where she comes from, so long as the money to pay expenses is forthcoming. A very large business of this kind is done in New York, and we are sorry to say that many of the customers are unfortunate girls from the country who have been betrayed by their pretended lovers. Coming to the great and thundering city, they hope to hide their shame in some establishment provided for the purpose. As the world already knows, one of the finest residences on Fifth avenue was built by a female physician (if we may call her such) who devoted her attention to this class of cases. Even now she has an office in the basement of her house, with a side entrance,

through which women can be seen going at all hours of the day and night.

Such is a brief glimpse at the female doctors of New York. The only peculiarity about them is, that they are professional women and look upon men with an eye to business.

CHAPTER L.

STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.

STRONG-MINDED women are a modern institution, and a dozen years ago hardly one female could be found in the city of New York who would openly acknowledge that she was strong-minded—using the word in its popular sense. But there are large numbers at the present time who would not only acknowledge that they were such, but glory in it.

The term "strong-minded" has been applied to those females who are anxious to vote and take an active part in the politics of the period. Since the war the champions of the woman's suffrage movement have worked laboriously, and doubtless in good faith, for proselytes to their peculiar views, and have certainly succeeded in creating a considerable stir in the public mind and converting many to a belief in their doctrines.

The prime mover and leader, organizer and general manager of the woman's suffrage movement is Miss Susan B. Anthony, whose name is well known throughout the United States, and whose face will be also, if she continues to travel as much in the future as she has done in the past.

Miss Anthony is of Quaker descent. She was born in

the little town of South Adams, Massachusetts. At an early age she was brought by her parents to live in Monroe county, New York State, a few miles from Rochester. The early years of her life were passed in teaching school, for which vocation, by appearance and natural gifts, she was well qualified. After that she became a female reformer, for many years lecturing first on temperance and then on anti-slavery. She was one of the strongest Abolitionists before and during the war, and was the prime mover and originator of the "Woman's Loyal League," which was inaugurated during the late struggle, and succeeded in arousing the patriotism of the women of America. When slavery was abolished in the United States, Miss Anthony turned her attention to the subject of suffrage for women, and her chief and almost only wish at the present time is to vote herself, and see that the women of the country have the same privilege. She is a very earnest, hard-working, strong-minded woman, and has the appearance of being entirely sincere in her opinions. She is radical in religion as well as in politics, and it is very probable some of her social and domestic views would shock many good orthodox and sensitive souls.

Miss Anthony is a tall, slender lady, and not beautiful. Her cheek bones are high and prominent; her face thin; she wears spectacles, and has the look of one who possesses a great deal of determination and is thoroughly self-reliant. She is a forcible though not elegant writer, and represents the executive and business power of the woman's movement. As an organizer of meetings, a

"drummer"-up of money, she has few, if any, equals among the sterner sex. She is the proprietor of the *Revolution*, a weekly paper, and the organ of the strong-minded females of the country.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton is quite as well known as Miss Anthony. She is the ablest writer of the woman's rights champions, and as a speaker for the cause is in much demand.

Mrs. Stanton is the daughter of Judge Cady, and a native of Johnstown, New York. At twenty she was married to Mr. Henry B. Stanton, a young lawyer; soon after her marriage she went to reside at Seneca Falls. New York, stopping there for fourteen years. It was at this place that she first felt an interest in the woman's movement, and where she made her first speech. She became acquainted with Mrs. Bloomer (the first lady to adopt the short skirt), Lucy Stone, Elizabeth Dalles Smith, Antoinette L. Brown, Abby Kelly Foster, Ernestine L. Rose, Frances D. Gage, and nearly all of the female reformers of the period. She was a good speaker from the start, possessing an easy and graceful delivery, and manners that were at once winning and captivating with all. Since her first speech at Seneca Falls she has been one of the most earnest workers in the cause of woman's enfranchisement.

Mrs. Stanton is a medium-sized woman, inclined to *embonpoint*. Her face wears a cheerful, resigned expression, and she frequently expresses the belief that if things are not as they ought to be now, they will be all right in the golden future, when women shall have the right to

vote. Her hair is prematurely white, and clusters in curls about a well-shaped forehead. Her manners are very pleasing, and she is probably the most popular of all the "strong-minded women," at least among the disbelievers in the cause. She has a large family of boys and girls, one or two of her sons being full-grown and engaged in professional pursuits. Mrs. Stanton lives in the city during the winter, and in the summer-time resides at Finafly, a little village of New Jersey. She is the editor of the *Revolution* and the president of the "Woman's Suffrage Association."

The headquarters of the strong-minded women in New York is the "Woman's Bureau," located at No. 49 East Twenty-third street. It is one of a row of brown-stone buildings, and was purchased by a Miss Phelps, a lady of wealth and a late convert to the women's rights doctrines. The whole of the first floor is occupied by the offices of the *Revolution.* The rooms are finely furnished and evince the taste of woman in their various arrangements. Brussels carpets are on the floors and pictures and fine engravings adorn the walls.

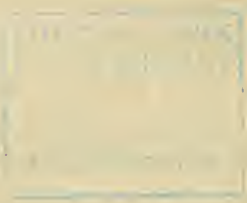
The parlors are on the second story of the building, and are very tastefully furnished, and are used as a temporary art gallery. The upper story of the house is to be soon converted into a permanent gallery for the reception of pictures and works of statuary. The *Revolution* department represents the "Woman's Suffrage Bureau," presided over by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Miss Anthony presides over the Art Department, while Miss Phelps superintends what little there is of the

Working Woman's Bureau. There is a library and a reading-room connected with the establishment. Every week meetings of the Woman's Suffrage Bureau are held at this house, where the "cause" is discussed pro and con, poems recited, essays read and a certain amount of mutual admiration indulged in. Among the many ladies who are interested in the Woman's Suffrage movement, and who may occasionally be seen at the Woman's Bureau meetings, are Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, Rev. Mrs. Olympia Brown (a Universalist preacher), Mrs. Dr. Brown, Mrs. Dr. Lozier, Mrs. Mary L. Booth and the late convert to the female suffrage ranks, who embodies much beauty and a deal more liveliness—Miss Olive Logan, a retired actress and popular magazine writer.

There is another branch of women who may be called strong-minded, but who do not altogether affiliate with the Anthony-Stanton party—the ladies of "Sorosis." These ladies, it would seem, lay less stress on voting, but believe more in personal improvement and practical work for the amelioration of the wrongs of their sex. True, many of them want to vote, but voting is not to them the panacea for every difficulty, nor yet the balm for every wound.

Mrs. D. G. Croly (the wife of the managing editor of the *World*), better known as "Jennie June," was one of the originators of "Sorosis." She has been a popular writer of sketches for the magazines and papers for many years past, and is at present the editress of Madame Demorest's Fashion Magazine. She is a little under the medium size; has light, curly hair and eyes of the ten-

MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY.



derest blue. She is nervous in manner, quick of speech and very amiable. Her house is frequently the scene of pleasant literary reunions.

Alice and Phœbe Cary, the sweet singers whose poëms every one has read, are members of "Sorosis." Miss Phœbe Cary is a short, plump, full-faced lady, about forty years of age. Her hair and eyes are dark, very dark. She writes many humorous poems, and is inclined to punning. Her sister, on the contrary, is a delicately-built lady, and has never been in robust health. Though not handsome, her face is an interesting one on account of the look of sadness it always seems to wear.

Among the other members or sympathizers in the Sorosis" Female Club may be mentioned Kate Field, a lively lady, highly accomplished, the daughter of Mr. James M. Field, the actor, now deceased; Mrs. Mary C. Ames, the Washington correspondent of the *Independent;* Madam Octavia Walton le Vert, well known as a Southern authoress of repute, who once lived in Mobile, Alabama, but whose residence is now in New York. "Fanny Fern" (Mrs. James Parton) is also an attendant at the meetings. She is a lady over whose head more than fifty summers have come and gone, but whose heart is as young as a girl's. She is lively and animated in conversation, and is noted for being quite as independent in her actions as she is in her writings.

CHAPTER LI.

HOMES OF THE POOR.

A VERY large number of wealthy persons have embarked in the tenement-house trade in New York city, and have ventured large capital in it, knowing that from the manner in which such houses are at present conducted it is a paying speculation; and it is estimated that more than seventy-five per cent. of the population of New York are at present living in tenement-houses—that is, houses in which reside three or more families. This ratio appears very large, but it is nevertheless true, and is the result of various causes. The poorer classes cannot afford house rent, and are obliged to resort to the tenant-house; and the middle class have latterly been obliged to do the same; consequently few but the higher and wealthier citizens can afford to keep a house to themselves.

Circumstances incident to the growth and commerce of this city nearly blotted out the private residences of the middle classes in the community, and with the loss of that class of domestic houses the people that have been driven from them to the common tenant-house have become assimilated to the poorer classes, from which the almshouse, the hospitals and dispensaries are filled.

When the old homesteads began to disappear, the astute owners and agents of property saw that great profits would be realized by the conversion of houses and blocks into "barracks," and dividing their space into the smallest proportions capable of containing human life within four walls. Thus did the tenant-house system become a speculation, and the speculators have succeeded in making of it an "institution" unparalleled in any of the other great maritime cities of the world.

In order to derive the greater profit, the keepers of the lower class of tenement-houses have so arranged them that little room, no ventilation, foul air and bad odors are the equivalents the tenant receives for his rent. The people are crowded almost to suffocation in these "pens," which are commonly structures in which live a dense mass of human beings, many of them occupying the one room, carrying on therein their daily work, and often the daily routine of eating, drinking, sleeping, cooking, washing and fighting. In many of the rooms the light is very bad, and yet girls try to sew there; consequently their sight becomes weakened and is sometimes totally destroyed. The water-closets, if any, are put up somewhat in the style of stalls, but not with the same regard to ventilation and cleanliness. They have no doors to preserve any decency of feeling, and are so situated—close to the entrance of the house—that the deadly miasmata penetrate through the entire building, and are a prolific source of obdurate and fatal maladies of a diarrhœal and febrile nature.

The evils arising from overcrowding these houses are

many, both physical and moral; and it must be accepted as a fact that the sanitary wants and the social evils of the city have become centralized in the tenant-house districts, for where no better precautions are taken against disease or epidemics, sickness and disease must have their sway; and where so many of the different sexes, of various temperaments and passions, associate together, the bad will make others bad, and example will demoralize more. In many of the houses women of well-known bad repute live in the room next that occupied by some honest family with hard-working daughters. The dress, the ease, the idleness of the bad woman have their own bad effect, and meeting such as she and her companions constantly on the stairways or in the alleys, throws temptations in the way of the poor working-girl, and the vile conversation she hears around adds to the danger; and in many instances her fall is certain, and when it occurs may be charged to the account of the tenant-houses and of the owners who derive their large incomes from these nests of pestilence, of poverty, temptation and want. The sanitary surroundings have their own brutalizing effects, so that at once becomes apparent the necessity for reform —not as a benefit to one district alone, but to the city at large, which must gain or lose, more or less, by the sanitary condition of its several sections. To individuals and communities health is an invaluable boon—equally valuable to the rich and to the poor. Its influence extends not only to the social and moral condition of the individual, but to society at large, and public health becomes a public blessing.

Many of the bad tenement districts of the city are almost in the same overcrowded condition as they were ten years ago. The alleys may be cleaner and the houses whitewashed, but there yet exists the same room for improvement in the way of ventilation, light and sewerage. The famous Rotten Row, in the neighborhood of Grand street, consists of bad, dilapidated houses. Rag-pickers' Row, off Second street, may be placed in the same category. The classic Murderer's alley, near Baxter street, is not one shadow improved; its rows of houses are worse-looking and more shaky than ever, and the alley, which allows five feet of room as a passage for the occupants of each row, presents to-day a view as distressing as could be imagined, and could not have been worse ten or more years ago.

The Fourth Ward is, as regards its sanitary condition and its number of human packing-houses, as bad, if not worse than it ever was. In a moral view it presents a hideous spectacle. Here the poor, honest, hard-working men and women and their children are placed in the close neighborhood of vice of every kind—unlicensed and unbridled prostitution and thieving. There are at the present moment very nearly five hundred tenement-houses in the ward, and the police state that there is scarcely one of them in which cannot be found a prostitute or a family of thieves and pickpockets. How many children will grow up in those haunts honest men and women? Some houses in the ward are devoted completely to vice and wickedness. Especially is this the case in Water street, where numbers of the most abandoned women occupy

small shanties, and in some instances six and eight of them sleep, eat, drink and carry on their orgies in a small, dark, dingy and foul-smelling basement.

In Cherry street, in the lots at or near Nos. 36 and 38, are two alleys, one of which is called Gotham court, in which are situated two of the largest tenement-houses in the city. To give a faithful description of these places would be beyond the power of the pen. The ground covered measures thirty-four feet wide in front and rear, and two hundred and thirty-four feet long, and the building is five stories high. On the north it is contiguous to a large tenant-house fronting on Roosevelt; on the west an alley, nine feet wide, separates it from a similar structure, forming part of the "court;" on the east another alley, seven feet wide, divides it from the rear of a number of houses in Roosevelt street. In the basement of this building are the "necessary houses," which are reached from the hall by a ladder, the foot of which rests on the slimy floor of an unoccupied cellar, full of every kind of refuse. One cannot possibly approach this place without being soiled in the most offensive manner, and this, too, in the day-time; at night the total darkness renders it more dangerous, and many of the tenants therefore deposit all kinds of refuse-matter in pails, which are kept in their rooms and afterward emptied into the street. The system adopted for cleansing the necessary houses is totally insufficient; and this is evident to the visitor, who can easily perceive a distinct odor as high up as the third floor. The contents of these places are discharged into subterranean drains or sewers,

which run through each alley and communicate with the external atmosphere by a series of grated openings, through which fetid exhalations are continually arising. These openings receive the drainage of the buildings, besides the refuse-matter which is not too bulky to pass through the gratings—a bordering of disgusting filth frequently surrounding them.

This structure contains twelve principal divisions, each having a common staircase communicating with ten domiciles, making one hundred and twenty tenements in all. Each tenement consists of two rooms, the largest of which is fourteen feet eight inches long, nine feet six inches wide, and eight feet four inches high. The smaller, having the same length and height, is eight feet six inches wide. The two apartments together are estimated to contain one thousand nine hundred and fifty-five and a half cubic feet. Each room has one small window. The doors leading from the landings are contiguous to the wall in which these windows are situated, so that it is impossible for a current of air to pass through the rooms under any circumstances. On visiting in company with Mr. Halliday, the efficient Superintendent of the Five Points' House of Industry, it was stated there were no fewer than two hundred families residing on the premises. Of the entire number of tenements, but few, very few, were found in a condition approaching cleanliness. The entire establishment swarms with vermin, and house-bugs are on the most familiar terms with the occupants, as their faces and hands plainly tell.

About thirty per cent. of the inhabitants are, it is

stated, suffering from diseases of a more or less serious character. The tenants hail from every portion of the globe, and follow almost every known and conceivable business. Tailoring is carried on in about twelve of the tenements. The others are occupied by honest working men and their families, and by thieves, beggars, organ-grinders, *nymphs du pave* and many others of a somewhat similar calling. Children are here in numbers, many of them victims of disease; and it is a sad spectacle to witness the attenuated forms, the sunken eyes, the pinched and withered faces of the little patients, young in years but old in suffering, who are the prey of infantile marasmus and the victims of the insatiable rapacity of the merciless tenant-house owners.

Within two lots of the tenement previously mentioned stands another human pen at one side of an alley six feet wide at one end, and not more than eighteen inches at the other. It is occupied by over thirty families, and here may be discovered a zoological collection, if not of a very high, at least of a very unusual order. In one apartment an old woman was occupied in feeding a batch of poodles, about six weeks old, not one of whom, when arrived at the age of maturity, would be larger than a fair-sized rat. She stints their growth, and at the same time feeds them, by administering potions of bad whisky, of which she occasionally partakes herself. For the animals, by no means dangerous, she calculates on obtaining from ten to twenty and thirty dollars for each. The sound of a very badly-played violin struck the ears unharmoniously, not only on account of the wretched

efforts of the musician, but of the dismal gloom of the surroundings, where one would suppose the slightest sign of anything indicative of civilization or refinement was greatly out of place. The rooms in this house are of about the same dimensions as the one above referred to, and the ventilation and atmosphere quite as bad and offensive.

There are many other tenant-houses in the same condition in this street, where numbers of human beings are crowded together and packed in pens in which no owner would allow his horse to stable. Bad ventilation, miserable light, no accommodations, foul air and fouler matter distinguish them all, and render them pest-spots from which it is wonderful a perpetual epidemic does not attack the city.

Roosevelt street, like its neighbor, Cherry, has many noisome dens in which human beings live, or, to speak more properly, pine away and die; and of the "institutions" of which the vicinage may boast, none can approach in filth and utter disregard of cleanliness a large unnumbered house about three squares from the ferry. The entrance is through a court kept only passably clean; but at the end is a sink which, from its open locality, is resorted to by passers from the street. There is, in point of fact, no door to this building, the place which was once the doorway being now more than double its original size, the bricks having either fallen out or been torn out for a fight or some like amusement. The windows are not there; at least, there is neither glass nor sash, and holes stuffed with old newspapers serve the purpose of

keeping out the light and the fresh air, and of making prisoners of smoke and bad and foul odors. A family of three occupied the attic; their furniture consisted of blocks of wood to answer the purpose of chairs, a rickety table, a few dilapidated cooking utensils, a cupboard in the wall and a bedstead on the floor, where lay the old dusty mattress, in the same state as it was the night before, and probably has been for many a long day and night past. Here also the door was conspicuous by its absence, and the remnants of the thing that once bore the name lay thrown aside as unfit for use until the chills of winter began to pinch the unfortunate inhabitants, and then it and its collection of soiled matter will be fortunately devoted to the fire. For this place something in human shape received three dollars per month rent.

The remainder of the attic was filled by a number of "dock-rats"—juvenile thieves, who come here and throw themselves on the floor to sleep when all efforts at "prigging" have failed the day before.

In conclusion, we may remark that the homes of the poor are a disgrace to New York and its much-boasted philanthropy. The rich men of the metropolis could surely erect no better monument during their lifetime, or leave no better legacy at their death, than comfortable houses at cheap rents for the homeless poor of the Empire City.

CHAPTER LII.

THE WORKING WOMEN OF NEW YORK.

A FEW months since, a New York woman, named Sophia Myers, was sentenced by Judge Kelly to the penitentiary for six months for swindling, or "larceny by trick and device," practiced upon Margaret Boyle, a young woman living in Brooklyn. Miss Boyle would have found no redress for the wrong inflicted upon her but for the "Working Woman's Protective Union" of New York, which took up her case free of charge and prosecuted it to a successful issue.

What is the daily life of that numerous class of widows, mothers, wives, sisters, daughters in our midst, known as working women? and what is the Working Women's Protective Union?

When the first faint blush of light appears in the east and brings out the dark grays and dull reds of Williamsburg into strong relief; when the bright moon, high above Staten Island, begins to lose its brilliancy; when the topmost stone of Trinity church spire stands out sharp and clear against the blurred sky, while all below is obscure and ill-defined; when lighthouse lanterns down the bay and along the coast are put out; when the morning-gun of the Navy Yard is heard, and its boom reverberates through

neighboring streets in the City of Churches; when troops of newsboys in Front street near Fulton practice gymnastics on adjacent house-railings, walk indiscriminately and with equal facility on hands or feet, and mingle their wild shouts with the rattle and clank of the newspaper-office lightning-presses; when the milkman's cry comes faintly in through closed windows; when the first curl of smoke rises out of chimney-tops; when the cock crows shrilly in rear yards and the air around is resonant with its notes; when half New York turns over in bed, yawns and enters upon a comfortable second sleep,—the working-woman starts up from her perturbed slumbers, puts on her well-worn garments with that benumbed sense of pain which most people have felt at least once in a lifetime, partakes of breakfast with most undue haste and hurries off at the top of her speed to work. With hurried step she goes forth and joins a crowd of her sisters on the various public streets and avenues of the city, all going to their work.

Broadway, which leads alike to the bankers' offices with their thousands of gold, the large mercantile houses with their immense stocks of goods, leads also to the working places of the working women. At early morn these poor females walk down the great Vanity Fair; later still, the working men; then the shop-boys; then the young clerks; then the junior partners. Later still, the heavy members of the firm roll down in their magnificent carriages; and by noon the wives and daughters, who spend the money their husbands and brothers make, will be out in large numbers promenading and patronizing the vari-

ous stores. What a contrast between five and six A. M., on Broadway, and twelve noon! If one could only see at the same time the working girls and women walk on one side of the way, and the women of wealth who profit by their labor on the other, the contrast would be very great.

The women work in all parts of the city. Many are connected with some of the large houses on Broadway; many go to the side streets on the east and west side, and a countless number go down the Bowery and are employed in houses on the streets branching off from that thoroughfare.

From seven A. M. until six P. M., and later, these women are kept on duty. Fighting bravely the hard battle of life, as they bend mechanically over the sewing-machine until its dull noise almost cheats them out of their seven senses, and they are little else than mere automata; as taper fingers fashion buttonholes which others wear out; as printed sheets are folded to be afterward conned at leisure in luxurious abodes on Murray Hill and Fifth avenue, and during idle moments at Saratoga and Long Branch; as vests and shirts and fans and umbrellas and wigs and feathers and cloaks and paper-boxes and dresses are made; as burnishing is done, type set and furs sewed; as beadwork assumes shape and ornamental beauty; as graceful wreaths of artificial flowers come into existence—they yet break down sometimes in the very middle of the strife, only to recover their courage and renew their exertions as thoughts of the dependent ones at home and their own necessities throng around them. Home! What do they

what can they, know about home, in the true sense of the word, except as a memory, a mere tradition, a beautiful figment of the brain?

Where does the woman live?

It is in a miserable room in a rickety tenement-house, with a newspaper for a window-curtain, with a soap-box for a chair—the only one—with a window-sill for its sole table; no furniture in the room but a little stove and a rude bed. Here dwells one poor girl, supporting herself and a little brother by the work she does with her needle. The parents are dead; the girl is without other relations than this little boy in the whole world, so far as she knows. No wonder she clings to him with such strong devotion. He is yet too small to run in the streets, and never leaves his sister. The case has one advantage; they are a protection in some measure to each other amid the temptations of their sad life. All days are alike to this girl, Sunday excepted. She rises with the first gleam of daylight that penetrates her solitary window. If it is winter, she makes her fire with hands that carefully count the pieces of coal bought in small quantities from a grocery on the corner, where coals are retailed for fifteen cents a scuttleful—*her* scuttle is a wooden box picked up in the street. She eats a miserable breakfast of bread and perhaps potatoes. Meat—which ought to be hers every day, to help her to bear the heavy burden of her exhausting toil—is as much of a rarity to her as mushrooms in midwinter. And then she commences her needlework. She seats herself on her box by the window and makes shirts for a large house on Broadway.

What do you think she gets for making such a shirt as that which she holds in her hand—the blue cotton affair called a "hickory?" *Six cents*, and she furnishes her own thread! She makes linen coats for from fifteen to twenty cents each. She makes men's heavy overalls for sixty-two cents a dozen; flannel shirts for one dollar a dozen; and other articles for like sums. The rent she pays for this bare apartment is three dollars and a half a month—a sum lower than the average. To merely pay her rent, then, she must make two whole shirts a day. Food, fuel and clothing must be paid for with whatever she can earn beyond this sum. At evening she eats her supper—the principal meal of the day with her, for then she partakes of a cup of tea, which revives her somewhat after her long hours of toil, and helps to prepare her for those which are to come. Yes, there are more to come; she has no time to rest yet. Perhaps now she has a quantity of work to take to the shop, and if she has, this is the hour chosen to take it. She cannot spare precious daylight in which to go home with her work, and it is as easy to go after dark as by day. She takes the bundle of shirts and goes off. If the weather is fine, little brother goes with her, toddling along by her side; if it is not, he sits patiently in the dark, frequently cold, room and awaits her return. Thus it is ever "in the depth of helpless poverty."

Besides the working women of New York who work daily in the city and who bring work home to be done, a considerable number obtain work from Brooklyn employers. Taking the wages which obtain in twelve of the

most common trades, it will be found that their average earnings are six dollars per week.

A man hires girls to work for him by the week; the end of the week comes; the girls ask for their pittance; he tells them he has "got the shorts," and pays only a part of what they are entitled to. The second Saturday comes, and this operation is repeated. It is continued for weeks, until finally they refuse to work longer without their back pay. Then he flies into a simulated passion, denies the debt and bids the poor girls pack off, well aware that he can get others to supply their places very easily. If only one out of that number of girls has no friend to right the wrong, what will become of her?

Another man gives girls work to do at home, promising them a price so far in advance of ordinary terms that the poor creatures feel quite elated over their good fortune in coming across so generous an employer. He requires a deposit from them equal to the full value of the materials they take away, and, in their eagerness to get such promising employment, clothes are pawned or some poor woman they know loans them the deposit. When the work is done, it is taken back and the villain curses them for bunglers, declares the work is spoiled, orders them out of the shop and refuses to pay back the deposit. Without a protector at her side, what can a poor, weak girl do under those circumstances in a city like New York?

If a country girl or woman lands for the first time in a great metropolis, is moneyless and without support, has not the courage and knows not where to ask for work,

LIFE IN THE SLUMS.—THE DEAD WIFE.

what becomes of her when no guide is available to take her kindly by the hand and show her where to go and what to do?

If any woman wants to earn an honest livelihood, will she voluntarily starve if unable through ignorance to set about it?

Sometimes she does, and has done so in the opulent city of New York, but not often.

There are so few departments of labor open to women that in those departments the supply of female labor is frightfully in advance of the demand. The business world offers the lowest wages to eager applicants, certain that they will be ravenously clutched; and, indeed to see the mob of women that block and choke these few and narrow gates open to them—the struggle, the press, the agony, the trembling earnestness—one might suppose they were entering the temple of fame or wealth, or, at least, had some cozy little cottage ahead, in which competence awaited the winner. Nothing of the sort—these are blind alleys, one and all. The mere getting in and keeping in are the meagre objects of this terrible struggle. A woman who has not genius, or is not a rare exception, has no opening, no promotion, no career. She turns hopelessly on a pivot; at every turn the sand gives way and she sinks lower; at every turn light and air are more difficult, and she turns and digs her own grave. Do you say these are figures of speech? Here, then, are the figures of fact. There are now thirty thousand women in New York whose labor averages from twelve to fifteen hours a day, and yet whose income seldom exceeds thirty-

three cents a day. Operatives on sewing-machines and a few others enjoy comparative opulence, gaining five to eight dollars a week, though from this are to be paid three or four dollars for a bed in a wretched room with several other occupants—often without a window or any provision for pure air, and with only the poor food found where such rooms abound. Thousands of ladies, of good family and education, as teachers receive from two to six hundred dollars a year. Few women get beyond that, and a large proportion of them are mothers with children. Over these poorly-paid laborers broods the sense of hopeless toil; there is no bright future. The woman who is fevered, hurried and aching, who works from daylight to midnight, loathing her mean room, her joyless life, will in ten years neither better herself nor her children.

A few months since there was a great hue and cry made over what was called the "wickedest man in New York." The man alluded to, John Allen by name, would never have been so widely known had it not been for the exceedingly sensational and truly original title which a certain sketch-writer gave to him. But there are worse men in New York than John Allen. John fleeces men, who know the consequences of a midnight carousal in Water street, and therefore are not to be pitied. John's cash accounts with his women are represented as being invariably kept "on the square." The reporter can name an Israelite who employed a sick female fifteen hours per day at two dollars and a half per week, and then waited until the affair had been placed in the hands of a lawyer before he handed over the last dollar.

John lubricates the track upon which inmates of his brothel slide down to perdition with kindness; but we know an employer who has grown rich upon the labor of hunger-pricked, garret-tenantry females, one of whom was found dead one bitter cold night in her miserable attic, clutching in her frozen fingers a half-finished garment; and who refused, when importuned, to pay even as much as the price of a shroud in which to wrap the frozen body, which received a pauper's burial. Wickeder men than John Allen there are outside of Water street, a list of whose names may at any time be obtained by the curious at a benevolent institution in Bleecker street; a partial record of whose misdeeds are to be found inscribed in a sizable book, from which the facts of the following case of heartless rapacity were obtained:

Among the employés of a certain Israelitish manufacturer of straw goods in New York was a poor French woman, who, with her three small children, occupied apartments in a rear tenement-house in Mulberry street. What renders this case of more than ordinary interest is the fact that this lady had once been in affluent circumstances, and at one period of her life moved in the most wealthy circles of Paris. Misfortune befell her in the death of her husband, who was accidentally killed upon a railroad train. The bulk of the property of her deceased husband was seized upon by her creditors. The widow, however, succeeded in saving from the general wreck a few hundred dollars, and with this she emigrated to America, arriving here in the spring, and bringing with her three little children. Here she anticipated she

would be enabled, with the aid of her superior education, to provide for herself and family. For several weeks her efforts at securing employment proved unavailing; but just before her last dollar was expended, she succeeded in forming a class in French, which she instructed for two months, at the expiration of which time she was deprived of this her only support—her pupils leaving her for the purpose of a summer's holiday at the fashionable watering-places. Other efforts were made to secure the position of teacher of languages (with several of which she is conversant), but all to no effect. Finally, reduced to absolute want, the lady was obliged to resort to manual labor in order to provide herself and little ones with bread. Unused as she was to toil, her efforts to obtain employment were attended with little or no success. Day by day her case grew more desperate, until, at last, unable to pay the rent of her miserable attic apartment, she and her little ones were thrust into the street. Homeless and friendless, with not sufficient money wherewith to purchase a supper for herself and famishing little ones, the lady was forced to beg; which course, up to this time in her unfortunate career, she had looked upon as barely preferable to death itself. She had a few acquaintances among the parents of her former pupils, and to these she resolved to apply for aid. Her efforts in this direction were but a repetition of the old, old story. Her friends, who, during her prosperity, were lavishing their attentions to her, now, that misfortune had overtaken her, refused to recognize her, and thrust her from their doors without a penny. Fortune relented one day, and re-

warded her efforts with a situation in a manufactory of straw goods. To be sure, the compensation was small; still, as bread enough might be secured in this manner to keep the wolf from the door until something better might present itself, she resolved to accept the terms of the straw manufacturer, and entered upon her duties. For a week or two the sum earned by the unfortunate lady was faithfully paid her, but on the third week the pusillanimous nature of the Jew cropped out. She had bargained to manufacture straw hats at eighty cents a dozen, or six and two-thirds cents each. At this rate, she managed to earn two dollars and fifty cents per week. Upon applying for her wages at the close of the third week, the employer informed her that he had discovered that six and two-thirds cents apiece was too large a compensation, and that from eighty cents he had resolved to reduce her pay to seventy cents a dozen, and accordingly presented her with her weekly payment, first deducting one dollar and forty cents from her wages. Pressed as she was for money, the lady refused to accept these terms, and at once set about seeking legal redress. Learning that at the "Working Women's Union" of Bleecker street legal advice was furnished free of charge to such as herself, she laid her grievances before the officers of the institution, who at once placed the affair in the hands of their legal adviser, who soon brought the rapacious Israelite to terms. At the time of her application to the institution the lady stated that she had been without fire, and, with the exception of a small loaf or two of bread and what few potatoes her children were enabled to gather

from about the stalls in several of the markets, without food for several days.

Many other instances equally as heartrending as this one might be given, did space permit it.

To the thoughtful mind it appears strange that such things as these should be in New York, so full of wealth, so full of "Christianity" and good men and women. The only solution to the problem is, that here, of the thousands who attend the churches, hardly one has the true spirit of Christianity—the desire to help the poor, the fatherless, the widow and the working women. Many of the employers who practice these enormous outrages on the working women are members of churches in good theological standing. But happily a change seems likely to occur. The world no longer pays the same respect to professions of religion it did once. The tendency is to look at the actions of men rather than their belief, and with the advancing strides which liberal Christianity, Spiritualism, Comtism and free thought are gradually making in the world, we may lose some of the old traditions endeared to us by time, but have a higher moral standard and sense of dealing justly and fairly with our fellow-men and women.

We can hardly wonder at seeing so many "unfortunates" on our streets at night. One almost wonders that there could be a single woman in the great city who would consent to bear the sufferings which, as a working woman, she would endure, when all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life could be hers, by taking an easier though immoral course.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE WORKING GIRLS OF THE METROPOLIS.

STITCH, stitch, stitch, from early morn till weary eve—this is the fate of thousands of girls in the great metropolis. It is wonderful and painful to think how arduously some of the poor working girls of New York toil for their daily bread—how there are some who cannot work, and are at their wits' end constantly to know how to ward off those fell demons, poverty and hunger, that so constantly menace them like the sword of Damocles. How many there are, lastly, who are very young outcasts and beggars, who have caught *la maladie Bohemienne*, and, being infected with street fever, are lost like the boys, unless they can be taken away out of the city and all its associations.

Old Tom Hood, in his thrilling ballad-song entitled "The Song of the Shirt," was truer to nature than most poets usually are, and sketched a picture which thousands of poor girls in every country—in our own, happily, not to such an extent, however—can realize but too well in their daily lives. The occupation of the seamstress is a sad example of the struggle going on around us for existence; and it is about the most uninteresting and wearying species of toil that could be well imagined.

"Work, work, work,
Till the brain begins to swim,
And work, work, work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,
Till o'er the buttons I fall asleep
And sew them on in my dream."

Although toil is so hard in the "ould country," however, women are better paid here, and the picture of the bent seamstress—although God knows it can be seen often enough in London—is not of so deplorable a pattern in the Empire City. Women's work is to a great extent well paid, their services eagerly sought for, and there being so many openings for them, from clerkships and store-work down to domestic employment, they have not much reason to complain of the dearth of labor. Our article, however, does not concern altogether those of our older-grown sisters; it has more reference to the girls—the little misses especially—of New York; their numbers and occupation; how they wander to the streets, and what means are employed to save them ere it be too late for rescue and their ruin be complete.

Girls have one great advantage—or whatever quality it pleases the reader best to term it—over boys, and that is, they grow old sooner. A girl of fourteen is much more advanced, generally speaking, than a boy of the same age. She is a regular little woman, a housekeeper who can take all the charge of her little brothers and sisters upon her shoulders and mind them as "mother" would do, look after "father," and in fact manage the

entire domestic economy of the house. Robert, the boy, however, of the same age, can only think of tops and marbles, has a longing still for a hoop, and is essentially a boy all over, while the girl is part woman while yet a child.

It is gratifying to reflect that, although so many boys turn out badly and are apparently bred up to be future criminals, the proportion of girls who are convicted at the various courts of the city is far less—not more, indeed, than from one-half down to one-fourth. The number of girls, for instance, committed to the House of Refuge on Randall's Island during the year 1868 was only about five hundred and fifty, against one thousand boys, and the number of discharges from that institution was nearly in the same proportion.

Pouring across the Brooklyn, Jersey and Hoboken ferries, every morning can be seen thousands of little and big girl workers of our city. Some—the generality—are jaunty and neat in their appearance, and many fashionably dressed; while others are poorly though decently clad, and exhibit all the characteristics of honest industry. How bright and rosy their faces look, flushed with the genuine hue of health!—how much opposed to the pale, care-worn countenance of the poor needle-woman! Summer is the time to see the work girls at their best, for their gayly-tinted muslins and all the various draperies that can be worn at that season of the year set off their faces and figures to advantage, and you would think them all little butterflies of fashion, and not some of the busiest of the busy bees in the working-hive of the city. They throng

the ladies' compartment of the ferry-boat and stand on the platform in front, with the fresh sea-breeze floating about them and freshening the color in their cheeks, gayly talking and laughing one with another until the opposite side is reached and they disembark, to hurry off to the various places where they are employed. Gayly they trip off and quickly disappear—one here, another there, until by eight or nine o'clock they are all housed and at work.

To follow the girls—speaking of the older ones—to their daily avocations would require an ubiquitous presence and a pair of "seven-leagued boots," at the least. In the number of wholesale clothing, carpet salesrooms, fancy goods repositories, publishing and bookfolding, millinery and dressmaking establishments, not to speak of stationery stores and small retail places, the greater portion of the labor required is performed by girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty, and upward. Their nimble little fingers can sew and pack and fold and serve customers better than those of the "nobler" sex; and hence there is a great demand for woman-labor—a demand which absorbs nearly all the alien supply that is constantly drifting to our shores.

The wages given to girls—that is, sewing girls who make up clothes for the ready-made shops in the Bowery and Fulton street—are not so high as might be expected, considering the demand there is for such labor and the high price of board and lodging; but still, the girls appear to do well and support themselves in comfort, if not affluence. Some work at home, and you can see them sometimes returning to their employers' places with large piles

of garments made up—coats and waistcoats and pantaloons—for which they are paid so much apiece. Others are engaged all the day in the long work-rooms, where they sit and sew, hundreds together, from eight in the morning till five or six at night, when they turn out and go home. Some species of millinery, and in winter fur-sewing and making up of muffs and victorines, are the best-paid sorts of work; and those girls who are employed as saleswomen, too, "down town" and "up town," are also well remunerated for their labor. Many are engaged, too, as clerks and "pen-women;" and it is said at Washington that the girls eclipse the men in diligence and aptitude for work. Consequently, there is no want of scope in which the girls can employ themselves and earn an honest livelihood.

During the war numbers of girls were employed in cigar stores, both for manufacturing the fragrant weed and also as the retailers thereof; and since then many have earned large wages as hoop-skirt makers. However, as the crinoline mania has gone out, and dresses "made to the figure" become the fashion, this branch of employment does not now offer occupation to so many.

Besides those who spend their long days in the stores and manufactories of the metropolis, a number of little girls carry on a thriving trade in making bouquets and selling them in the street to the passers-by. The flower-girls of Paris have long been an institution of that "gay city," and they promise to become equally celebrated in New York. From the Fifth Avenue Hotel down to the last of the Broadway theatres in the evening, and opposite

Trinity Church, and at all the ferries during the morning and "burden and heat of the day," these pretty little providers of "flowers for the million" are to be seen sitting enthroned in roses—little queens in their own parterres—offering to the youths and maidens and dapper business men of the city buds and sprays and bouquets wherewith to adorn themselves and sport at the theatres in the evening. Some of these little flower-girls have quite histories of their own, and many accumulate quite a large fortune in the business. One, who has a stand at a well-known spot, is said to drive down there in her brougham, and to have quite a large establishment of her own up town—"when she's at home," as Paddy would say. All these girls have to get up very early in the morning—long before the lazy lark of the poets has thought of shaking his pinions in the air—and they proceed to Jersey and Long Island, and lay up their stock of flowers for the day. They purchase them wholesale, we might say, at small cost, and making them up into tiny bouquets and big bunches, retail them often at one hundred per cent. profit.

If the morning scene is busy, however, when girls are going to work, how much more lively is that of the evening, when hundreds, thousands are let loose from toil, and can be seen making toward home! The Bowery and Broadway, between five and six and seven o'clock, respectively, resemble a sort of ladies' fair, where multitudes of female pedestrians can be observed pouring out of the various stores along the way, and uniting in one vast current that bears steadily along for the upper parts of the city.

THE LITTLE FLOWER-GIRL.

Here they are merry, romping girls, careless and light-hearted, whose spirits have by no means been oppressed by toil, laughing together with the heartiest enjoyment as they deftly steer their way between the contrary shoals of passengers that fill up the sidewalk—one current flowing down toward the ferry; the other as swiftly in the other direction. Our city is the busiest in the world. Here all work, and work cheerfully, and we have few idlers, so to speak, proportionately, among the vast increasing population of New York. Our men work, so do our women, and our boys and girls follow the same praiseworthy example. No members of a family are felt to be a burden, for all give their share to the general support of the whole circle; and the girls are about the most industrious workers of all. It is a pity, however, that more of the poorer classes of these will not go out to house-service, when good domestic servants are so much needed. It would be undoubtedly for their own benefit, for besides having ample wages and being well-clothed and fed—which shop-work hardly allows them to be at present—they would have a better prospect of being married and settled in life.

Mechanics and artisans would rather have a wife who understands all about domestic work than one who can only sew and make artificial flowers, and does not know how to cook. This point is worthy of the consideration of our girls. Like the boys, a certain proportion of the girls of New York are imbued with the spirit of vagrancy, and wander about the streets either as beggars, under the tuition of unprincipled parents, or as helpless little

Bedouins—houseless, homeless, corruptible and corrupted little specimens of humanity.

Although a less number of vagrant girls are to be found in the streets, still a considerable proportion are such, and how they live and where they sleep at night are a puzzle to many. All of us have seen them. Ragged, with dirty faces, unkempt hair, and pleading look or defiant, don't-care expression of countenance, they stand at street corners and at all busy places, either begging openly for alms or soliciting them by means of fictitious articles that are for sale and are never sold. The earnings of some of these little girl-beggars are so large that the parents will not part with them and allow them to be taken into the home of any society; and so they are led on from beggary to worse acts, and even crimes.

CHAPTER LIV.

LIFE IN THE SLUMS.

IN New York—more, perhaps, than in any other city in the world—poverty and wealth, luxury and want, stand in near proximity. It is a palace on one side and a hovel on the other; and yet there are thousands of people in the great metropolis who know literally nothing by actual contact of the amount of squalor, misery and destitution they might encounter by turning only a little out of their habitual way.

Much has been written of the lodging-houses of New York, and their squalid filth has been depicted with fidelity and earnestness. There are places in the Fourth and Sixth wards where for the paltry sum of five cents a night's lodging may be obtained—the lodging consisting of a place on the floor, a dirty, filthy pallet, covered by a few old rags, to rest upon, shared in common with fifty others, in an atmosphere vitiated in winter by the heat of a red-hot stove and the breaths of the half hundred sleepers. In most cases the lodging-house is beneath the level of the street, and to the other discomforts is added those of dampness and the additional foulness of the air. Is it any wonder that oftentimes some of the unfortunate lodgers are found dead on their wretched pallets in the

morning? These are bad enough off, but there are many who fare even worse: we refer to those who do not possess a cent, and are compelled to seek for shelter in the station-house. The lodging-rooms are generally in an apartment adjoining the prison, and differing from the latter only in the lack of comfort. In the centre of each of the two rooms is a large stove heated red hot. Around each room is a platform sloping toward the centre of the apartment; and this is the only accommodation in shape of a bed provided for those seeking a lodging. These rooms are about twelve or fourteen feet square, and are assigned respectively to the males and females, the sexes being very properly separated for the time being.

The rooms are generally crowded with fifteen or twenty persons in them, and yet on very inclement nights not less than thirty or thirty-five persons are often put in each in many of the down-town precincts. It is a fearful thing to turn away a poor, shivering wretch who implores that he may be allowed to pass a night in the station-house; and yet it is often done for the simple reason that the lodging-room is so overcrowded that there is no possible chance to crowd in any more. Those denied admittance are told to go to some other station-house to seek for shelter, the location of the one nearest being given them. Most likely, on applying there, the suppliant receives the same rebuff as at the other station-house.

The majority of female lodgers are, of course, of the lowest class, but occasionally a woman of evident respectability, although of course very poor, applies for a night's lodging. Fancy what must be her feelings at being com-

pelled either to pass the night in such a filthy hole, or walk the streets and be subjected to the brutal insults of the ruffians who infest the thoroughfares.

Enter the sleeping-room devoted to the men. Here are about the same number, made up almost altogether of the lowest grade of life, or what is known as "bummers." But there are a few among the number of evident respectability, and these must feel it a torture to be compelled to pass a night in such a place, for, if anything, the men's room is worse than that of the women. The stench of woolen clothing long worn, dampened by rain and drying in the fearfully hot atmosphere, is horrible—apparently sufficient to breed a pestilence.

Many of the station-houses are not even so well provided with accommodations as the Fourth, the lodgers being placed either in the spare cells or occasionally in the space devoted to the storage of coal. Should there be a larger number of prisoners than usual, these lodgers must make room for them, and accordingly the unfortunate shelter-seekers are turned into the street. During the past winter a German shot himself in one of the German boarding-houses in the lower part of the city, and by direction of the coroner the body was removed to the Liberty street police station pending the inquest. There was no place in which to put the body but the lodgers' room, and consequently about twenty female lodgers were turned into the streets on a bitter cold night.

In the preparation of this work the author made a tour of inspection through the "slums" of the great city, visiting some of the streets inhabited by the poorer classes

of the population, and made a close scrutiny into their means of livelihood and modes of living. We obtained the escort of an officer of the police force; not that there was any danger connected with the tour of inspection proposed by us, but simply that the company of an official, like our friend, would be to us an "open sesame" when otherwise our right of admission would be questioned.

The first house we entered was a tenement in Mulberry street. This was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, it not having occurred to us then that the best time for our visit would be after dark, when the male portion of the tenants—such as had employments—would be at leisure and at home. With what class to rank this house was a puzzle. It was very inferior to others in the same street, and yet not nearly so bad as several others that we entered the evening of the same day. It was of brick, four stories in height, with a flight of steps, six or eight in number, leading to the doorway. The hall and stairways were entirely bare, and much worn by the tread of many feet. As we ascended, the unsteady balustrades shook at every step, and a slatternly-looking woman entering by the back way caused us to pause for the purpose of interrogating her in reference to the occupants of the premises.

"An' it's meself that ought to know," she replied, in answer to our question of how many families were in the house, "for I've lived here now goin' on a twelvemonth. There's—let me see," said she, calling them by name and counting them off on her fingers—"there's—twenty—

twen—twenty—four—five; twenty-five, and not a sowl less."

From the conversation of this female, who was of a communicative turn, and who, judging from her features as well as her brogue, was undoubtedly of Celtic origin, we learned that her husband contributed to the support of herself and children (two boys and a girl), ranging in years from five to eleven, all equally as frowzy as herself, and having the same soiled, begrimed appearance, by shoveling coal. In reply to our inquiry, whether she did nothing herself to aid her husband in his honest endeavors, she replied that she sometimes took in washing; but how she ever managed to get the clothes clean, and how she kept them so after they were once washed, in that dirty room on the hall floor, and herself so typical of dirt, to say nothing of the three children and her husband a coal-heaver, was, to say the least, somewhat mysterious.

"It isn't much that I gets to do," she went on, somewhat apologetically; "but what little I do, helps. But most of the people I works for are too poor to pay, and so either wash their own clothes or go dirty."

The front room on the same floor, she informed us, was occupied by a tailor, who was on a spree and away from home. We ascended the stairs, followed by the lady herself and her three children, she having offered to be our guide through the house and to introduce us to some of the tenants on the floors above. There was little or nothing to interest us in these—the same bare floors, the same blank walls, the same pine tables, broken chairs and ragged bedding; the same neglected-looking occupants;

nothing save the usual accompaniments of that particular grade of poverty.

On reaching the ground in our descent to the street our ears were saluted by a wild howl, for it certainly was nothing else—a wild, prolonged, frenzied sort of howl—which issued from a tenement in the rear. The distance between the two houses was about fifteen feet; and on looking out of a back window, we saw, to our astonishment, seated conspicuously in one of the windows of the rear tenement, a rather oldish woman, with an enormous muslin cap upon her head, whose border was a perfect marvel of frills. She sat rocking herself to and fro with a quick, restless motion, uttering the same barbarous howl that we had first heard—a long, loud torrent of inarticulate noises—pausing now and then to wipe her eyes with her apron, or to hold before her at arms' length a pair of much-worn, much-patched pantaloons, at the contemplation of which her grief so overcame her that she had recourse each time to a suspicious-looking black bottle, which stood somewhere beside her in the room, after which she would invariably howl again—louder, longer, dismaller, dolefuller, if possible, than before.

"Sure an' it's Mrs. Maloney," said our entertainer in explanation. "It's only two days since she lost her son, as fine a lad as ever was seen; it 'ud be long until yez saw his likes."

As if these words of condolence and approval had somehow been overheard and touched anew a more sensitive chord in Mrs. Maloney's breast, a howl surpassing all previous ones issued from the healthy lungs of that

lady; the trowsers dropped into her lap; the bottle was elevated to her lips, and the rocking resumed at such a pace as to cause each separate and individual frill in the poor woman's cap to flap and flutter like the sails of a windmill.

Reaching the sidewalk, with Mrs. Maloney's lamentation still ringing in our ears, we found ourselves the centre of a circle of ragged, wonder-stricken children, with here and there a grown man or woman on the outskirts, staring at us with wide-open eyes and mouths, vainly endeavoring to conjure up some probable reason for our presence within the house. Various were the surmises indulged in—all of them more or less wide of the truth—in relation to our visit; but utterly regardless of these, as the crowd opened before us, we made our way out of it and down the dirty, foul-smelling street to a house somewhat inferior outwardly, but of the same general pretensions within as that we had just quitted. We met with nothing here worthy even of a passing notice, with the exception, perhaps, of a small dog-fight which was progressing in the back yard, aided and abetted by half a dozen ragged urchins, who, at sight of the officer, and as if actuated by a single impulse, beat a hasty and ignominious retreat, leaving the dogs to fight it out on that line all the year round if they felt so disposed.

It was on leaving this last tenement that we concluded to postpone all further research until after dark; and about half-past eight o'clock started on a second inspection. On this round we visited a house in Baxter street,

very far worse, both in appearance as well as the condition of its occupants, than those in Mulberry street. Through the vile street, reeking with filth and abounding in horrid stenches, our ears ringing with the Babel of voices issuing from a hundred throats at once, we picked our way till we came in front of a tall house that in the broad light of day must have presented a scaly, leprous appearance on its unsightly front. Judging from the glimpse we had of it by the dim gaslight, the stoop was crowded with people of both sexes—the men smoking, the women gossiping, the children wrangling among themselves, while from the windows above the shadowy outlines of sundry heads and shoulders were visible, thrust half-way out over the sills. There appeared to be something more than usual under discussion, for the men conversed while smoking with almost as much interest as the women—some mysterious and low, others loud and excited. As we stopped close to the foot of the steps, all eyes were turned upon us, and a silence fell upon each lip at sight of the officer's uniform. In reply to his inquiry as to what all the loud talking meant, a large, portly woman, with arms akimbo, who seemed to be the centre of the female group, made answer as follows:

"Shure an' it's about Misthress O'Flannigan's baby that was hung up by the neck this mornin' in one of the rooms above by its father, an' he ravin' mad with delirium; and Misthress O'Flannigan herself, poor cratur, that sick she couldn't stir nor move a hand, as yourself well knows."

"What have they done with the woman?" asked the officer.

LIFE IN THE SLUMS.—A "BUCKET SHOP."

"They took her to Billevue this mornin', where she will be cared for and nursed; and the husband, him they took away to the Tombs, which is the place for the loikes of him, bad luck to 'em!"

What Mr. O'Flannigan's reason may have been for thus performing the part of hangman to his infantine progeny, except that he was laboring under a severe attack of *delirium tremens*, did not appear. In that house there were upward of forty families. The front basement was occupied as a small grocery, while the apartment back of it served as kitchen, sleeping-room and living-room for the grocer and his family. The first-floor front was tenanted by the woman who had imparted to us the information respecting the hanging of O'Flannigan's baby. This woman had a sort of supervision of the premises, and was the wife of a one-legged man, who sat smoking on the lower step, making very fair time with the assistance of a stout crutch which lay beside him where he sat. There was an organ-grinder in one of the rooms up stairs, with a wife and four children—three girls and a boy. The youth, it appeared, had essayed the boot-blacking business, but owing to his foreign origin had been driven off by the other boys, who nicknamed him *Maccaroni*, in derision of his nationality. Next to these was a Frenchman and his family, who were all *chiffonniers* or rag-pickers.

Leaving this house, we visited one farther down the street, where around the basement door were gathered a group of children that every now and then scattered and fled, shouting, screaming and laughing, some of them, at

the approach of a man from within—a short, thick-set, evil-looking fellow, with a coarse, bristly beard and a bushy head of hair, and a very hairy breast visible beneath his open shirt of thick gray wool, who invariably, from accident or intention, fell upon his hands on reaching the top step and uttered noises somewhat resembling the bellowing of a wild bull, his eyes flaming with rage and his teeth gleaming like those of some hungry animal. In this house there was about an equal number of families with the one we had just left. If anything, the building itself was a little worse than the other, which was rotten and rickety enough, in all conscience. The children of one family, four in number, were all street-sweepers, and were looking forward to the approaching winter with a view to a brisk business. We found here two young married couples, the brides claiming to be sisters, occupying the same apartment, with only a torn screen separating their domains. They were street-singers and musicians. There was an organ in one corner of the room and a couple of tambourines hanging upon nails driven into the wall. In this house there were also several Chinamen. We were conducted over the premises by a woman who was in charge—a small, shriveled-up old creature, rather neat in appearance, by comparison with others, who occupied the lower floor.

We might rehearse at greater length our travels through the slums of New York, and the sights and scenes of misery and degradation which are everywhere to be witnessed, but it would be the same old story. Everywhere vice in its lowest form, filthy surroundings,

bad associations and vile and wicked people, with apparently no redeeming trait in their characters and no sweetness of nature or kindness of heart. The poor of New York are so situated that vice cannot help but flourish and grow amongst them, and, unless those who have the power see to it and improve this state of affairs, we may expect to see crime flourish to the detriment of all classes of society, whether good or bad.

CHAPTER LV.

THE POOR WOMEN OF NEW YORK—FROM FIFTH AVENUE TO BAXTER STREET.

THE readers of one or two of the New York papers may have noticed a short time since, under the head of "Personals," an advertisement reading as follows:

DOD.—I AM WELL; BUT WE ARE IN AFFLICTION, AND long for you, that we may comfort one another. There is a letter for Dod at the Post-office.

Very few—probably not more than one or two—in the great metropolis know the peculiar and interesting history of the writer of the Personal in question, or through what strange adventures she has passed, although not yet much over middle age.

In the year 1839 there lived in the city of New York, in (what is now) an old-fashioned wooden house in Fifth avenue, near the corner of Fifty-fourth street, a family by the name of Dalton. The father was engaged in mercantile pursuits on Broad street, and his wife (who was living) had presented him with two sons and two daughters—the former, at the time we are speaking of, being aged respectively, thirteen and fourteen, and the latter seventeen and eighteen. The name of the eldest daugh-

ter, with whom we have to do, was Margaret. She was a beautiful girl, a brunette, full of life, fire and passion, the idol of her father and the best beloved of her mother. The house in which the Daltons lived at that time was a "mansion," and considered one of the finest in the city, being almost the only house for several blocks, quite retired and surrounded by trees and shrubbery of every description. Parties and balls were often given in it, however, which were attended by the *élite* of the metropolis, for there was quite as much pomp and fashion in that day as at the present time. Of all the beauties who reigned in the society of that day, Margaret Dalton was the most courted. She had gentlemen admirers almost without number, and was for many seasons the reigning belle. Her life was a very happy one in her father's house.

She had all that money could buy, and no wish of hers was left ungratified. Apparently, the future had nothing but happiness for her. But fate arranges our lives in very different ways from those we anticipate, and Margaret's life was doomed to be far different from the flowery one she looked forward to. When she was about twenty years of age she was wooed and won by a man named Ralph Bartlett, an Englishman of considerable wealth, who had come to America merely for the purpose of pleasure—to see "the blarsted country," and then leave for the British Isles. While in New York he became acquainted with Miss Dalton; took a fancy to her, *said* that he loved her, and made her an offer of marriage, which was accepted. Margaret was a woman whose pas-

sions were very strongly developed, and before she was engaged many months her intended husband seduced her under a solemn promise of marriage. Margaret Dalton lost her virtue through trusting the man she loved, who soon after betraying her left for parts unknown, and has never since been heard from. Margaret remained in the home of her parents until her condition became openly manifest, when her father cast her off, closing the doors of his house against her, and forbidding her ever to return. Having a little money, she went West, and remained for some time in Cincinnati, making her living by dressmaking. She was employed by a well-known *modiste*, who since that time has become famous, making a large fortune in her business, and who now resides in New York. The amount Margaret made in this way was very small, and ere long, losing courage and hope, as women too often do in like trying circumstances, she consented to become the mistress of a noted gambler of the Queen City. He treated her kindly and dealt liberally with her and her little child. She finally separated from him, however, and then became connected with a famous house of the *demi-monde* on Vine street in that city—very fashionable and to a certain extent select. While in this house she made the acquaintance of a Mr. B——, of St. Louis, with whom she went to that city, or rather started to go. On the way the train ran off the track. Mr. B—— was killed, though Miss Dalton escaped uninjured. The accident took place near the little town of Olney, in the State of Illinois. At this place Miss Dalton proposed to remain for a night or two

after the accident, and then proceed to St. Louis, but ended by staying in the little town for a year. Finding she had but little money, she became a *nymph du pave*, being the first woman who had ever made prostitution a business in that virtuous town. She made considerable money there, though the place was small, having for her customers several well-to-do farmers from the country, as well as nearly all the merchants of the town, old and young, who were "gallantly" inclined.

But she soon tired of this rural simplicity, though she made it pay, and determined to remove to New York, which she did in 1856. For some months she did not do anything, living on the little money she had made in the West. But this soon ran out, and she looked about for a suitable place to pursue her calling, for she was now determined to lead the life of a woman-of-the-town. At that time there was and still is a famous house of prostitution on Mercer street, in the rear of the St. Nicholas Hotel. Margaret heard of it and went there; sought to become an inmate and succeeded. The house was noted for having more drinking-parties and carrying dissipation to a greater extent than any other institution of the kind in the city. The amount of wine and whisky consumed there could hardly be computed. This was not on exceptional occasions, but was the rule and practice night after night. Men reeled about the parlors in the most beastly state of intoxication, and the women were equally addicted to dissipation. It was in this place that Margaret became fully accomplished in the art of drinking, and where she lost the little remaining sense of delicacy she

possessed. For week after week she would not be sober an hour, spending the nights in carousal and the days in trying to sleep.

While in this house she made one friend who proved true to her through life—a young French girl named Dodey Duvigne. The girl had been seduced in Paris, and came to America to find respectable employment, but not succeeding became a woman-of-the-town. Between Margaret and this young foreign girl there existed a deep and undying friendship. When sober, they associated together, walked the streets, went into the country, without ever having a jealous feeling come between them —enjoying a friendship, in fact, such as is seldom seen between women of this class. Margaret's downfall was very rapid after her *entrée* to this house. Her dissipation caused bad health, and bad health destroyed much of the beauty which she once possessed. Her little child accompanied her, and grew up learning nothing apparently but evil.

It would be tedious to trace the career of Margaret Dalton minutely up to the present time; to tell how she moved from place to place in the city for a number of years; how she went to the war as a *vivandière;* how she lay sick for many a day in the hospital at Vicksburg; how she recovered, and when the war was nearly over came to New York again. Let us come at once to the last scene—pauper life in Baxter street. A few nights ago the writer was escorted by two detectives through the purlieus of the lower part of the city of New York. Among other places he went through Baxter street.

After going to many dens of infamy, the detectives stopped to consider where next to conduct their guests.

"Take 'em to Mag's," said the younger of the detectives. "Let 'em see how low a woman can get—one who was once one of the brightest girls and proudest beauties in the land."

The suggestion, being acquiesced in, was acted on. Through long, narrow and nasty streets the party walked; past men reeling drunk; past women cursing and swearing; past low-browed, short-haired, skulking villains, who dodged quickly by; past little children, who seemed to have lost all the childhood they ever had, if indeed they ever had any.

"This way," said the detective, leading the way through a long, narrow alley, full of foul and noisome smells, which led to a back yard, in the rear of which was a large, five-story brick house.

"Be careful of your heads!"

Down three or four steps, through a doorway so low that we could not stand upright, traversing a long, narrow entry, we came to a door. The officer knocked, and the door was opened. The room was very small; scarce any furniture could be seen. The floor was bare of carpet or oil-cloth, and the whole appearance of the room uncomfortable in the extreme. A woman in a state of beastly, crazy intoxication was standing by the side of a great, hulking negro in one corner of the room, and vowing, while she brandished a whisky bottle in one hand, that she would never leave him, but would live with him for her husband for life. Two or three wretched-looking and

poorly-dressed Irishmen stared at the intruders, seeming to wonder what could have brought us there. The woman vociferating in the corner was no other than Margaret Dalton—the once beautiful belle of Fifth avenue. She had indeed taken the last step in degradation, descended to the lowest point in the social scale—become a pauper, an outcast, a prostitute of the lowest and vilest type.

Her child was with her, very sick and not likely to live. The only vestige of womanhood remaining to the poor debauchee in her degradation seemed to be her love for this little girl—the fruit of her misfortune, the monument of her fatal love and fall. Her own life had been too full of evil to allow her to give any virtuous teaching to the child, but she had endeavored to be kind to her and provide for her physically—loving her fondly in her own poor way. Now the child was ill—ill unto death, the wretched mother feared—and she had not the means to provide for her even the commonest comforts. Among her vile acquaintances in Baxter street there was no one of whom she could ask aid. Finally, she thought of her old friend, the French girl Dodey Duvigne, of whom she had for some years lost track. But how to find her was the question. She was the only true friend she had ever had, and now, in her misery, her heart yearned for her. Inquiry was useless at any of her old resorts. Finally, she happened to remember the mode of communication she had often adopted in her more halcyon days—the "Personal" column of the morning paper. She had the advertisement written which is given in the first part of this chapter. For many days it ran in one or two metro-

politan papers, and finally was discontinued. Let us hope that the poor, degraded woman may find her friend of early years and renew perhaps the only pleasant remembrance her life had afforded since she fell from virtue into the great maelstrom of vice.

FEMALE INSTITUTIONS.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS.

FROM the earliest ages of Christianity the Roman Catholic Church has encouraged the adoption of a religious life by women. For many ages, however, the conventual system, while developing individual sanctity, had little effect upon the outer world. The nuns, shut up in their convents, busied themselves in the offices of religion and in exciting among themselves the impulses of a holy life. But when the Reformation came, a wonderful change, caused by the zealous exertions of the Jesuit fathers, came over all the monastic orders, both male and female. It was seen that the battle of the Church must be fought in the world, and not behind the walls of religious houses. As the Jesuits devoted themselves with incredible zeal to the tuition of male youth, a number of Orders sprang up among women for the teaching of girls. It would lead us too far away, however, from the present subject to refer more extensively to these; we must confine ourselves to the female religious Orders found in the United States.

The principal of these are the Sisters of Charity and the Sisters of Mercy. There are a few establishments of "enclosed" nuns, as they are called, and these will be adverted to presently.

The Order of the Sisters of Charity was founded some years ago by Mrs. Seton, a pious and wealthy lady connected with the Roosevelt family of this city. She originally belonged to the Protestant Episcopal Church, but becoming a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, devoted the remainder of her life to religious and philanthropic works. Seeing the need in this country of an Order of women devoted to the teaching of children, the visitation of the sick and the friendless, the instruction of persons in prison, and other such duties, she determined to found an Order of women whose lives should be devoted to these objects. The permission of the Pope was accordingly gained for the establishment of the Order of the Sisters of Charity, and Mother Seton was their first Superior.

We believe the Order was at first established in New Jersey, but its headquarters are now located at Mount St. Vincent, where a piece of land was purchased some years ago by Mother Angelo, the venerable sister of the late Archbishop Hughes, who was next Superior of the Order. Upon this site a convent has been built, which now holds three hundred and twenty professed Sisters, seventy-three novices and seventeen postulants.

The rule of the American Sisters of Charity very much resembles that of the French Sisters. They are not "enclosed"—that is, they are not strictly confined

to the convent walls, as was the case with nuns of the ancient pattern; they are allowed to mix freely in the world for the performance of the duties required of them, returning to their convents at night or whenever their avocations permit. There is, of course, a certain religious routine which it is incumbent upon them to perform, but this embraces few austerities; indeed, their strength is so taxed by their various educational and philanthropic duties that very little of the luxury of asceticism is permitted to them by their Superiors and confessors. They have need to be strong and healthy.

The Order grew, as one of the Sisters said to the writer, "from a grain of mustard seed." But though its beginnings were small and weak, it is now quite a large and effective Order, and possesses sixty-one establishments in New York, Jersey City, Brooklyn, New Haven and Providence.

The headquarters of the Sisters of Charity within the city of New York are at St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, in Prince street. This house is under the charge of Sister Mary Frances, Sister Superior, and there are probably about twenty or thirty Sisters generally living there. The house was founded in 1825, and is a comfortable, old-fashioned establishment, where the children appear to live very happy and contented lives. Nearly two hundred children are boarded and educated here.

The Male Orphan Asylum, in charge of the Sisters of Charity, is on Fifth avenue, and fills the block bounded by Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets. It is a very spacious building, without architectural pretensions, but

having very handsome grounds. There are at present about five hundred and fifty orphan boys there. These children are all tended and educated by Sisters of Charity, of whom Sister Mary Regina is the Superior.

The other establishments in charge of these Sisters are the new Female Orphan Asylum in Madison avenue, St. Stephen's Home for Destitute Children in Twenty-eighth street, St. Joseph's Home for Aged Women in West Fifteenth street, etc.; and they are now actively engaged in raising funds for a Foundling Asylum and for an Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

But, as we have said, their principal vocation is teaching; and the amount of educational work performed by the Sisters is really surprising, considering that the resources of the Order are by no means large. In upward of four-fifths of the parochial female schools connected with the Roman Catholic churches in the city the teachers are Sisters of Charity. They devote themselves to this work with a zeal which knows no limits and is daunted by no obstacles. And it must be recollected that some of the schools are crowded with children drawn from the very humble, and sometimes (it cannot be denied) from the depraved, classes, so that the work the Sisters have to perform is far from inviting, far from pleasant, far from agreeable. Yet among such as these the Sisters labor year after year with a devotion which cannot but win the sympathies of all who love humanity.

In addition to these duties, the Sisters visit the poor of the parishes where they are stationed, and minister to the sick and dying. Sisters of Charity also regularly visit

Bellevue Hospital and the prisons and reformatories on Ward's and Blackwell's islands, where they devote themselves to the instruction of all who are willing to receive their ministrations.

The Sisters of Mercy is another modern Order like the former, differing entirely in its scope and objects from the ancient ascetic Orders of women. It was founded in Dublin in 1827, by Mother Catherine Macauley. The life of this remarkable woman has lately been published, and exhibits her nature in a very noble and interesting light. Although born in a humble sphere of society, and passing the greater portion of her life as a domestic servant, she possessed a character of saintly dignity. The experiences of the most excellent among the religious of any Church can hardly present a more exalted mysticism than seems to have possessed her soul, while joined to this rare spiritual attainment was a degree of tender sympathy, of practical insight and of rugged force which marked her out for a leader of minds. She founded the Order of Mercy in Dublin amidst discouragements that would have unnerved most other women. But it met a great want; it fulfilled a "mission," and therefore could not die. Archbishop Hughes admired the Order which his great countrywoman had established. Doubtless, he sympathized with the work of a character resembling in so many respects his own; and it was at his request that in 1846 a detachment of the Sisters of Mercy—for it hardly seems incongruous to use a military term in regard to these monastic Orders, so perfect is their discipline—was sent to plant the Order

in New York city. In fact, the archbishop, returning from a visit to Ireland, brought the worthy Sisters with him.

The headquarters of the Sisters of Mercy is at 33 and 35 East Houston street. This locality does not strike one as very satisfactory for a religious establishment, but it must be remembered that when the convent was founded the social aspect of New York was very different. In those days Bleecker street was the centre of fashion, and the *beau monde* lived thereabouts and aired its gentility along that part of Broadway. So that Houston street, if not distinctively a genteel quarter, had at least near relationship with the quality. The convent is a very large pile of buildings, covering a large space of ground and having a considerable number of apartments within its area, besides a handsome chapel and a small convent garden. The building embraces three establishments:

1. St. Catherine's Convent of Mercy, of which the Rev. Mother Mary Augustina is the Superior. There were, according to the latest information, fifty-one women in the house, divided as follows: Professed choir Sisters, twenty; professed lay, fifteen; novices, thirteen; postulants, three.

2. The House of Mercy, at 33 East Houston street. This is a sort of refuge for young women who are friendless in the city, and who, if left to their own resources, would not improbably fall from a virtuous course. Many of these girls arrive from Ireland without the slightest experience of the life of cities; some know nothing even of household duties, having spent their lives at work in

the fields, and are therefore almost wholly unfitted for the ordinary avocations of women in this country. These girls are taken in hand by the Sisters and taught laundry-work, cooking, needlework, and, in addition, how to tend the sick and make themselves highly useful in a home. Washing, needlework and ironing are therefore taken in at this establishment; and the profits derived from these employments render the House very nearly self-supporting. What is wanting is made up by the gifts of the pious and benevolent. There are at present about one hundred and twenty girls in the establishment.

3. St. Catherine's Academy of Our Lady of Mercy is attached to the convent, and the pupils, who lately have averaged about eighty or ninety in number, are taught by the Sisters; and the profits derived from this source are devoted to the general objects of the Order—the relief of the poor and distressed, the visitation of the sick and the supply of extras to unhappy women suffering terms of imprisonment. The Sisters of Mercy are indefatigable in their labors among the sick poor. Whenever they are notified from any source of the existence of any case of distress or suffering, the Mother Superior promptly sends out two of the Sisters, with all necessary supplies for the distressed object. The amount of good they do is incalculable, and their Order deserves to be held in high estimation.

In addition to the labors above mentioned, the Sisters of Mercy are now pushing forward a very meritorious work—namely, a home for the protection of destitute little girls, and especially the orphans of deceased soldiers.

The Sisters of Mercy, it will be remembered, did good service during the war as hospital nurses; and hearing many of the sick and dying soldiers lament the friendless and destitute condition in which their wives and children would be left, the Sisters pledged themselves to those men that they would endeavor to found a Home for the poor children. After much exertion they have been enabled to procure a site for the building on Madison avenue, and the Home is now rapidly approaching completion. It is called the St. Joseph's Industrial Home, and will prove a valuable addition to the benevolent institutions of the city.

The principal Roman Catholic asylum for the reformation of fallen women in this city is the Convent of the Good Shepherd, at Ninetieth street, East River. It is in charge of the Order of cloistered nuns known as the Sisters of Charity of Our Lady of the Good Shepherd. These are regular "enclosed" nuns, after the ancient pattern. They never leave their convent, practice the regular offices and the austerities, and are not even allowed to be in the same rooms with strangers, all conversation being conducted at the *grille*.

The life and condition of the harlot have often been painted in glowing and terrible colors, but however deep the lurid tones with which the picture has been touched, perhaps these horrid shadows have never surpassed the truth. Cast out from the society of the good, the agreeable, the virtuous, for her there exists nothing that deserves the name of a home. She is compelled to herd in some wretched den of debauchery with girls, per-

chance, more depraved than herself, or with men whose touch is pollution, and whose presence would be an insult to virtuous females. With such associates her daily life is passed. At night, when the gin-palace is flashing with gaslights reflected from gilded mirrors, when the dancing casino pours forth its jangle of creaking sounds that only a lunatic would mistake for music, and when the gambling-hell begins to invite its fevered votaries to their doom, then it is that the "woman of pleasure," as she is called with an ironical euphuism, sallies forth upon her tour of misery and sadness. Thoreau, with remarkable profundity of thought, says that every time we go out for a walk it ought to be to a Holy Land, but what sort of land do these wretched girls travel to, metaphorically, when they go nightly "cruising" upon Broadway? Is it not upon a devil's land? Ah, upon a land where are the million devils of lust, of insult, of degradation, of vice, of all shame and reproach! One night we saw two pretty girls of this class meet each other near Haughwout's upon Broadway; and in a sudden burst of innocent mirth and affection, they clasped each other so warmly in an embrace that they pushed slightly against a male person who turned at that moment out of Broome street, and whom they had not seen approaching. This person was one of the lower order of brutes, whom even girls of this class would never think of addressing. He hurled at these poor creatures imprecations that made one shudder, and ended by threatening to "smash the jaws of both." The unhappy girls, cowed and frightened, and not daring to reply lest a street altercation should

spring up, and then their well-known character would get them arrested, separated from each other; and slunk away in opposite directions, their hearts doubtless swelling with shame, grief and despair as they heard the parting words of the monster.

It is from such a life of degradation as this that the Sisters of Charity of the Good Shepherd desire to redeem these unhappy girls. The Sisters commenced their work in the city of New York on the 2d day of October, 1857. They opened a house in Fourteenth street, and the entire establishment consisted of but five religious. Their mission was extremely successful, both as regards the redemption of erring women and the attracting of pious young ladies to join an Order calling for so exalted an exercise of the virtue of Christian charity. It was soon found, however, that Fourteenth street was an unsuitable locality for the work; and within a year or two a lot was purchased at Ninetieth street, on the banks of the East River (then quite a wild and desolate region), and suitable buildings erected thereon. These buildings include the convent proper, where the nuns of the Good Shepherd themselves reside, the House of the Penitents, the chapel, the dormitories, work-rooms, etc., all arranged round a large paved yard. By the side of the convent, and stretching down to the river, is a very pretty little garden. The situation is most admirable, whether as regards healthfulness or cheerfulness; and we know how powerful a moral medicine are the charming and salubrious aspects of Nature to the human soul.

On entering the convent, one is received by a grim old

porteress, who does not wear the regular habit of the Order, but appears to be a sort of lay Sister. On either side of the entrance is a good-sized parlor, in which one immediately observes a remarkable piece of furniture. Across the centre of each apartment runs a partition about two feet six inches high; and above this is placed the famous *grille* or grating, which is so conspicuous a feature in all the sentimental romance of a past day. The *grille* is composed of thin strips of iron, crossing each other at right angles, and forming a lattice-work, through which one can see and converse with any person on the other side. The parlor on the right hand appears to be reserved for penitents and their visitors; that on the left hand, for the Mother Superior and the visitors to the nuns. At the bottom of the *grille*, in the nuns' parlor, is a small door, fastened inside with a padlock; and this is mostly unfastened when a person wishes to talk for some time with a nun on particular business; and the parties sit one on each side of the opening, and so carry their conversation on with perfect ease.

There are three classes of persons who are received into the Convent of Our Lady of the Good Shepherd besides the nuns; and these classes are all separated from each other most completely, and are never permitted to have the slightest communication with each other. This is deemed very essential to the perfect regulation or reformation of the various classes. The first class consists of Magdalens who are penitents, who have been converted and are leading the life of religious, under the rule of the third Order of Saint Teresa. There are at

present in the convent about fifty young women who have taken upon themselves the vows of this Order, which are fundamentally the same as those taken by all religious in the Roman Catholic Church, viz., poverty, chastity and obedience. They wear a long brown habit, bound round the waist with a blue cord and large tassels hanging on the left side, and the usual string of beads. Their beads are covered with the white wimple, which once formed a portion of the common costume of women, and over this they wear a black veil. The habit of this Order is quite graceful and picturesque. Fifty-seven persons have assumed the habit since the opening of the convent.

The second class of inmates of the House of the Good Shepherd is that of the penitent women and girls. The total number received into this class since 1857 is nine hundred and sixty. This number is accounted for as follows: Six hundred and ninety-two have returned to their families or have been provided with situations; fifty-seven have become Magdalens and entered the Order above mentioned; and eleven have died. This leaves a balance of two hundred; and that is the number now remaining in the penitents' class. The Superior of the convent is the Rev. Mother Mary Magdalen of Jesus; and of regular nuns of the Order of the Good Shepherd there are thirty-six; novices, twenty-eight; postulants, one.

The department of the convent reserved for the penitents' class is well worthy a visit. Although indiscriminate admission is of course against the rules, yet the Mother Superior is always ready to admit those who come

properly vouched for. On passing through the main building, we reach the House of Correction, a very large six-story building, commanding a fine view of the river from every floor. Here hundreds of young girls and women are seen busily engaged in working at the needle or at the sewing-machines. The girls wear light dresses, with black tippets, upon the back of which is inscribed the holy monogram, I. H. S., with a cross above. Upon their heads they wear a linen contrivance, which partakes of the characters of a veil, a sun-bonnet and a wimple. Some of the girls have a way of arranging it in quite a tasteful and pleasing manner upon their heads. The girls seem to be very happy and contented. There are monitresses and nuns continually moving about the rooms where the classes are at work; and, though strict silence is observed during work-hours, the girls are encouraged in all innocent gayety. In walking down these long rows of girls one scarcely observes a single face bearing marks of sickness or sadness. Rosy cheeks, robust forms, sparkling eyes and cheerful looks seem to be the prevailing characteristics of the beneficiaries. They work for two or three hours, mornings and afternoons; they have regular hours for recreation and exercise, and, of course, fixed periods for meals and sleep. They hear mass every day, and a wider round of religious observances on Sundays. In fact, their lives appear to pass in alternations of agreeable occupation and recreation; and, as a writer who visited the convent recently remarks, "in none of the departments of labor did we detect the least attempt at sullenness or dissatisfaction."

Upon the lower floors and basement of this building is the laundry department, where girls who are peculiarly qualified for this work are seen busily employed. The laundry is a delightfully clean and airy building, and is fitted up with every convenience and all modern improvements, those for starching, fluting and ironing being of particular interest.

The dormitories are in the attic story of this building. They are light, airy, and, of course, exceedingly well ventilated, but they appear to be somewhat crowded, owing to the present increased number of inmates.

The third department into which the establishment of the Good Shepherd is divided is called the "Preservation Class." This class is composed of children and of young persons who are in danger of falling into habits of vice. There are at present about one hundred in this class. Some of these are very young, not more than five or six years old. The Sisters are anxious to get hold of the children of bad and vicious parents, as they think they can thus save many a child from entering upon a life of sin, ending in horrible destruction. Some of this class, however, are older, being girls of fourteen and fifteen years of age. The class presents a pleasing picture to the visitor. All the children appear to be in excellent health. Their fine, clear complexions, their physical vigor and their general deportment prove that they are sheltered by kind and indulgent friends. According to the latest returns of the work of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, the total number of children received into the Preservation Class was five hundred. About one hundred and

sixty of the children had been provided with situations, eight had died and two hundred and ninety-eight had returned to their homes.

In the year 1867 another class was opened in the Convent of the Good Shepherd for an entirely different description of persons. This class was of a reformatory character, and the girls and women composing it were those who had been convicted of minor offences in the State courts, and who, under other circumstances, would be committed to the city or State prisons. Our readers have doubtless frequently heard of reformatory schools for boys. This idea was first conceived by a benevolent Frenchman. He found, upon inquiry, that the boys committed to prison under the old system seldom received any benefit or imbibed any corrective principles from the discipline to which they were there subjected. On the contrary, the chances were largely in favor of their becoming more and more hardened in vice every time they were committed, until at last punishment had no terrors for them, and the prisons became their habitual resort until the guillotine or the galleys terminated their career. The association of these boys with other criminals of a more depraved character indelibly impressed upon their young and susceptible natures the taste and ambition for more advanced crime; they took their degrees in wickedness, and thenceforward looked upon society only as a prey and a spoil. To remedy this shocking state of things he proposed that reformatory schools should be established, where the boys should be kept by themselves and away from older criminals, be subjected to a discipline more

suited to their young natures, and be taught healthful and useful handicrafts. The farm of Mettray, which has been so much praised on account of its beneficial treatment of youthful criminals, was accordingly founded; the laws of France were altered so as to admit of the committal of boys to this establishment; and in a few years it was found that the system was eminently successful. There were fewer recommittals of boys who had been at the Mettray farm; most of the children who had been instructed in trades became useful members of society; their health was improved by outdoor avocations; their moral feelings were trained in the right direction; their intellect was expanded by educational means. This system was found by philanthropists to work so successfully that it was introduced into England, where there is an excellent reformatory school situated in the beautiful Isle of Wight; and also into the United States—one of the principal establishments of this class being on Randall's Island, where the boys are subjected to very admirable systems both of discipline and instruction.

It was something of this nature which the Sisters of the Good Shepherd attempted to introduce, and their efforts have been eminently successful. Girls of the Roman Catholic faith, committed in the city courts for minor offences, are constantly committed to the House of the Good Shepherd, instead of the ordinary prisons, the State government defraying the expenses of their support at a fixed rate. It is easy to see that these persons are brought under a much more effective system of supervision and discipline than they would be likely to experience in

prisons, where they would be brought into contact with the most depraved of their sex. There is some hope for them—that the spark of good feeling which is really present in every human heart will be awakened, and lead them, it may be through sorrow and remorse, but still with hopefulness, to a better course of life. The first aim of the Sisters in dealing with these unhappy girls is to secure their love and confidence. They learn that the discipline to which they are subjected is not a system of harsh revenge, but a necessary corrective. They become patient, and then hopeful, and generally leave the institution, when their term of commitment is expired, with a determination to seek the paths of morality and happiness.

Such are, in brief detail, the principal features of the Convent of the Good Shepherd. The nuns of the Order having general supervision over the whole convent wear a white habit, with a blue cord and tassel round the waist. Their heads have the usual conventual attire, the veil being black. In the chapel the seats of the nuns are arranged down either side, with high chairs beside the doorway for the Mother Superior and the principal assistant. But even in the sacred edifice marks of the austere rule of St. Teresa, which forbids any of her daughters to be in the same apartment with men except under rigid restriction, are to be observed. The altar and all the sanctuary is separated from the chapel by an iron lattice, exactly as we have seen in the parlors below. Behind this lattice the priest, with his attendant acolytes, performs the offices of the Church and celebrates all the mysteries.

The nuns, when they communicate, take the holy wafer through the bars of the *grille*.

There can be no question that the Convent of the Good Shepherd is an institution of great utility, and it is surely accomplishing a good work among the erring, the vicious and the depraved.

There is a Protestant House of the Good Shepherd on Eighty-fourth street, the objects of which are very similar to those of the institution just described. It is a very handsome building, five or six stories high, and is in a good, healthful position. The affairs are regulated by a board of management, of which the Bishop of New York is president.

There are other convents of the Roman Catholic Orders of women scattered in different parts of the city, but none of them possessing such prominent features as those already described.

The nuns of Notre Dame have three convents—one is situated at No. 165 Third street, and is under the charge of Sister Mary Hyacintha, with twelve professed nuns. These ladies keep a boarding-school, where a very superior education is given to young ladies—the charges for tuition being moderate; another of their convents is at Eighty-ninth street and First avenue, with Sister Mary Anastasia for Superior, and ten Sisters; the third convent is at No. 257 West Forty-ninth street, with Sister Mary Jacoba as Superior, and four Sisters. The Sisters of Notre Dame teach gratuitously in the parochial schools of three of the Roman Catholic churches—namely, in the Church of the Assumption, in the Church of Our Lady of Sor-

rows and in the Church of the Redeemer. The Sisters of Notre Dame have also an orphan asylum in charge at Eighty-ninth street and First avenue, where one hundred and fifty orphans are taught and clothed. The asylum is in very excellent order, being admirably conducted by the Sisters, and is well worthy a visit.

The Ladies of the Sacred Heart have two parochial schools in charge—namely, those of St. Francis Xavier and of the Annunciation. The former is a Jesuit church, and it is not a little remarkable that the good fathers prefer ladies of a lay Order to conduct their female schools in preference to the regular Orders of the Sisters of Charity or the others.

The Sisters of the Order of St. Dominic have two convents—at No. 127 Second street and at No. 227 West Thirtieth street. Sister Augustina is the Superior of the first, with six professed nuns and two novices; and Sister Cunegunda is the Superior of the second, but the number of nuns is not ascertained. These ladies are "enclosed" nuns after the strictest pattern, the rules of St. Dominic being the most austere and terrible of all the Orders. Some of the Sisters, however, under dispensation, are allowed to teach in the parish schools of St. John the Baptist and St. Nicholas.

The convent of the nuns of the Holy Cross is at No. 146 West Twenty-sixth street, Sister Mary of the Redemption being Superior, with number of nuns not ascertained. The St. Vincent de Paul Orphan Asylum is attached to this convent, wherein sixty girls and twenty-five boys are educated and maintained. The nuns also

teach in the parochial school of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul.

The convent of the Missionary Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis is at No. 143 West Thirty-first street. The Superior is Rev. Mother Gertrude of the Most Blessed Sacrament, with four professed nuns, four professed novices and two postulants. These ladies teach in the schools of the Church of St. Francis of Ainsi.

The Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis have a small hospital and convent at Nos. 407 and 409 East Fifth street, near Avenue B. There are thirteen nuns in the convent, with Sister Serena for Superior. This is a German Order, and the work of the Sisters is principally among the dense German population in this part of the city.

CHAPTER LVII.

WORKING WOMEN'S ASSOCIATIONS.

IF there is a great deal of poverty and crime in New York, there are many institutions of a public character whose mission it is to alleviate these misfortunes as much as possible. Though the Empire City of the Union contains many wicked persons, it can boast of having as many, if not more, philanthropists than any other city in the country. In public institutions, founded by individual or co-operative enterprise, it is particularly prolific. It is our purpose in this department to give an account of all the societies or organizations which have for their object the bettering of the condition of the WOMEN OF NEW YORK.

The "Working Women's Association," the name of which is at the head of this chapter, is intended for the protection of working women. It was organized for the common benefit of all those women who obtain a livelihood by other employments than household services, and seek that benefit—

First. By securing legal protection from frauds and impositions free of expense.

Second. By appeals, respectfully but urgently made, to employers for wages proportioned to the cost of living,

MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

and for such shortening of the hours of labor as is due to health and the requirements of household affairs.

Third. By seeking new and appropriate spheres of labor in departments not now occupied by them.

Fourth. By sustaining a registry system, through which those out of work may be assisted in finding employment.

Fifth. By appeals to the community at large for that sympathy and support which is due to working women.

The origin of this institution is due to the large numbers of women and girls who, by the loss of husbands and brothers in the battle-fields and hospitals, or from any other cause, are thrown upon their own exertions for the means of support, as well as to the inadequate compensation paid for such labor as they could perform.

The association consists of such persons as contribute ten dollars or more annually to its support. Its officers are elected annually, and its constitution is drawn in accordance with the objects above set forth.

The Union, though supported by private contributions, is not a charity, and very large numbers of those for whose benefit it is maintained were, before the rebellion, surrounded by all the comforts of life. Nearly all the women who come to the Union do not ask for charity; they only ask for assistance and encouragement on the occasion of their first battle with the world. Statistics prove that female labor is paid worse in New York than any other. As an instance of this, the case of a soldier's widow may be mentioned. She has four children to support, and embroiders infants' cloaks for a large establishment on Broadway. Each of these garments requires

two weeks of incessant toil to complete it, and it is sold in the store for which it is made at from fifty to seventy-five dollars; while the poor woman whose skillful hands fashion the dainty garment destined for some more favored child of fortune than her own poor orphans receives four dollars and fifty cents for her labor. When she remonstrates for the price given, she is told that if she does not want it, there are plenty of others who do.

Though the Working Women's Union assists all who come within its province, it does not encourage any who expect to live without working. It teaches young women to help themselves.

During the last year, three thousand three hundred and seventy-nine were supplied with work, and although, from the great competition of thousands of applicants, the prices are miserably small, yet it saved them from starvation. They comprised women and girls of all nationalities, religions and conditions, regardless of origin or color. Of these, four hundred and forty-two were widows, four hundred and ninety-five soldiers' widows, one hundred and thirty-four soldiers' wives, five hundred and eighty-five orphans, five hundred and ninety-two half-orphans, six hundred and fifty-one girls with parents, four hundred and thirty-one women with husbands; forty-nine were *homeless, friendless* girls, thrown upon their own resources and the charities of the world, many of them of very interesting appearance. What would have been their fate if they had not found protection and work from the Union? The great remedy for the *social evil* which

now engrosses the attention of our legislators and philanthropists is to give work to girls and keep them from going astray under the pressure of pinching poverty. The great aim should be to save them *from falling*, as well as to try and help them up *after* they *have* fallen.

Nearly two hundred complaints against employers were received during the same period, of which at least two-thirds were settled. The sum of three hundred and twenty-five dollars, due to working women, was collected in a single week. The notorious Sophia Myers, who was sentenced by Judge Kelly to the Penitentiary for six months for swindling sewing-girls, was brought to justice through this institution. These poor women would have found no redress for the wrong inflicted upon them but for the "Working Women's Protective Union," which took up their case free of charge and prosecuted it to a successful issue.

CHAPTER LVIII.

"HOMES" FOR WOMEN.

THE "lone woman" coming to New York a total stranger finds it almost impossible to obtain lodging in any respectable house or hotel. Society has decided that good women must never travel alone; and therefore, when a female comes to a hotel or private house in the city for accommodations, the inference is at once drawn that she is not a good woman, but quite the contrary. To provide lodgings for the working women of the metropolis the "Home for Working Women" was established.

The idea of establishing such an institution was borrowed from the model female lodging-houses of London, England. The Home is located at No. 45 Elizabeth street, near Canal. The building was once a tenement-house for colored persons, and is six stories high. The individuals who started the Home bought the property for one hundred thousand dollars, and expended fifty thousand dollars additional to make the necessary alterations, improvements and repairs. About one hundred boarders patronized it during the first few weeks, and the number has increased up to the present time. At present there are nearly three hundred boarders, while during the winter the number foots up to five hundred.

There is an office on the first floor—something like a hotel office—where the boarders register their names, and which is presided over by a young lady, who keeps all the books and accounts. On the same floor is a good-sized reading-room, containing all the current publications—daily, weekly and monthly; also a reception-room, where the boarders receive their friends and acquaintances. The parlor on the same floor contains a piano, and during the evening the inmates have social gatherings, enlivened by instrumental and vocal music. The upper floors are used as wards or sleeping-apartments. The rooms are large and airy. The beds are arranged in rows, and separated by white screens.

When the Home was first organized, the price for board and washing was three dollars and twenty-five cents per week. Since then, however, the price has been changed, and one dollar and twenty-five cents is now charged for lodging and washing, while meals are procured in a restaurant connected with the establishment, and each one pays for whatever she may order. The cooking is plain and substantial, but everything is clean—much cleaner than at some of the high-priced Broadway restaurants—and a meal costs from fifteen to twenty-five or thirty cents.

Religious exercises are had every evening. The lodgers are admitted until eleven o'clock at night. If they come later than that, they are charged twenty-five cents extra for lodging.

The majority who come there are foreigners, but there are many American women who patronize it, and doubt-

less the number would be greater if it were not for the fact that many American women think it is a charitable institution, when it is not. When this false impression is corrected the Home will become even a greater means of good than it is at present, and will succeed in drawing to its doors many worthy women who are at present living in the wretched tenements of the city.

There is a Girls' Lodging House at No. 125 Bleecker street. The object of this institution is to reach every bare-footed, homeless little girl who wishes clean clothing, a clean bed and to be placed in a comfortable home. It is to give a lodging or meal, for five cents each, to the young girl thrown suddenly out of employment or a situation, and who has no friends to whom she may apply. It is to shelter the young stranger who comes to the city expecting to find friends or work, and prevent her from going to doubtful boarding-houses or low lodging-rooms, and render her such assistance as she most needs—to surround her, while there, with good home and moral influences, and teach her, as far as practicable in the short time she remains, how to sew and make herself useful in the kitchen; to give the needy girl an opportunity to pay her own way in work, and not run in debt for board while out of employment.

During the past year the House has sheltered one thousand one hundred and ninety-one lodgers, and given thirty-five thousand four hundred and twenty-nine meals —ten thousand seven hundred and twenty-five of which were paid for.

CHAPTER LIX.

HOMES FOR THE "FALLEN."

IT is the opinion of many officers and officials connected with the Metropolitan Police force that all efforts at reforming the fallen women of the city are useless, or nearly so. But notwithstanding this belief on the part of persons who, from their positions, ought to be good judges in the matter, benevolent persons have started two Magdalen institutions in the city.

The principal one of these is the "Midnight Mission," located at No. 23 Amity street. It is a large four-story, plain-looking brick house, two short blocks from Broadway. The Mission was organized in the year 1868 by ten persons—seven men and three women. Many were opposed to the movement, among them a large number of church people, who believed the charity an impracticable one. But notwithstanding this opposition the "Midnight Mission" was started, and from its commencement has been a success.

On every Thursday and Friday evening of each week meetings are held at the rooms of the Mission. The advertisement on printed cards reads as follows:

"The committee of the Midnight Mission will be happy to see you at tea at ten o'clock on any Friday

evening, at No. 23 Amity street, between Greene and Mercer. Rooms open every day, from two to four o'clock P. M., for private conversation and friendly advice."

The cards containing this announcement are distributed among the inmates of the various houses of prostitution which abound in the neighborhood. Missionaries, clergymen generally, also walk the streets at night and give the cards to the street-walkers who will accept them.

The meetings on Friday evenings are very interesting. Some plain, simple refreshments are provided, after which religious exercises are gone through with. The women are persuaded to tell the story of their lives and unfold their troubles to the good women who have charge of the institution, and who administer to them such advice and comfort as it is in their power to bestow. The girls who visit the Mission are from seventeen to twenty-five years of age. There are about as many foreigners as Americans. Some of the girls are good-looking, but scarcely one is possessed of any education.

The first yearly report shows that eight hundred women attended the Friday evening meetings during the year. Of this number, seventy-seven were induced to remain in the Mission; and forty-eight of the seventy-seven were entirely reformed. Of those who remained in the Mission, fourteen have found virtuous homes, seven have been returned to their friends, eight placed in charitable institutions, nine have been lost sight of, twenty-two have gone back to their old life of shame, and seventeen were in the Mission house at the close of the year.

The expenses of the Mission during the first year were

fifty thousand dollars—about two hundred dollars for each woman saved. This is certainly a cheap enough price to save a soul, when we consider the harm, directly and indirectly, the fallen woman might have done had she pursued her bad career.

Of all the charities in the metropolis, this is certainly one of the very best. It is well conducted by rational Christian men and women, who aim to do all the good they can in this particular way, without expecting to stop entirely prostitution in New York.

The "House of Mercy," located at the foot of Eighty-sixth street, on the banks of the Hudson river, is an institution for the reformation of fallen women. It was established in 1856, by Mrs. Richmond, the wife of the Rev. William Richmond, a clergyman of the Episcopal persuasion. It is conducted by the Sisters of St. Mary, an Order of the Episcopal Church, of the division of that body called "High." The House is conducted on very strict principles, and in its outward appearance and many of its inward customs has the appearance of being a Roman Catholic charity. A high fence surrounds the grounds of the building, and great circumspection is observed in the admission of visitors. Part of the day is spent in working, sewing and laundry-work, and part in religious exercises.

The last report shows that the whole number of inmates in the institution was one hundred and twenty. Of these, twenty-eight returned to their friends, five went to service, two were sent to hospital, seven were sent to other institutions, two died, sixteen left with permission, eight

were sent away, and eight ran away. The number of garments made during the year was five hundred and sixty-one.

The "House of the Good Shepherd" is another institution for the reclamation and reformation of that class of women concerning whom the Saviour said, "Let who is without sin cast the first stone."

It is located at the foot of Eighty-ninth and Ninetieth streets, on the East River. It is a house of correction, attempting, by moral means alone, to reform the worst abuses, and to provide a home—a happy and quiet retreat—for the inmates of the houses of infamy.

On application to the institution, so long as any room remains to accommodate them, young women coming from any part of the country, of any religion whatever, are received without being questioned, and the same uniform kindness is paid and the same accommodations and training provided for all, without the least regard being paid to the particular religion in which they have been educated.

As no force is used to compel persons to enter the institution, so they are under no restraint to remain, but on application to the Mother Superior can at any time leave, though while under protection they remain always within the enclosure, where they are trained, educated to useful occupations, and when thoroughly reformed the religious give them a perpetual home, or send them into the world safe, useful and virtuous members of society. The labors of the Sisters have been attended with the happiest results, not only on account of the number who have been received into the establishment, but because in most in-

stances those who have entered have been entirely and thoroughly converted.

The number in the institution on the 1st of January, 1869, was four hundred and eighty.

The inmates are divided into four classes, each of which is entirely separated from the others—no communication being allowed between the different classes.

The first consist of Magdalens, who are penitents, who have been converted and are leading the life of religious, under the rule of the third Order of St. Teresa—fifty.

The second class is that of the penitent women and girls who have been received into the asylum in order to be converted—two hundred.

The third class is that of the preservation, composed of children who are in danger of falling, and mostly those of bad parents.

The fourth class is composed of girls within the ages of fourteen and twenty-one, committed by magistrates.

These make up a total of four hundred and eighty, the total number received into the institution since its foundation being, at the last report, one thousand nine hundred and eighty-six.

The institution was commenced on Fourteenth street, New York, on the 2d day of October, 1857, by five religious of the Order of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd. By reception of novices since that period the community has increased to eighty-three members and six out-door Sisters, eleven of whom are engaged in forming a foundation of the Order in Boston, and twelve more in Brooklyn.

CHAPTER LX.

THE WOMEN OF NEW YORK.

THROUGH nearly seven hundred pages we have conducted the reader in writing of the Women of New York. We have endeavored, as it was our intention at the outset, to illustrate the life of the female sex in high and low places, giving due credit to the good and showing up the vices of the bad; exposing the follies of the rich, and contrasting them with the sorrows and trials of the poor. Vice, virtue, happiness and misery, fashion and folly, have been herein illustrated as they appertain to the women of the Empire City.

We have shown the true character of the women of fashion, and given a searching review of female life as it is in the higher circles of society in New York.

Married ladies, as they really are, and not as they are popularly supposed to be, have been exposed, and the delicate though necessarily instructive and interesting topic of the Women of Pleasure has been fearlessly dealt with, and much information given in regard to that largely-increasing class of females. Besides these, we have furnished the reader with a truthful and interesting account of life among the poor—their homes, their haunts and habits; the wicked women of all classes in

the metropolis; the female frauds; the Spiritualists; the young ladies and their seminaries; concert-saloons and their inmates; artists' female models, and lady physicians; females and "Personals," and a Matrimonial Bureau; women-of-all-work, women of all good and the "strong-minded" females,—all have been thoroughly, and, we trust, interestingly, treated of; and in addition, the various female reformatory institutions of the city that were worthy of mention received due notice at our hands.

Such is the "Women of New York."

In presenting it to the public, the author and publishers may justly congratulate themselves that the topic is new and the subject one of intense interest. For who is not interested in women, whom the poet calls "lovely," but who, as some chapters of our work will show, are not always lovable or good? But such as they are, embracing as they do all sorts, conditions and classes, they are given to the world. Of the great influence that the female sex has, few can comprehend. As mothers, they rear children; as sisters, they are dear counselors; and as loved ones and wives, they form the character and direct the aspirations and ambitions of men. By the cradle, they watch the embryonic man; and when sickness and death comes to the husband, brother or friend, they are at the bedside administering sweet comfort and pointing to the true Source of consolation. From birth to death they are guides, philosophers and friends. Whether their aspirations are for good or evil is a very important question, not only for men, but humanity and the future of the race.

With the prevailing talk about the woman of the future, let us hope that when she comes she will be all that woman should be—tender, faithful, good and true, exercising a noble and beneficent influence on all mankind and womankind, and inciting them to lead faithful and right lives; one who shall be a faithful wife and a good mother; who can grace the social circle and be an elegant entertainer without falling into too familiar relations with men; who shall be lovely and lovable, wise and witty; prudent, but not mean or extravagant; intellectual, but not priggish, conceited or a blue-stocking; who shall have all her rights, being *right* herself.

When such a woman comes, may we not call her The Woman of New York, and write a book extolling her virtues and magnifying her good name?

THE END.